

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : : No. 40.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Germs of the Beautiful.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
By the wayside let them fall;
That the rose may spring by the cottage,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrines of home;
Let the pure, the just, and the graceful there
In their lowliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its dearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who star'd the uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He rear'd each arch in symmetry,
And carved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flower of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

Select Literature.

HORROR: A TRUE TALE.

CONCLUDED.

I left her door. As I crossed the landing a bright gleam came from another room, whose door was left ajar; it (the light) fell like a bar of golden sheen across my path. As I approached the door opened and my sister Lucy, who had been watching for me, came out. She was already in a white cashmere wrapper, over which her loosened hair hung darkly and heavily, like tangles of silk. "Rosa, love," she whispered, "Minnie and I can't bear the idea of your sleeping out there, all alone, in that solitary room—the very room, too, nurse Sherrard used to talk about! So, as you know, Minnie has given up her room, and come to sleep in mine, still we should so wish you to stop with us to-night at any rate, I could make up a bed on the sofa for myself or you—and—" I stopped Lucy's mouth with a kiss. "I declined her offer, I would not listen to it. In fact, my pride was up in arms, and I felt I would rather pass the night in the churchyard itself than accept a proposal dictated, I felt sure, by the notion that my nerves were shaken by the ghostly lore we had been raking up, that I was a weak, superstitious creature, unable to pass a night in a strange chamber. So I would not listen to Lucy, but kissed her, bade her good-night, and went on my way laughing, to show my light heart. Yet, as I looked back in the dark corridor, and saw the friendly door still ajar, the yellow bar of light still crossing from wall to wall, the sweet kind face still peering after me from amidst its clustering curls, I felt a thrill of sympathy, a wish to return, a yearning after human love and companionship. False shame was strongest, and conquered. I waved a gay adieu. I turned the corner and peeping over my shoulder, I saw the door close; the bar of yellow light was there no longer in the darkness of the passage. I thought at that instant that I heard a heavy sigh. I looked sharply round. No one was there. No door was open, yet I fancied, and fancied with a wonderful vividness, that I did hear an actual sigh breathed, not far off, and plainly distinguishable from the groan of the sycamore branches, as the wind tossed them to and fro in the outer blackness. If ever a mortal's good angel had cause to sigh for sorrow, not sin, mine had cause to mourn that night. But imagination plays us strange tricks, and my nervous system was not over-composed, or very fitted for judicial analysis. I had to go through the picture-gallery. I had never entered this apartment by candle-light before, and I was struck by the gloomy array of the tall portraits, gazing moodily from the canvas on the lozenge-paned or painted windows, which rattled to the blast as it swept howling by. Many of the faces looked stern, and very different from their daylight expression. In others, a furtive, flickering smile seemed to mock me as my candle illumined them; and in all, the eyes, as usual with artistic portraits, seemed to follow my motions with a scrutiny and an interest the more marked for the apathetic immovability of the other features. I felt ill at ease under this stony gaze, though conscious how absurd were my apprehensions; and I called up a smile and an air of mirth, more as if acting a part under the eyes of human beings than of their mere shadows on the wall. I even laughed as I confronted them. No echo had my short-lived laughter but from the hollow armor and arching roof, and I continued on my way in silence.

By a sudden and not uncommon revulsion of feeling I shook off my aimless terrors, blushed at my weakness, and sought my chamber only too glad that I had been the only witness of my late tremors. As I entered my chamber I thought I heard something stir in the neglected lumber-room, which was the only neighboring apartment. But I was determined to have no more panics, and resolutely shut my ears to this slight and transient noise, which had nothing unnatural in it; for surely, between rats and wild, an old manor-house on a stormy night needs no sprites to disturb it. So I entered my room, and rang for my maid. As I did so I looked around me, and a most unaccountable repugnance to my temporary abode came over me, in spite of my efforts. It was no more to be shaken off than a chill is to be shaken off when we enter some damp cave, and, rely upon it, the feeling of dislike and apprehension with which we regard, at first sight, certain places and people, was not implanted in us without some wholesome purpose. I grant it is irrational—mere animal instinct—but is not instinct God's gift, and is it for us

to despise it? It is by instinct that children know their friends from their enemies—that they distinguish with such unerring accuracy between those who like them and those who only flatter and hate them. Dogs do the same; they will fawn on one person, they slink snarling from another. Show me a man whom children and dogs shrink from, and I will show you a false, bad man—lies on his lips, and murder at his heart. No; let none despise the heaven-sent gift of innate antipathy, which makes the horse quail when the lion crouches in the thicket—which makes the cattle scent the shambles from afar, and low in terror and disgust at their nostrils snuff the blood-polluted air. I felt this antipathy strongly as I looked around me in my new sleeping-room, and yet I could find no reasonable pretext for my dislike. A very good room it was, after all, now that the green damask curtains were drawn, the fire burning bright and clear, candles burning on the mantle-piece, and the various familiar articles of toilet arranged as usual. The bed, too, looked peaceful and inviting—a pretty little white bed, not at all the gaunt, funeral sort of couch which haunted apartments generally contain.

My maid entered, and assisted me to lay aside the dress and ornaments I had worn, and arranged my hair, as usual, prattling the while, in Abigail fashion. I seldom cared to converse with servants; but on that night a sort of dread of being left alone—a longing to keep some human being near me—possessed me, and I encouraged the girl to gossip, so that her duties took her half an hour longer to get through than usual. At last, however, she had done all that could be done, and all my questions were unanswered, and my orders for the morrow reiterated and vowed obedience to, and the clock on the turret struck one. Then Mary, yawning at the turret, asked if I wanted anything more, and I was obliged to answer No, for very shame's sake; and she went. The shutting of the door, gently as it was closed, affected me unpleasantly. I took a dislike to the curtains, the tapestry, the dingy pictures—everything. I hated the room. I felt a temptation to put on a cloak, run, half-dressed, to my sister's chamber, and say I had changed my mind, and come for shelter. But they must be asleep, I thought, and I could not be so unkind as to wake them, and I said my prayers with unusual earnestness and a heavy heart. I extinguished the candles, and was just about to lay my head on the pillow, when the idea seized me that I would fasten the door. The candles were extinguished, but the fire-light was amply sufficient to guide me. I gained the door. There was a lock, but it was rusty or hampered; my utmost strength could not turn the key. The bolt was broken and worthless. Balked of my intention, I consoled myself by remembering that I had never had need of fastenings yet, and returned to my bed. I lay awake for a good while, watching the red glow of the burning coals in the grate. I was quiet now, and more composed. Even the light gossip of the maid, full of petty human cares and joys, had done me good—diverted my thoughts from brooding. I was on the point of dropping asleep, when I was twice disturbed. Once, by an owl, hooting in the ivy outside—a unaccounted sound, but harsh and melancholy; once, by a long and mournful howling set up by the mastiff, chained in the yard beyond the wing occupied. A long-drawn, lugubrious howling, was this latter, and much such a note as the vulgar declare to herald a death in the family. This was a fancy I had never shared; but yet I could not help feeling that the dog's mournful moans were sad, and expressive of terror, not at all like his fierce, honest bark of anger, but rather as if something evil and unwanted were abroad. But soon I fell asleep.

How long I slept I never knew. I awoke at once, with that abrupt start which we all know well, and which carries us in a second from utter unconsciousness to the full use of our faculties. The fire was still burning, but was very low, and half the room or more was in deep shadow. I knew, I felt, that some person or thing was in the room, although nothing unusual was to be seen by the feeble light. Yet it was a sense of danger that had aroused me from slumber. I experienced, while yet asleep, the chill and shock of sudden alarm, and I knew, even in the act of throwing off sleep like a mantle, why I awoke, and that some intruder was present. Yet, though I listened intently, no sound was audible, except the faint murmur of the fire—the dropping of a cinder from the bars—the loud irregular beatings of my own heart. Notwithstanding this silence, by some intuition I knew that I had not been deceived by a dream, and felt certain that I was not alone. I waited. My heart beat on; quicker, more sudden grew its pulsations, as a bird in a cage might flutter in the presence of the hawk. And then I heard a sound, faint, but quite distinct, the clank of iron, the rattling of a chain! I ventured to lift my head from the pillow. Dim and uncertain as the light was, I saw the curtains of my bed shake, and caught a glimpse of something beyond, a darker spot in the darkness. This confirmation of my fears did not surprise me so much as it shocked me. I strove to cry aloud, but could not utter a word. The chain rattled again, and this time the noise was louder and clearer. But though I strained my eyes, they could not penetrate the obscurity that shrouded the other end of the chamber, whence came the sullen clanking. In a moment several distinct trains of thought, like many-colored strands of thread twining into one, became palpable to my mental vision. Was it a robber? could it be a supernatural visitor? or was I the victim of a cruel trick, such as I had heard of, and which some thoughtless persons love to practice on the timid, reckless of its dangerous results? And then a new idea, with some ray of comfort in it, suggested itself. There was a fine young dog of the Newfoundland breed, a favorite of my father's, which was usually chained by night in an out-house. Neptune might have broken loose, found his way to my room, and, finding the door imperfectly closed, have pushed

it open and entered. I breathed more freely as this harmless interpretation of the noise forced itself upon me. It was—it must be—the dog, and I was distressing myself uselessly. I resolved to call to him; I strove to utter his name—"Neptune, Neptune;" but a secret apprehension restrained me, and I was mute.

Then the chain clanked nearer and nearer to the bed, and presently I saw a dusky shapeless mass appear between the curtains on the opposite side to where I was lying. How I longed to hear the whine of the poor animal that might be the cause of my alarm. But no; I heard no sound save the rustle of the curtains and the clank of the chain. Just then the dying flame of the fire leaped up, and with one sweeping hurried glance I saw that the door was shut, and, horror! it is not the dog! it is the semblance of a human form that now throws itself heavily on the bed, outside the clothes, and lies there, huge and swart, in the red gleam that treacherously dies away after showing so much to affright, and sinks into dull darkness. There was now no light left, though the red embers yet glowed with a ruddy gleam like the eyes of wild beasts. The chain rattled no more. I tried to speak, to scream wildly for help; my mouth was parched, my tongue refused to obey. I could not utter a cry, and, indeed, who could have heard me, alone as I was in that solitary chamber, with no living neighbor, and the picture-gallery between me and any aid that even the loudest, most piercing shriek could summon. And the storm that howled without would have drowned my voice, even if help had been at hand. To call aloud to demand who was there—alas! how useless, how perilous! If there intruder was a robber, my outcries would but goad him to fury; but what robber would act thus? As for a trick, that seemed impossible. And yet, what lay by my side, now wholly unseen? I strove to pray aloud, as there rushed on my memory a flood of weird legends—the dreaded yet fascinating lore of my childhood. I had heard and read of the spirits of wicked men forced to revisit the scenes of their earthly crimes—of demons that lurked in certain accursed spots—of the ghoul and vampire of the East, stealing amidst the graves they ridged for their ghastly banquets; and I shuddered as I gazed on the blank darkness where I knew it lay. It stirred—it moaned hoarsely; and again I heard the chain clank close beside me—so close that it must almost have touched me. I drew myself from it, shrinking away in loathing and terror of the evil thing—what, I knew not, but felt something malignant was near.

And yet, in the extremity of my fear, I dared not speak; I was strangely cautious to be silent, even in moving farther off; for I had a wild hope that it—the phantom, the creature, whichever it was—had not discovered my presence in the room. And then I remembered all the events of the night—Lady Speldhurst's ill-omened vaticinations, her half-warnings, her singular look as we parted, my sister's persuasions, my terror in the gallery, the remark that "this was the room nurse Sherrard used to talk of." And then memory, stimulated by fear, recalled the long forgotten past, the ill-repute of this disused chamber, the sins it had witnessed, the blood spilt, the poison administered by unnatural set up by the mastiff, chained in the yard beyond the wing occupied. A long-drawn, lugubrious howling, was this latter, and much such a note as the vulgar declare to herald a death in the family. This was a fancy I had never shared; but yet I could not help feeling that the dog's mournful moans were sad, and expressive of terror, not at all like his fierce, honest bark of anger, but rather as if something evil and unwanted were abroad. But soon I fell asleep.

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the night. I pictured it in every abhorrent form which my excited fancy could summon up: now as a skeleton, with hollow eye-holes and grinning fleshless jaws; now as a vampire, with livid face and bloated form, and dripping mouth wet with blood. Would it never be light? And yet, when day should dawn, I should be forced to see it face to face. I had heard that spectre and fiend were compelled to fade as morning brightened, but this creature was too real, too foul a thing of earth to vanish at cock-crow. No! I should see it—the horror—face to face! And then the cold prevailed, and my teeth chattered, and shiverings ran through me, and yet there was the maddest of agony on my bursting brow. Some instinct made me snatch at a shawl or cloak that lay on a chair within reach, and wrap it round me. The moan was renewed, and the chain just stirred. Then I sank into apathy, like an Indian at the stake, in the intervals of torture. Hours fled by, and I remained like a statue of ice, rigid and mute. I even slept, for I remember that I started to find the cold gray light of an early winter's day was on my face, and stealing around the room from between the heavy curtains of the window.

Shuddering, but urged by the impulse that turned the gaze of the bird upon the snake, I hurried to see the Horror of the night. Yes, there was no fevered dream, no hallucination of sickness, no airy phantom unable to face the dawn. In the sickly light I saw it lying on the bed, with its grim head on the pillow. A man? or a corpse arisen from its unhalloved grave, awaiting the demon that animated it? There it lay—a gaunt gigantic form, wasted to a skeleton, half clad, foul with dust and clotted gore, its huge limbs flung upon the couch as if at random, its shaggy hair streaming over the pillows like a lion's mane. Its face was toward me. Oh, the wild hideousness of that face, even in sleep! In features it was human, even through its horrid array of mud and half-dried bloody drops, but the expression was brutish and savagely fierce; the white teeth were visible between the parted lips, in a malignant grin; the tangled hair and beard were matted in leonine confusion, and there were scars disfiguring the brow. Round the creature's waist was a ring of iron, to which was attached a heavy bolt broken chain—the chain I had heard clanking. With a second glance I noted that part of the chain was wrapped in straw to prevent its galling the wearer. The creature—I cannot call it a man—had the marks of fetters on its wrist, the bony arm that protruded through one twisted sleeve was scarred and bruised; the feet were bare, and lacerated by pebbles and briars, and one of them was wounded, and wrapped in a morsel of rag. And the lean hands, one of which held my shawl, were armed with talons like an eagle's. I am instant the horrid truth flashed upon me—I was in the grasp of a madman. Better the phantom that scared me than the wild beast that roared and tears the quivering flesh—the pitiless human brute that has no heart to be softened, no reason at whose bar to plead, no compassion, naught of man save the form and cunning. I gasped in terror. Ah! the mystery of those ensanguined fingers, those gory wolfish jaws! that face, all besmeared with blackening blood, is revealed!

The slain sheep, so mangled rent—the fantastic butchery—the print of the naked foot—all, all were explained; and the chain, the broken link of which was found near the slaughter-house—came from his broken chain—the chain he had snapped, doubtless, in his escape from the asylum where his raging frenzy had been fettered and bound. In vain! in vain! Ah, me! how had this grisly man broken manacles and prison bars—how had he eluded guardian and keeper and a host of the world, and come hither on his wild, hunted like a beast of prey, and snatching his hideous banquet like a beast of prey, too! Yes, though the tatters of his mean and ragged grab I could see the marks of the severities, cruel and foolish, with which men in that time tried to tame the might of madness. The scourge—its marks were there; and the scars of the hard iron fetters, and many a cicatrice and welt, that told a dismal tale of harsh usage. But now he was loose, free to play the brute—the baited, tortured brute that they had made him—now without the cage, and ready to glaze over his victim's strength to overpower. Horror! horror! I was the prey—the victim—already in the tiger's clutch; and a deadly silence came over me, and the iron entered into my soul, and I longed to scream, and was dumb! I died a thousand deaths as that awful morning came on. I dashed my faint. But words cannot paint what I suffered as I waited—waited till the moment when he should open his eyes and be aware of my presence; for I was assured he knew it not. He had entered the chamber as a lion, and when weary and gorged with his horrid orgie; and he had flung himself down to sleep without a suspicion that he was not alone. Even his grasping my sleeve was doubtless an act done betwixt sleeping and waking, like his unconscious moans and laughter, in some frightful dream.

Hours went on; then I trembled as I thought that soon the house would be astir, that my maid would come to call me as usual, and awake that ghastly sleeper. And might he not have time to tear me, as he tore the sheep, before any aid could arrive? At last what I dreaded came to pass—a light footstep on the landing—there is a tap at the third time. A pause succeeds, and then the tapping is renewed, and this time more loudly. Then the madman stretched his limbs, and uttered his moaning cry, and his eyes slowly opened—very slowly opened, and met mine. The girl waited a while ere she knocked for the third time. I trembled lest she should open the door unbidden—see that grim thing and by her side screams and terror bring about the worst. Long before strong men could arrive I knew that I should be dead—and what a death! The maid waited, no doubt surprised at my unusually sound slumbers, for I was in general a light sleeper and an eager riser, but reluctant to deviate from habit by entering without permission. I was still alone with the thing in man's shape, but was awake now; I saw the wondering sur-

prise in his haggard blood-shot eyes; I saw him stare at me half vacantly, then with a crafty yet wondering look; and then I saw the devil of murder begin to peep forth from those hideous eyes, and the lips to part as in a sneer, and the wolfish teeth to bare themselves. But I was not what I had been. Fear gave me a new and a desperate composure—a courage foreign to my nature. I had heard of the best method of managing the insane; I could not try; I did try. Calmly, wondering at my own feigned calm, I fronted the glare of those terrible eyes. Steady and undaunted was my gaze—motionless my attitude. I marveled at myself, but in that agony of sickening terror I was outwardly firm. They sink their quail abashed, those dreadful eyes, before the gaze of a helpless girl; and the shame that is never absent from insanity bears down the pride of strength, the bloody cravings of the wild beast. The lunatic moaned and drooped his shaggy head between his gaunt scapular hands.

I lost not an instant. I rose, and with one spring reached the door, tore it open, and with a shriek, rushed through, caught the wondering girl by the arm, and crying to her to run for her life, rushed like the wind along the gallery, down the corridor, down the stairs. Mary's screams filled the house as she fled beside me. I heard the long-drawn, raging cry, the roar of a wild animal mocked of his prey, and I knew what was behind me. I never turned my head—I flew rather than ran. I was in the hall already; there was a rush of many feet, an outcry of many voices, a sound of scuffling feet, and brutal yells, and oaths, and heavy blows, and I fell to the ground, crying, "Save me!" and lay in a swoon. I awoke from a delicious trance. Kind faces were around my bed, loving looks were bent on me by all, by my dear father and dear sisters; but I scarcely saw them before I swooned again.

When I recovered from that long illness, through which I had been nursed so tenderly, the pitying look I met made me tremble. I asked for a looking-glass. It was long denied me, but my importunity prevailed at last—a mirror was brought. My youth was gone at one fell swoop. The glass showed me a livid and haggard face, blanched and bloodless as of one who sees a spectre; and in the ashen lips, and wrinkled brow, and dim eyes, I could trace nothing of my old self. The hair, too, jetty and rich before, was now as white as snow; and in one night the ravages of half a century had passed over my face. Nor have my nerves ever recovered their tone after that dire shock. Can you wonder that my life was blighted, that my lover shrank from me, so sad a wreck as I? I am old now—old and alone. My sisters would have had me to live with them, but I chose not to sadden their genial homes with my phantom face and dead eyes. Reginald married another. He has been dead many years. I never ceased to pray for him, though he left when I was bereft of all. The sad weird is nearly over now. I am old, and near the end, and wishful for it. I have not been bitter or hard, but I cannot bear to see many people, and am best alone. I try to do what good I can with the worthless wealth Lady Speldhurst left me, for, as my wish, my portion was shared between my sisters. What need had I of inheritance?—I, the shattered wreck made by that one night of horror!

Burning of the Willows.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY H. A. BUCKINGHAM.

"This must be the house; the junction of the two roads and a brook in front, the banks covered with willows. This place meets the description exactly. Order the men to dismount with the exception of a couple of patrols on each road."

The speaker was dressed in the blue and scarlet uniform of the British light horse, a corps that was formed after the landing of the English troops in New Jersey, as soon as the horses could be obtained to mount the men. He was an officer of some rank, evidently, and his carriage and demeanor were both laughable and aristocratic in the highest degree. And why not? He was the eldest son of a British Earl.

"The house appears to be deserted, Colonel Harcourt," said the junior officer as he dismounted from his horse.

"We will see. This way, half a dozen of you," he said to his men. "Try to do what you can. If it is fastened break it open, and report if any one is inside. If there should be, and they attempt to escape, shoot them down, but first give them warning to surrender."

The men advanced to the door, which they found to be fastened, and after demanding admission, to which they received no answer, they proceeded to break it open, which delayed them some time, for the door was a strong oaken one. This done, they entered.

"Do you know the man by sight, lieutenant?" asked Col. Harcourt, while the men were busy ransacking the house.

"No, sir, but there is a fellow I picked up on the road, now in the rear, that knows him well. He does not appear to owe him much favor."

"Order him to the front!"

The country man had not a very prepossessing countenance. There was a bold sureliness and cruel expression of features extremely displeasing about him.

every rebel gang from the army, and points out the honest farmer's homes who stand by their King, whose barns they plunder, and carry away their grain and cattle."

"Why, you tell a bitter tale about him. Has he ever injured you?"

"Injured me? He and a parcel of robbers like himself came one afternoon to burn my house and hang me before my door, which they would have done but for the arrival of a few friendly neighbors, well armed, when they went off in double quick time."

"Does he not venture into New York sometimes in disguise?" inquired the Colonel.

"I have so heard it said. He has been slippery from a boy up and can disguise himself in any way. He is a precious scamp, and you will do a favor to this part of Jersey if you will hang him as soon as you catch him."

This conversation had been held near a stone wall, on the side of which was an old garden; but the troubles of the times had left it uncultivated—the gooseberry and currant bushes had grown up rank and untrimmed, while the briars stretched over the walls, covering the ground from sight.

Under this cover, and within ten feet of the Colonel and Classen, lay crouched the very man of whom they were talking. He had barely time to escape from the house and conceal himself on the approach of the horsemen, whom he did not then expect to be within ten miles of him.

Twice, on hearing the base lies of Classen he was on the point of rising up and confronting him; but a little reflection was left, and he thought that "was not the occasion to place his life in jeopardy, which he certainly would do, since the party of troops had come expressly to take him."

"Do you know with any certainty, Classen, how long since Peter Van Dyke was in the neighborhood?"

"I heard that he was seen last night two miles from this, in a by-path through the woods, coming toward his house."

"This is the information I received, and I am determined to capture him sooner or later. If you can point out his whereabouts or arrest him yourself, you shall have a reward of fifty guineas."

Classen was as avaricious and fond of money as he was wicked. Fifty guineas was a large sum indeed when gold was rarely seen.

"I'll catch him, Colonel, before he is three days older. I know one of his haunts."

"Why not lead us there, then?"

"It would be of no use this time of day. Besides he may not be there for a day or two, and I shall have to be cautious in looking for him."

"Well, secure him, and the fifty guineas shall be yours."

Several of the soldiers now came from the house, and stated that they had searched the house from top to bottom, but could find no one, although from appearance some one had been there lately.

The Colonel, followed by Classen, passed on to the house, while the fugitive lay quietly in his concealment.

It was a plain frame house of middling size built partly of stone, in the old Dutch style, and very comfortable within. There was but very little furniture; a few chairs, tables and cooking utensils. The better part, Classen said, had been taken away on the occasion of Van Dyke's sister's marriage, as her part.

"Here is a great coat, sir," said one of the soldiers, "that we found on the floor of the kitchen, near the back door. It must have been dropped by some one in a hurry."

"Feel if there are any papers in the pockets," said Col. Harcourt.

"Yes, sir, here is a bundle of them."

The Colonel took the package, looked at the superscription, broke the seal, and going to the window, commenced reading the himself, with a countenance of surprise.

"So, so—here's a list of our troops and their numbers in and about the city. At Powel's Hook three hundred and fifty. At Elizabethtown and Newark one thousand. Gen. Clinton leaves for Charleston with five thousand. Why, these documents are indeed of importance. Who can play the spy so well in our camp? This Van Dyke is a most dangerous man to be abroad. Men, and you, Classen, search every hole and see if any more papers can be found."

What he found or discovered he did not report to Col. Harcourt, but made the same reply as the soldiers that nothing of importance could be found.

"Very well, we will now leave the place and return to quarters at Powel's Hook. Hodgson, place some dry wood in the middle of the room and when I give the word, apply the match."

"What! are you going to burn the Willows?"

"Yes, I will burn down the nest of this carrion bird. It is well he is not within my reach—he should swing for it. One such fellow, with his secret spying is of more injury to us than a regiment of rebels in open field."

It is a pity they were not all burned down, then the king would have more friends on this side of the water. These rebels are like dogs—a good whipping makes them better natured. The house is nearly consumed, for the embers are beginning to fly before the evening breeze. By fire, to the right face, trot!" and the horsemen wheeled into the road.

"Fifty guineas you say, Colonel, if I take Van Dyke!" asked Classen again.

"Yes, fifty guineas."

"Then I will leave you here, and keep a watch around. He may return here before a great while. Where do you halt?"

"At the Oaks, five miles off, and stop for an hour or two for the firing party. If anything should occur within the time, you know where to find me." The officer and troop rode away.

Classen lingered around and gradually approached the building, which was, with the exception of the brick walls, a heap of ruins.

"So, John Classen, you have glutted your vengeance upon me, and this is your work, viper and wretch!"

"Classen turned and beheld within six feet of him, Van Dyke, leaning on his musket.

"No, no, Peter," he muttered, trembling as he spoke. "It was the British officer. You know that I would not injure you."

"Speak not another word, liar, or I shall forget myself and blow your brains out. I heard all. You are to have fifty guineas for apprehending me. I am everything that is bad. I came to your house down, but fled when your friends approached! Wretch, it was I who saved your dwelling and your worthless carcass, and these ruins are my reward."

"Peter, dear Peter."

"Scoundrel do not apply that word 'dear' to me. It sounds worse than the hiss of a snake. Listen, John Classen, the chief reason of your animosity to me is because Kate Wessels preferred my hand to yours. Thank God! she and her father are both safe from your persecution, for they are now within the American lines. Now, hear me; I spare you this time, for you are unarmed; but when next we meet, be it in town or village, forest or road, wedding or funeral, it is your life or mine. Go!"

Classen waited for no second bidding, but disappeared in the direction taken by the soldiers in double quick time, his hair standing on end, for, like all other great rogues, he was as cowardly as he was bad.

Van Dyke paused a moment, and thus pondered in his own mind:

"That scoundrel will bring some of those horsemen back, for he will imagine that I will linger two or three hours around this old place. Yes, yes, I will after some twenty of our lads and prepare an ambush for them. Fifty guineas will draw Classen anywhere, coward that he is, especially when backed by the red coats."

It was not long before Van Dyke returned with his party, whom he gathered by a signal, and as night had fallen, they took their station amid the willows by the banks of the brook, where they could remain unperceived. For the space of an hour all was still, and then the distant tramp of horses on the road was heard.

"Here they come," said Van Dyke. "Each choose his man, but leave Classen to me; you know him by the cap he wears. I will give the word when to fire."

In a short time the party of horsemen rode up to the Willows, and true enough they were red coats, headed by a lieutenant, with Classen.

"Fire!" shouted Van Dyke.

So sudden and deadly was the aim that not more than half a dozen remained in their saddles, who wheeled their horses and fled as quick as possible. Van Dyke had intentionally aimed at the horse of Classen, and he fell with his rider. To secure Classen was the work of a moment.

"Now, lads, bring out the rope and throw it over the willow branch. We have alarmed the enemy and they will be down upon us."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Classen.

All in vain. The noose was slipped over his head, they strung him up, and there he was left until he was a corpse. The burning of the "Willows" had been avenged.

Jefferson Davis, in a speech at Portland, a year or two ago, said:

"If, at some future time, when I am mingled with the dust, and the arm of my infant son has been nerved for deeds of manhood, the storm of war should burst upon your city, I feel that relying upon his inheriting the instincts of his ancestors and mine, I may pledge him in that perilous hour to stand by your side in the defence of your hearthstones, and in maintaining the honor of a flag whose constellation, though torn and smoked in many a battle by sea and land, has never been stained with dishonor, and will, I trust, forever fly as free as the breeze which unfolds it."

Hume, the American "medium" who crazed half Paris, is exposed as a trickster. It seems that a shoe of very singular construction, containing springs and other mechanical appliances, was found, after the medium's third visit, in the room in the Tulleries in which he had shown off his wonders. Nobody about the palace knowing anything of this remarkable shoe, the inference that it had served the "medium" in the production of his "phenomena," and had been inadvertently left behind him on his departure, seemed unavoidable.

A singular case of recognition after ten years' separation, took place at Keokuk, Iowa. Two of the tallest men of rival volunteers were put back to back to ascertain which company

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

IMPATIENCE.

It is a Yankee trait to "put things through" in double quick time. This was shown to excellent advantage in that memorable march last April from Annapolis Junction to Washington, where our Massachusetts boys had a railroad to rebuild, and a locomotive to reconstruct. There are times, however, when haste is to be made slowly—when the greatest care and circumspection are demanded, or accidents will be sure to happen. There was too much haste at Big Bethel, and a lack of something at Vienna. Gen. Scott has always been an opponent of attempting to put things through before he has every thing in readiness. Hence the course he has thus far pursued in carrying on the present war. He has no idea of anything but the accomplishment of his plans and purposes. There have not been wanting those who look upon him as a "slow coach," but his slow and steady march will take him through to the Gulf sooner than some of our hasty men will arrive there. We regret to hear men complain of the slow movements of the Government. The labor of forming and disciplining an army of 300,000 men is a herculean task, and the real wonder is how Gen. Scott has been able to accomplish so much in so short a time. As his plans begin to develop themselves, they astonish us by the vastness of their sweep, and the overwhelming results to the rebels that must follow. Small battles at unimportant posts would cost men and make a noise, while no important end would be gained by them. Gen. Patterson has been mentioned again and again as slow in his movements. Some thought he should have hastened to cross the river and occupy Harper's Ferry the moment the place was evacuated. Had he done so the game played by Gen. Lyon at Booneville would have been played upon him by the rebels.

We can now begin to see what Gen. Scott's about. By a strong force at Cairo and Bird Island he has cut Missouri off from Tennessee and Mississippi, and formed the nucleus of an expedition down the river, for which gunboats plated with iron are in process of construction, if reports are true. The Germans and descendants of New Englanders at St. Louis, aided by the troops of Kansas and Iowa, have quitted Missouri, and may perform a similar work yet for Arkansas. The forces from Indiana and Ohio are hanging like a cloud over Western Virginia, about ready to cooperate with the columns from Chambersburg and Washington, to hem the rebels in and cut off their supplies. In the meanwhile the three years men are arriving and quickly taking the places soon to be vacated by the three months men. Does not look as though the rebels must soon be driven from the elevated regions of Virginia and Tennessee into the lower and unhealthy districts, where, with their supplies cut off, they will be exposed to the malaria of the lower country? Our troops, in the mean time, will occupy the high and healthy positions including Fort Monroe and its sea breezes; and when the heats of summer are over they will be ready at all points—from the mouth of the Chesapeake to the valley of the Mississippi, to move forward toward the Gulf, fully equipped with every thing requisite for such a plan as this; and can we doubt that the genius of Scott and his half a million of troops—and more if they are needed—will march through victorious?

It becomes every one to forbear chiding the apparently slow action of the Government. An outside pressure demanding action before those who understand the whole matter are ready—is injudicious, and may do much harm. Let us wait, then, patiently, trusting to the sagacity of the leaders Heaven has given us, feeling sure that disorder will yet yield to order and right and law will be triumphant.

THE COMET.—The magnificent comet which has recently visited us, and is now to be seen in the evening near "The Great Dipper," seems to be a stranger in our heavens, as none of the astronomers have any knowledge of it. Prof. Bond, of Cambridge, says it is not the comet of 1261 and 1656, or any other whose return has been anticipated. It was first observed last Sunday night from Staten Island, and various places in Connecticut.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The day passed off in a very quiet manner in this town. The boys began the firing of crackers pretty soon after midnight, and at sunrise the bells were rung. Fireworks were displayed from various parts of the village in the evening. Taking it as a whole, it was the quietest 4th of July we have known for a long time.

TRIPLE VETCH.—This beautiful plant—*Vicia Cracca*—is found at Lincoln in this State. A friend brought us a fine supply of seed yesterday. It is a slender climbing plant, with long racemes of bluish purple flowers, and is well worthy a place in our gardens. A specimen can be seen in our window.

PROVIDENCE HIGH SCHOOL.—From a copy of the "R. J. Schoolmaster," which a friend has sent us, we perceive that the Providence High School is in a very prosperous condition. The Principal is Mr. John J. Ladd, formerly of this town.

From the Seat of War.

CAMP CAMERON, WASHINGTON, D. C., 9th Regt. N. Y. V. M. V.

DEAR JOURNAL:—After being wretchedly deceived by that mystical "Mozart Regiment" and having turned our backs upon "Yonkers" (though we were allowed the privilege of returning ingloriously to Woburn), a few of us as you are aware, halted for cogitation in New York. We were inclined to do something very desperate rather than dwell again in restless suspense and slothful ease. Fortune favored us, and we opportunely fell in with Capt. Bunting of Co. K, this regiment. He learned our situation, and, as his company was lacking a few men, cordially extended to us an invitation to become members. After a cautious examination to be confident it was not another "Yonkers affair," we were so far satisfied that we lost no time in signing our names. We left New York June 14th at 6 o'clock P. M. For a description of our passage southward we refer your readers to the following extract from the N. Y. Evening Post:

"When on Saturday evening there passed by, a swift train to Camden, an artillery corps from Rahway, accepted as Company K, of the Ninth Regiment, the enthusiasm of the little State was overwhelming. At every station strong men and fair women came to witness the departure of the brave fellows, and at Rahway the demonstration was highly impressive. The roar of cannon, the waving of flags, the fluent cheers, did not so move me as the milder but yet more significant air of affectionate enthusiasm. The parting kiss, the hot tear, the tender farewell, the admonition to remember their native town, and the lavish distribution of beautiful flowers in every form of graceful bouquet, brought by father, mother, and the children; all these bespoke with pleasant emphasis the pride and sorrow of Rahway in giving to the battle-field so many of her best loved ones."

Upon our arrival in this city we were quartered on Mount Pleasant, the former camp of the N. Y. Seventh; it is one and a half miles from Washington, and the finest location I ever saw in my life. The view from here is beyond my feeble description. The sun is just going down, the men lay around under the trees, some reading, some writing, some singing, some playing cards, while others are asleep. We enjoy a fine view of the Capitol, Washington Monument, and all the principal churches in the city, also several miles down the Potomac river.

There are twelve regiments in camp right around us and thousands of troops in the city. During the day, consequently, it is nothing but drum, drum, drum, but in the evening we have fine vocal concerts and music until midnight from a dozen different bands. Some of our company learning the musical proclivity of your correspondent, clubbed together and presented your humble servant with a fine guitar, so a few of us have music on our own account these fine evenings.

Our uniform is both handsome and comfortable; it is of a new pattern, and consists of a jacket, zouave pants and gaiters, and blouse of dark blue cloth. They were presented to us by the officers, together with Havelocks, under-clothing, &c. Many of the troops suffer from too heavy clothing, the Maine regiments particularly. Ours was designed to combine coolness with utility.

We have thus far lived on the fat of the land. Beef steak three times a day, rice, fresh bread, puddings, pickles, potatoes, coffee, tea, onions, &c., &c. Each mess has a captain and cook. Our life is very easy. We go through sword exercise every night at sundown, then we go on guard every other night.

We see the President very often. I met him to-day with Hon. Simon Cameron, Sec. of War. "Abraham" is an every day sort of a man any how. We went into the White House. I cannot describe the splendor of the apartments. The large, old-fashioned chairs and sofas attracted my particular attention. Some of the boys cut pieces from the carpet as mementoes, indeed the senate chamber suffers considerably from these depredations.

To conclude, dear Journal, what with fine officers, capital companions in arms, smart horses, strong carriages, excellent food and enough of it, I am as happy as a clam, and could not be hired to change my quarters.

Very truly yours, J. E. T.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS,
ALEXANDRIA, Va., July 2d, 1861.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I take this opportunity of acknowledging the receipt of your kind favors of the 29th ult. By the heading of this letter you will see that the 5th Regiment has not changed its position yet, although for the past two nights we have been furnished with forty rounds of cartridges, and ordered to be ready to march at a moment's notice; and it is so not only with our Regiment, but there seems to be activity with all that are encamped in our Brigade. In fact all the talk to-day is in respect to our destination. No one seems to know, but it is my opinion that we shall get started within the next twenty-four hours. We have not had much trouble of late except with our picket guards, and it shows the cowardice of the Southern Secessionists, in regarding to such a mean, contemptible way to destroy our men. The picket guard from our Regiment, for what is called Mount Vernon Bridge, is composed of two men from each company, and they are detailed for twenty-four hours' service, to be on duty two hours, and then released for four, during which they are allowed to ramble round their position, or call at the neighboring farm houses and hear the story of Virginia's wrongs, as they tell it. Mount Vernon Bridge is one of the most important positions in Alexandria, and it is necessary for those placed on duty to keep their eyes open. It happened to be my lot on Sunday last to be drafted upon this guard, and I performed the duty. This bridge is about eight miles from the Tomb of Washington, and the guard is posted about half a mile from that place—two at each guard station. It is their duty to stop every man, woman and child, who travels the road, or is seen in the vicinity, and if they have no pass they are arrested and at night are taken to Headquarters. The guards are withdrawn from the posts across the river, and stationed at the center of the bridge, where they take up about forty oak planks and build a breastwork, behind which those of the guard not on duty sleep; and if the enemy should dare to attack us we are furnished with materials for setting fire to it in a few minutes. This bridge is commanded by the great battery on Blunt's Hill, and they very often practice with their guns, and the balls whistle over it, and go into the Potomac. During my stroll last Sunday, accompanied by one of the U. S. cavalry soldiers, who acted as escort, we visited a number of Virginia farms, and had little talks with the inmates. We were very cordially received, and they allowed us to pick their cherries; but when we mentioned the

troubles that agitated our country, they would give a look that readily caused us to believe that they were no friends to the Union. It would astonish you, my Woburn friends, to hear the men talk who came by my station. One came the Mount Vernon road, with a basket on his arm, and gave me his pass. I usually ask colored persons a few questions. This man told me his story. He lived in the city of Alexandria, had a wife to whom he had been married fifteen years, and as usual went on Saturday night to see her at her master's. But he had been for the last time, as her master had sold her down South. He shed tears, and as he told me her many virtues, I felt glad that I was placed in a position where I could at least show my willingness to avenge such wrongs. I asked him what he had in his basket, and he showed me the little dainties he had gathered in the course of the week for her. As a general thing the colored population are great friends to the Northern soldiers. When we visited the farms, if they could see us alone they would tell who was to be suspected, and ask us if there was no chance to serve the army.

In walking through the streets of Alexandria, you would be astonished at the sleepy appearance of the city. The slaves look sleepy, the citizens look sleepy, and in fact, there seems to be no ambition in them. But they seem to be plotting Secessionists. They tell us it is a great wrong for the Government to invade Virginia soil, treat the citizens like crows, and shut up their doors at 9 o'clock in the evening. I must say that the impudence of Virginia ladies is insufferable; they insult us from their windows and their doors. But the Union men and women of Alexandria respect us and will do us no courtesies for it. Their wish as well as that of our soldiers that this state of things may not last many months.

A skirmish took place between four Pennsylvanians and secession rebels. One of the rebels was killed, also one Pennsylvanian, and one mortally wounded. He has since died. This is about all the trouble that has happened in our Brigade the past week.

Yours truly, T. F. W.

To the Female Teachers of Massachusetts.

An appeal, on behalf of the regular army of our beloved country, has been made through the press to the ladies of the country for a supply of Havelocks for those brave forces. It seems most fitting that the commissioned officers of the regular army of Massachusetts should respond. We of Boston are about to do so, in connection with our efforts for State troops, and we earnestly commend to every female teacher of Massachusetts, that to the extent of her ability, she exert herself for this same object. If each teacher will furnish one Havelock, the army in garrison will be effectively represented—each will have sheltered one erect head from shafts more fatal than the bolts of treason are likely to prove, we trust, and by this evidence of sympathy will have given new courage and zeal to one brave heart. And yet it is a very little thing to do. Say, daughters of the Bay State, shall it not be done?

Packages containing these articles sent to the Union Hall in this city, to the subjoined address (express paid), will at once find their way into a direct channel to the army of the United States. Two different materials are used for the Havelock in our vicinity, and the ladies to whom this appeal is made will exercise their own judgment in the choice; the one is a drab linen, the other a fine white cotton, the finer lined with dark line. The use of white is based on the Oriental custom. We think the advantages and disadvantages nearly equally balanced. At any rate, be sure that there is a lined vapor into which the vapor of the cap may be inserted, and that the cap is of ample dimensions. We allow a yard of wide material for each Havelock.

It is necessary that all donations to this object shall reach Union Hall on or before the 25th inst.

Yours, devotedly, in the one interest of the present, ALMIRA STEVENS,
President of the "Boston Teachers' Soldiers' Aid Association."

Winthrop School, Boston, July 2, 1861.

Papers will confer a favor by copying.

FIRE.—Thursday last may well be placed in the Calendar hereafter as a day distinguished for fires, both in city and country. A very destructive fire occurred in East Boston, not only destroying several vessels and a large amount of property, but mechanics shops, which, probably, will not be rebuilt immediately, in consequence of the great stagnation of business. The indiscriminate use of fireworks by persons of all ages, in all places without regard to danger, is unquestionably the cause of some of the fires. It is time for more care to be observed in their use.

MEETING OF THE SELECTMEN.—The Selectmen met on Thursday evening of this week. No business of importance beyond the approval of bills was transacted. The board adjourned to the first Thursday evening in August.

WOBURN PHALANX.—Present appearances indicate that the Phalanx will not be able to fill up its ranks so as to join the Regiment to which it has been attached.

CONGRESS.—In accordance with the President's proclamation, Congress assembled on Thursday. The House was organized by the choice of Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pa., as Speaker, and Emerson Etheredge, of Tenn. Clerk.

BERGARY.—The Store of E. Hackett was entered last Tuesday morning, and goods to the amount of about \$150 taken.

ACCIDENT.—We understand that Willie Woodberry was so severely injured on the 4th, that fears are entertained that he may lose one of his eyes.

OUR SCHOOLS.—Yesterday showed pretty conclusively that the boys labored hard on the Fourth in cultivating patriotism.

STONEHAM "GRAY EAGLES."—Capt. Gould's Card relative to the visit of his company to this place, June 19th, is again deferred.

Rev. Mr. Benson will preach at Union Hall, East Woburn, to-morrow evening, at 6 o'clock.

For life in general, there is but one degree; youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret.

Hon. G. S. Hillard's Address.

The following extract from the address of Hon. George S. Hillard, to the Second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, (Col. Gordon's), at Camp Andrew, last Monday, on the presentation to that regiment of a standard, the gift of ladies of Boston and vicinity, must commend itself to every one by the soundness of the speaker's views and the fervid eloquence by which they were expressed.

The present condition of the country is a remarkable phenomenon, the full extent and significance of which we are in it and of it, can hardly comprehend. From among a great people, hitherto devoted energetically and successfully to an exclusive cultivation of the arts of peace, we have seen thousands and tens of thousands suddenly, at the call of duty, leave the plow, the loom, the anvil, the shop, the counting room, the studio, the office, and dedicate themselves to the stern service of war, with a zeal and spirit equal to those they had before displayed in civil life. I confess I should be sorry if this sudden overflow of patriotic enthusiasm should, when it subsides, leave behind it a permanent deposit of military spirit. I should be sorry to see this country become, in this respect, like France, where the aspirations of the young, ardent and imaginative spirits of the land, are turned toward military glory than civic distinction. And I should not be less grieved if the fine young men, who have sprung to arms so gallantly at their country's call, should come out of this war with moral fiber relaxed and moral stamina enfeebled. But, as I hope—nay, trust and believe—they should keep the whiteness of their souls unstained, and at the end of their military service resume, cheerfully and manfully, their suspended avocations of peace, with no hankering for the wild excitement of war—the thunder of the captains, and the shouting—then this uprising of the people will prove to be one of the grandest things in the history of the world, and the muse of history will not record it without a glow of satisfaction on her cheek, and a sparkle of enthusiasm in her eye.

And why is this? what right have we to claim so much for this movement? To find an answer to these inquiries, we must ask ourselves, what are the objects of this war? for what are we fighting? on what grounds do we justify ourselves before God and man for taking up arms? For war is an evil to be deprecated, and a misfortune to be lamented; and especially a civil war. No humane, thoughtful, Christian man can contemplate the present condition of our country, trembling under the tread of armed men arrayed against each other in fraternal strife, without sadness. But war, though always the occasion of suffering—though never to be welcomed, never to be contemplated with exultation—is sometimes necessary, just, and to be defended and sustained upon the highest moral grounds; and of this character is that in which you are now engaged.

You are upholding the flag of the country—supporting the government in a contest with rebels. This is true; but it is not the whole truth. The militia who marched under President Washington's directions to put down the Pennsylvania insurrection in 1794 were doing no less; but there is something more than this to-day. I hold this armed contest to be a great political movement, and to have high moral interest and significance, because it is to determine the character of the institutions, under which we and these who come after us, are to live. You are not merely sustaining the administration of President Lincoln against unlawful combinations, but you are fighting on the side of law, order, government, civilization and progress. The result of this war is to settle the question whether they who are hereafter to inhabit this magnificent country are or are not to have that primal blessing of a good government, without which the most abundant material resources are as valueless as scientific books or philosophical instruments would be among the most barbarous tribes of Africa or Australia. Surely there cannot be imagined a war more worthy of calling forth all the energies of a great people than this.

And if I am asked to define my meaning more distinctly and precisely, I say that the questions now submitted to the stern arbitrament of war are substantially these: Is the Constitution of the United States a compact or a law? Is this Union a Commonwealth, a State, or is it merely a confederacy or a co-partnership? Is there a right of secession in the separate States, singly or collectively, other than the right of revolution? These are momentous questions; and if they can be settled in no other way than by a warfare, such a war is worth the price it costs, great as it is. For if the right of secession be fairly and logically deducible from the Constitution—if any state, upon its own mere motion, with cause or without cause, can withdraw from the Union as a partner may dissolve a co-partnership—then, the Constitution itself is a stupendous failure, the men who made it were bungling journeymen and not master mechanics, and the institutions of our country, so far from deserving our gratitude and admiration, are worthy only of our contempt. The hour has come, and the men have come, to settle these issues, fraught with such vital consequences to unborn millions. The dusky clouds surcharged with electric fires, that stand front to front in mid air, and darken the heavens with their power, have been long in gathering; let the storm continue till the air is cleared—and no longer. I want to have it now determined that for all future time any State, or any cluster of States that may attempt to coerce or bully a legal and constitutional majority by the threat of secession, shall be met with the answer: "You don't go out of this Union unless you are strong enough to fight your way out." I want to have the armed heel of the country crush the serpent-head of secession, now and forever, so that it shall never again glare with its baleful eyes, or brandish its venomous tongue. Let not the fate and fortunes of this glorious country be committed to the keeping of a clumsy, misshapen raft, compacted of twenty-four or thirty-four logs, good enough to float down a river, but sure to go to pieces when it goes into deep water; but let them be embarked on board a goodly ship, well found, well fastened, well manned—in which every timber and plank has been so fashioned as to contribute to the beauty and strength of the whole fabric, with a good seaman at the helm, the Constitution in the main-mast, and the stars and stripes at the mast-head. When the time of my departure shall come, let me feel, let me know, that I leave those whom I love under the protection of a government good enough to secure the affections of its subjects, and strong enough to enforce their obedience. Remember that if a strong government be sometimes bad, a weak government is never good.

Take then this flag. I need not say to you that should it ever be set upon the perilous edge of battle, your country expects that you will stand by it with strong heart and unaltered cheer. Of that we have no doubt. Upon your courage we repose with unhesitating trust. But do not merely defend this banner by your valor, but adorn it by those virtues by which alone civilized warfare is distinguished from the cruelty and brutality of barbarous strife; by modesty, by temperance, by obedience, by self-control, by humanity. Remember that this banner has been consecrated by woman's hand. Remember the unconscious tribute which universal humanity has paid to woman's worth, in the fact that the virtues have ever been symbolized and emblemized in a female form. Let good influence descend upon you from these silken folds. Every one of you has a mother on earth or in heaven; many of you have sisters; in the hour of temptation, let a mother's, a sister's image, stand by your side, like a visible angel, and drive the tempter away. And, oh! in the perils which lie in your path—perils to soul as well as to body—forget not Him in whose sight these heavens are not clean. Remember Him when the morning drum-beat shakes the dew of slumber from your lids. Commend yourselves to Him, when the sentinel stars have set their watch in the sky. And may His bless, and keep, and restore you.

One Story's Good till Another is Told.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind—
"Tis an old one—a kind one—as true as 'tis kind;
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam;
And no worse for the heart if remembered at home.
If scandal, or calumny, be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend.
Say to-morrow will come—and then Time will unfold
That 'one story's good till another is told'!"

A friend's like a ship, when with music and song
The tide of good fortune still speeds him along;
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,
And any mean billow can batter his deck.
But give me the heart that true sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate whatever wind blows;
And away—when aspersions, unanswer'd, grow bold—
Wait—'one story's good till another is told'!"

FEEDING FOUR THOUSAND VOLUNTEERS.—The patriotic citizens of Philadelphia have established a Volunteer Refreshment Saloon at the Washington street wharf in that city, for the purpose of furnishing a substantial meal to the troops who pass through Philadelphia en route for the war. On Friday over four thousand were fed at this establishment. The Bulletin gives the following account of its operations:

"The table being set, each man is furnished with a tin cup for his coffee, and a plate for his substantial, which consist of bread, ham, cheese and sausage, of the most excellent quality. The men were landed from the boat and marched up to the lavatory; having gone through with their ablutions, an impromptu gong announces supper or whatever the hour of day indicates the meal to be. Two hundred and twenty-five are brought in at a time; these being satisfied they make room for others, until all are served. The President, Mr. John Saverly, assured us that the feelings of gratitude shown by the soldiers, stimulated the ladies and gentlemen to prodigious exertions; some ladies have been for the last two weeks busy night and day, in providing refreshments for the troops."

With the amount of work incident to furnishing so great a number with meals, all is carried on smoothly under the direction of the President, Mr. Saverly, showing that he is the right man for the place. Mr. B. L. Brown and other gentlemen, were as busy as bees, in arranging for the great feed; we think they "can keep a hotel." The ladies are under the direction of Mrs. Mary Grover. This lady seems to have a happy faculty for keeping everything in good order. While the troops were taking supper, exclamations of gratitude were heard all around, "bless the ladies," "this is good coffee," "it's worth a dollar," and so on.

We venture the assertion that the memory of the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon will last as long as the present generation does; and the noble hearts who have done so much good, have the blessings of every soldier who has been under their kind care."

WINCHESTER.

SCHOOLS.—The annual examination of candidates for the High School took place last Saturday. Twenty-one applicants for admission, presented themselves. After an examination in the usual form, sixteen of the number were admitted. The spelling was a great improvement on previous examinations, notwithstanding the words selected were many of them quite difficult, showing that more attention has been given to this branch of study during the past year. In the other branches the result was very good, excepting in arithmetic in which there seemed to be either a deficiency of knowledge concerning the sums required to be done or an unwillingness to take the trouble to perform them. A majority of those admitted at this time to the High School I should say were better qualified in the various branches than those of the previous year, evincing that our teachers have sought to make their scholars more thorough in the elementary branches.

The teachers however, seem to confine themselves in their teaching too closely to their text books, and when their pupils are called upon to answer any questions not laid down in the books, they are very apt to be unable to answer them. It would be well occasionally to ask questions of practical interest in the different branches not mentioned in their books that shall lead the pupils to think and search out the answers.

ECHO LAKE.—In speaking of this body of water in last week's paper, I should have mentioned that a number of our young men have united in purchasing a celebrated boat belonging to a College Club and intend trying their skill with it on this lake, and thus prepare themselves to take part in some future regatta. Success to them, and all other efforts to promote good health by proper exercise, of which rowing is said to be an excellent form.

FLAG STAFF.—Excelsior Engine Company having had their flag staff broken, and their flag badly rent by the force of the wind, have had erected a new staff which rises some thirty feet from the top of the building and is firmly braced and supported, and have thrown to the breeze a new and handsome American flag. The patriotism of this company cannot be questioned, and their loyalty

to the stars and stripes has been shown in various ways.

MAIN STREET.—The County Commissioners at a recent visit to our town decided that the part of Main Street lying between the residence of W. C. Boon and the Medford Line, required to be straightened and laid out as near as possible so as to make it correspond with the other part of the street. This is a good plan and it would be very agreeable to foot passengers over that same space, if a sidewalk were laid for their accommodation instead of obliging them to walk in the dust or mud of the street. This latter improvement could be effected without a great deal of expense, and be a benefit to the estates upon which they front as well as a great public convenience.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Our citizens appear to be enjoying the ever glorious fourth with considerable spirit. The bells rang out their merry peal at an early hour, after which nothing of special interest occurred till nine o'clock when our citizens generally assembled under the spacious elm trees near the flag staff, and soon the President of the day, Thomas Richardson, Esq., called to order, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Barrows, after which the new and beautiful flag was hoisted to the breeze by the veteran Micah Baneroff of revolutionary memory, whose eye is not yet dim nor his patriotism in the least abated. The Declaration of Independence was then read by John Batchelder, Esq. The Rev. Mr. Cookson was then introduced and took the stand and made an excellent speech, and was followed by C. P. Judd, Esq., and Dr. Wakefield, and though all the speakers spoke excellently well, it is conceded, I believe, that the Doctor made the speech of the occasion, although it was altogether impromptu. I would attempt to give a sketch of the remarks of the several speakers, especially the last named, for such a display of forensic eloquence was quite unlooked for as it was far beyond his ordinary efforts, but knowing I cannot do them justice I will omit it. In all these exercises, music, vocal and instrumental, was appropriately introduced, but it is to be regretted that the vocal and instrumental were not combined, as seems to me would have been most fitting on an occasion like this. Now commenced a march to the grove of Mr. Solon A. Parker, on Salem street, the several schools forming into line in good order, and it is quite safe to say that they have had a good time.

And here I must conclude this scroll and wait "for the wagon."
Mr. Everett Richardson, organist at the Old South Church, met with quite a serious accident a few days since while using a circular saw cutting all the fingers on the inside of the left hand and his thumb of his right hand; but it is hoped and believed that no permanent injury has been sustained. Mr. R. will be obliged, in consequence of this accident to vacate his position as organist for a time, but from the frequent inquiry made by members of the Old South Society, I conclude his return to his post will be hailed with delight by them and the choir, and by his musical friends generally. Mr. Wilmarth officiates as organist during Mr. R.'s absence, and the organ will have to talk some whether willing or unwilling, so that shoehorns of music may be anticipated for a time.

I communicate no news when I write that the earth presents a dry and parched appearance, the greater part of our showers of late being composed of wind and dust.
Quite a number of our young men have enlisted for the war. Their names I have not at hand but will endeavor to give them next week.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.
DEAR JOURNAL.—Your correspondent can do little more this week than to apologize for lack of the usual items. I have no talent at getting up news where none exists, or for taking out time beyond the allotted 24 hours per day. The "Fourth" has not yet arrived and I cannot tell "what will be on the morrow." Preparations are making for a good time. In addition to a former programme, the Sons of Temperance will probably hold a picnic in Green's Grove in the afternoon of Thursday. The refreshing rain on Monday night and Tuesday will render much more pleasant the marching process. The schools are to have the remainder of the week to take breath and to practice patriotism.

The party of citizens who walked to the White Mountains a few weeks ago, returned last week on Friday in good health and spirits having had a first rate time. I understood them to say that they had not slept or eaten in any house during their absence. Another party start for Washington on Friday of this week, among whom are Hon. P. H. Swetser, Prof. B. F. Tweed, &c. Still another party intend going next week.

Rev. Dr. Cushman addressed the people last Sabbath evening at the Baptist Church, giving an interesting account of his seven months journey to Europe.

Hoping for more news and time next week, I close.

For the Middlesex Journal.
"My Country needs me!"
When the truly brave Horace Colby, of East Boston, who fell in the attack at Great Bethel, was interrogated by his parent why he had decided to go into the war, he gave this laconic and nobly patriotic reply,
"MOTHER, MY COUNTRY NEEDS ME!"

A sentiment worthy to be written in letters of gold. He felt the value of the privileges which he had enjoyed in this highly favored land; he saw those privileges in peril; he heard the voice which this peril addressed to him as a possessor and defender of these inestimable privileges, and the above was his response—equally worthy a loyal citizen and a true Christian. This is a text, the discourse from which is to be "Action! Action! Action!"

Reader, you can do something for your country in this day of its trial. If you have property you can aid its cause; if you have physical strength you can share its conflicts; if you have a devout heart, you can plead for its deliverance before Him who holds in his hands the destiny of nations.

"My country needs me!" With what an echo does this voice rebound from the Battery of Big Bethel, before which this patriot hero poured out his life blood!

"My Country needs me!" What soldier could seek a more inspiring example? What warrior could ask a nobler watch-word?

BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Last week a Company of Home Guards was formed here, composed of such as were not old enough, or could not leave to go into the U. S. service. They met a few evenings ago and made choice of the following officers: W. G. Sperry, Captain; F. Parker, 1st Lieut.; M. McCool, 2d Lieut.; G. Bickford, Ensign; J. Young Sarge, E. Fletcher, Drill master; F. Casey, Drummer; and F. Parker, Piper. The names of the other officers I have not learned. On Friday last the Company went to No. Billerica to drill, where quite a crowd was ready to receive them. They marched to an open field near the village and after drilling for some time left for home. A large number of people assembled on Saturday evening to witness the presentation of a beautiful banner by the young ladies of the center school. Miss Elliot, came forward and in some appropriate remarks presented the "Stars and Stripes" to the Ensign who, after making a speech, introduced Capt. Sperry. After a few remarks, thanking them for their beautiful present, he proposed three cheers for the young ladies of Billerica, which were given with a will. It being warm and the Company tired and thirsty, Mr. F. E. Richardson furnished them with lemonade, for which they returned a vote of thanks and gave him three cheers. The Company appear well drilled for the time they have been organized.

Quite a number of the Billerica boys, who enlisted have been home during the past week. Among the rest is L. N. Wilson 1st Lieut. in the "Richardson Light Infantry," Capt. Davis. He obtained a furlough for ten days, to come and see his father who is dangerously ill. He seems to like down south. He is a smart officer and we hope that he will do well and return home safe. He is the owner of a large estate at North Billerica,

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 41.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ESQ., OF ILLINOIS.

[These lines were written about three years ago by one who at that time, perhaps, had not the slightest expectation of being elevated to the exalted position to which he subsequently attained, nor of the strong temptation to which he would consequently be subjected to indulge in the weakness which he then condemned.]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flying meteor—a fast-flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who lost,—
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in
Whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by,
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and
Prayed.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The hard-earned, who climbed with his goats up the
steep;

The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread—
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let other succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on its wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wall from their slumbers will come,
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—but they died; we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrim's road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge
Shall follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a
breath—
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Select Literature.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS BOYS.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

Once upon a time there lived, and lives still, in a country lying far to the west, a famous squire, rich in lands and paper money. Report made him out to be the son of John Bull, who every one knows has children in all parts of the world. But, if the truth were told, I believe he had a great many fathers, though his mother was a very honest woman, for he looked like a man who had been there before his birth. But old Squire Bull had the credit of being his father, and truly there was a great likeness between them. Like Bull, he was somewhat given to boasting, tipping, fighting, and sailing boats; and was apt to hold his neighbors in contempt, dubbing them a pack of snivelling, pitiful rascals, that did not dare to call their souls their own, or look their king in the face, as every cat had a right to do. He took after his father in another respect; that is to say, nobody could tell which he was most fond of, making money like a horse, or spending it like an ass. But for all this he did not so much favor John Bull but that you could now and then catch an expression in his face that put you in mind of everybody you had ever seen in the world.

John Bull had christened this son of his by the name of Jonathan; but, by and by, when he became a man grown, being a good hearty fellow, about half horse, half alligator, his friends and neighbors gave him the title of Uncle Sam; a sure sign that they liked him, for I never knew a respectable nick-name given to a scurvy fellow in my life. Be this as it may, his family and all his acquaintances at last came to call him nothing else but Uncle Sam; and all his beef, pork, and flour, in fact everything that belonged to him, was marked with a huge U. S., six inches long.

As I have great respect for universal example, I shall give him this name in the sequel of my history, which hereby commend to the special attention of all wise men, more especially the wise men of the east. As to the fools, everybody knows they are so scarce now-a-days, that I hereby snap my fingers and defy them.

I flatter myself no man living is better qualified for this piece of biography. Uncle Sam and I have been hand and glove these fifty years. Many are the bouts we have had together when boys; many the frolics we have kicked up among the buxom young hussies, who are now all honest, sober mothers of families; and many the bottles we have cracked together at sundry times and on divers occasions, during the good old days, when, if a man did not choose to be merry sometimes himself, he did not cry out against those who did. Uncle Sam was a sad fellow at racoon hunting, and a barbecue was his delight, until it got to be the custom to talk politics and make long speeches at them.

Uncle Sam, in early life, gave some offence

to his father about going to the meeting-house instead of the church. One word brought on another, until John Bull at length took to beating the poor fellow into conformity with his notions. He was a lad of spirit, that would put up with this from no man, not even his father; and, accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, he packed up his all and marched off into the wide world to seek his fortune.

You may suppose Uncle Sam had but little to begin with; but he was a stirring blade, who did not mind trouble at first, if he could only see his way clear to something better in the end. He set himself to the business of clearing and selling new lands. As fast as he became comfortable on one farm, he sold out at a profit and set off for another; so that he was seldom more than two or three years in the same place. But for all this, he never lost sight of the main chance; since there was nothing on the face of the earth he loved so dearly as a bargain or a profitable speculation. By good management and good luck he at last came to have a vast property in lands, which he was every day adding to by buying out the Indians, or taking farms for debts that were owing him. In short, he prospered in all his undertakings, and became, in process of time, a great man among his neighbors. But, to my mind, he was not half as clever a fellow as when he was poor. Then he was a jolly, careless, high-minded dog—generous as a prince, and hospitable as a Turk. Though he would swear a little at times, he never meant any harm by it. But as he got rich, he set himself to be mighty genteel; aped the manners of all the would-be fashionable stragglers that came that way; never invited anybody to his house except to show off his new finery, and left off his honest old habits by little and little.

The fact is, and I don't care who knows it, he took to canting, and turned the embroidered side of his jacket outward, as a Turk does when he goes to court. Many people doubted whether he was anything the better for this; and, if I must speak my mind, I think he lost more than he gained; for, as respects myself, I had rather a man should rip out and drink punch a little, than pick my pocket while he is canting about brotherly love and good-will to all men. If Uncle Sam is angry at this, let him scratch his back and get pleased again.

As Uncle Sam got rich, and withal stout, and lusty as a young giant, the neighboring gentry, who called him an upstart, and looked askance at his prosperity, would shake their heads wisely and cry out, "Ah! poor man, to be sure he looks well and hearty; but anybody can see with half an eye he is not long for this world." And then they would sigh and take a pinch of snuff to the success of their prognostications. But it happened somehow or other, that every attack he had, and every rub he met with, only served to show the strength of his constitution, and make it stronger, until at last these false prophets began to say to themselves, "The rogue will last forever."

Now, I don't pretend to say this would be the case, seeing there is an end to all things; but I verily believe he would have lived to a happy and green old age, had it not been for the unadvised behavior of his children, which made his latter days one scene of trouble and turmoil.

You must know that as soon as Uncle Sam thought himself able to maintain a family comfortably, he got him a wife, who proved an excellent housekeeper, and, in the course of years, his children amounted to I am afraid to say how many; all jolly, strapping, roistering blades, with the exception of two or three, that were rather stunted in the growth, or, as Uncle Sam used to say in joke, "shrunk in the boiling." These last were rather conceited and jealous, as I suspect most little people are.

As fast as these lads grew up, Uncle Sam portioned them off on his farms, which they were to pay for when they were able, at very low prices. They all turned out pretty industrious fellows, with the exception of here and there one who got all his work done by negroes. They differed in some respects; but there was a family likeness among them—all took after the mother, who was a pretty considerable particular talker. One was a famous fellow for cod-fishing; another a great hand at splitting shingles; a third was an amateur of road-making and ditching; a fourth was mighty fond of barbecues, taking after his father in that respect; a fifth dealt largely in wooden bowls and onions; a sixth was a cultivator of rice and cotton; a seventh was a pretty high-handed fellow, fond of a good horse, and of an independent, open-hearted spirit;—and so on. They all lived together like loving brothers, having a rich father who could do what he pleased with his money—that is to say, they were as jealous of each other as two cocks running in the same yard.

If Uncle Sam made a Christmas present to one, or conferred a special kindness on another, there was the deuce to pay among the rest. They accused the old man of being partial, and never gave him any rest till he put them all on a level; which he had no sooner done, than they, one and all, began to grumble and find fault, saying the poor man was in his dotage, only because he had not given each one a preference over his brother. Uncle Sam sometimes said to himself, "Happy is the man who has nothing to give away, for his children won't quarrel about his estate."

But this was not the worst of it. The old Harry got into them about improving their farms, which they all swore were Uncle Sam's business; he was devouring all the money they could rake and scrape together to settle for the lands he had sold them. They said it was a sin and a shame for him to make them pay everything, seeing they were his natural born children, entitled to bed, board, education, and an outfit. Besides, daddy was now become so rich he did not know what to do with his money, and it was actually a kindness to rid him of its management in his old age.

Thus these cunning varlets agreed in the propriety of sharing Uncle Sam's money, but

they fell out about the manner of dividing it, like a parcel of unfeeling rogues as they were. The big fellows argued that they ought to share according to weight, and insisted they should all go down to the mill and be weighed. But the little fellows who had been "shrunk in the boiling" demurred to this, and swore it was all in my eye, Betty Martin. They were as much the lawful sons of Uncle Sam as the best, and biggest of them, and were determined to have their share at the point of the bayonet. There was one, particularly, who lived on an island about as big as my thumb-nail, who talked like a giant, and threatened to dissolve the family union and set up for himself if they did not treat him like a full grown man. They had a great many hard bouts at words, and some of the neighbors feared they would come together by the ears. But though they quarrelled like so many old women, like old women, they seldom came to blows. They had a sort of sneaking kindness for one another at the bottom, which always prevented their proceeding to extremities.

At the same time they were forever falling out about nothing, or some trifle next to nothing, and never gave each other a good word except when they all put their heads together, as they often did, to diddle Uncle Sam out of a few thousands for the improvement of their farms. Fortunately, however, for his pocket, it was seldom they could agree about the division of the spoils, or it would not have been long before he was as poor as a rat.

Be this as it may, the good man had no peace of his life, and was several times on the point of making over all his property to public meeting-houses, and educate the children of other people. Certain it is, he had good reason to do so, for these unfeeling boys left him no rest, day or night, on account of his money. Not being able to agree to the plan of dividing Uncle Sam's surplus income according to weight, it was proposed to do it by measure; but here again the little fellows that were "shrunk in the boiling" made a most infernal rout, and opposed it tooth and nail. They swore they were as good as the big fellows any day in the week; and they insisted that the apportionment should be made according to merit—not weight or size. All agreed to this, and the matter was on the point of being amicably settled, when a trifling difficulty occurred in adjusting the scale of desert. The roistering barbecue fellow swore he was equal to any man you could throw a stick at; the splitter of shingles maintained the superiority of his art; the young squire, who was fond of riding a fine horse and doing nothing, declared he considered himself the most of a gentleman; the raisers of rice and cotton claimed precedence on the score of administering both to the back and stomach; and the little fellow that lived on his island put in his claim on the score of morality. This would not do, and so the old man escaped being plundered this time.

But these fine boys had another iron in the fire, which they heated till it was red hot. Quoth one of the rascals—I believe it was the barbecue chap: "Let us set about improving our farms, and make the old boy pay the piper." Upon this scheme they agreed, and set up a hurrah about internal improvement, which means digging ditches, pulling up snags, and making roads through the desert.

Upon this one of them went and set up a loom in his back building, as he said, for the encouragement of domestic industry, and hired other people to come and tend it. When he had done this, he went to Uncle Sam, and insisted on a handful or two of money, to encourage him in such patriotic and praiseworthy undertakings.

"Stop, there, my little fellow," cried the biggest brother of all, who had a fist like a sledge-hammer; "stop, if you please—I have set up my looms at my own expense, and I'll be switched if the old man is going to pay for my doing what I have done for myself." Then another started a blacksmith shop for making hobbails, and advanced the same claim to touch a few thousands of the old gentleman's money for the encouragement of domestic industry, which about this time began to be very low-spirited, and wanted a little patting.

"Avast, there, you landlubber," exclaimed one of the brothers, a bold, hearty Jack tar, who had sailed round and round the world, and was a mighty navigator. "Avast, there; none of your fresh water gabble. I should like to know the reason why you should be paid for making hobbails any more than I am for building ships. Avast, there, I say, you lubber, or I'll be foul of your dead-lights."

Next came another brother, who was a great hand at raising sheep, which he called being a wool-grower, to demand that as people could not exist without clothes, Uncle Sam should shell out a few dollars to reward him for being a great public benefactor.

"Fudge!" exclaimed the cotton-growing brother, "where one man is clothed in wool, a thousand wear cotton. Why not encourage me, then, instead of this woolly fellow? Away with your bleating, or I'll be woolly to your mutton before you can say Jack Robinson."

Next came a sober, sedate, economical brother, who had set up a shoe-shop, and wanted Uncle Sam's protection—that is to say, some of his money.

"Rot your sole," cried the high-handed gentleman, who despised hard work, and had rather ride a blood-horse than make his own shoes, a thousand times. "What are you talking about there? It's mighty natural, to be sure, that you should be asking encouragement for making shoes. If it were horses, now, I'd talk to you."

So saying, he mounted his horse, and challenged Uncle Sam to a race for a thousand dollars.

After this, there was no end of their persecution of the poor old man—after this came another brother, a great mechanical genius, who had invented a machine for peeling apples, and wanted encouragement of Uncle Sam for the great saving of time and labor in making apple-pies.

"Who! who! who!" cried the wild harem-scarem, barbecue boy, one of Uncle Sam's youngest sons, who had just settled a town away off west, and had not yet thrown off his moccasins: "whoop! mister, mind which way you point your ride there—I can turn a flip-flap somersault, grease your head with bear's meat, and swallow you whole without a pang. You'd better take keener how you steer your steamboat, or you'll run foul of a snag."

By and by came another of this hopeful family, with a long story of the great advantage Uncle Sam would derive from clearing out a ditch, at his own expense, for the benefit of other people.

Here the great fellow mentioned before, who was the richest of the brothers, put in his oar and cried out:

"None of that fun, Brother Jonathan: I've done all my own ditching myself, and I'll be tottally ramswished if I am going to let daddy pay you for what I did all myself. Dig your own ditches, my boy, as I have done."

Then came a fine fellow, one of the young fry, who wanted to persuade Uncle Sam to pony up for a lane he was about making from his barn to his bog-meadow, which he assured the old man would be a vast public improvement; for that whereas his cart stuck in the mud now, they would be able to get along like a streak of lightning as soon as it was done.

"Thunder and blarney!" exclaimed three or four of the elder brothers all at once, "haven't we made our own roads at our own cost, and without asking daddy for a cent; and do you think, you snivelling blockhead, we'll stand by and see the old man cheated out of what belongs to us?"

"Goody, gracious!" at length cried Uncle Sam, throwing up his eyes—"goody, gracious! what can be the matter with these boys? I believe they mean to eat me up alive! I wish—I wish I was as poor as Job's turkey."

Now, all that was required for Uncle Sam to be just as he wished, was to let the boys have all his money, as they desired. But what is very remarkable, he never thought of this, and continued wishing himself poor, with one hitting on the best possible way of becoming so.

Things went on, getting worse and worse, for some time afterward. Uncle Sam was almost every day pestered for money to pay for some improvement or other in the boys' farms. He kept an account of what they cost, and found that it would take all he was worth in the world, and more besides, to get through with half of them. So one day he put his hands in his breeches' pockets, and swore roundly they were a brood of ungrateful rogues, that wanted to get him on the parish, and not another penny would he fork out for man or beast.

This raised a terrible hue and cry among the boys, who threatened to disinherit the old man, and set up for themselves. But he was a pretty stiff blade when his pluck was up, and he thought himself in the right. You might as well try to move a mountain as Uncle Sam, when he put his foot down and took the mark. He told the boys he had honest debts, and meant to pay every penny he owed in the world before he began to talk about laying out money for improvements.

These graceless young scamps were a little stumped at the stand Uncle Sam had taken, and began to plot together to turn the old man out of house and home, and take possession of all his estate, as soon as they could bring matters to bear. Accordingly they went about among their neighbors and people, insinuating that he was incompetent to manage his affairs any longer. It was high time, they said, that he should give up his estates into their hands, and set about preparing for a better world. They raised all sorts of stories against him, as how he did not care any more about the law or the gospel than a pagan; how he tucked up people just for the pleasure of seeing them kick their heels in the air; and how he threatened to cut off the ears of a member of Congress, only because he told stories about him.

In this way these roistering boys raised a great clamor against Uncle Sam, which emboldened them last to hatch a diabolical plan for taking away all his lands at one blow. They were not content with getting them by degrees, to pay for building school-houses, teaching dumb people philosophy, and a thousand other things; but they now determined to make one business of it, and strip the old gentleman as bare as my hand.

Not finding any law for this, they determined to get one passed for the purpose; to pave way for which, they spread abroad a hundred cock-and-bull stories about this, that, and the other thing. They swore the land of right belonged to them when they came of age, according to an old settlement, which declared that Uncle Sam's children should all share his estates equally after his death. But they kept the latter part to themselves, as you may suppose, and pretended that they had a right to take the old man's property while he was alive. Besides, they would say, the poor gentleman don't know what to do with so much land; half of it lies waste for want of proper attention, and if we only had it, we would make it ten times more valuable, and pay the taxes, which he is exempted from, by virtue of an ancient charter.

The notion of getting money by taxation is a bait which generally takes with people whose business is law-making, not tax-paying, as I have always heard. So the legislature, which governed where Uncle Sam's property lay, rubbed their hands, and were mightily tickled with the notion of being able to squeeze a little money from his new lands. Perceiving this argument told, the boys hatched another complaint about Uncle Sam receiving all the money for the lands he sold, and then forcing those who bought them to work their fingers to the bone to make themselves whole again, as if this were not the way all over the world.

Uncle Sam defended his bacon to the last, like a stout old hero as he was; but by degrees the influence of these ungrateful rogues prevailed, and a law was passed taking away all his property, dividing it equally among his boys, so that those who were "shrunk in the boiling" got the same portion as the big roistering blades, who, rather than not come in for a slice, consented at last to share, and share equally. They were all specially enjoined to take care of Uncle Sam, and see that he wanted for nothing; but the old man fared pretty much as people generally do who make over all their property to their children in their lifetime. At first they treated him pretty well, for decency's sake; but by degrees deprived him of all his usual comforts. First, they took away his pipe, because the young madams the sons had married could not bear tobacco smoke. Then the eldest boy seized possession of his arm chair, and his seat in the chimney-corner. Next, they removed the blankets from his bed, on the ground that it would injure his health to lie too warm; and next, nearly starved him to death, for fear he should die of apoplexy. Finally, losing all respect for the ties of blood, and all recollection of the early benefits they had derived from the good old man, they fairly turned him out of doors. The last I heard of Uncle Sam he was in the poor house.

Incident of the Battle of Trenton.

It was the night before the battle—the darkest night of the Revolution. The town of Trenton was lit up for the carnival, and gay forms could be seen flitting by the windows, and their boisterous voices often reached the shivering sentinels outside.

Every one abandoned himself to revelry, and harbored no thought of danger. Now and then an officer reflected for a moment, that perhaps a disciplined army might afford them considerable trouble, but what was to be feared from the poor, ragged, half-starved Continental soldiers? They were far away; and even should they dare to make a demonstration, the disciplined Hessians would rally at the call to arms, and annihilate them in an instant. No; danger was not worth the thought.

In a small, unpretending house, close to where the "State Bank" building now stands, lived an elderly lady and her only daughter. They were both patriots, and the mother's darling son was then serving in the Continental army.

Upon entering the town, three of the Hessian officers took up their quarters with the Mrs. Mantion, without the formality of an invitation. It was out of her power to refuse them, even if she wished; but it was not her disposition to deny shelter even to her enemies, and consequently she made no objection to their presence.

The officers were all young, swearing, dissipated men, who immediately took possession of the best room, on the second floor, which fronted the street. Here, on the afternoon of the day before the battle, they commenced drinking. Not drinking as they usually did, in moderation, but with the determination of getting drunk and celebrating Christmas eve in a manner that would be long remembered. By nightfall they were only slightly exhilarated—just enough to sing songs and talk boisterously and swear terribly. Several times these who were passing along the streets paused and looked up at the revellers, and then with a knowing smile passed on.

Late in the evening, just as one had finished a song, another asked: "I wonder where the girl is?" "Whom do you mean?" "Why, Ruth, the old woman's daughter, of course. Let us have her in here to sing a song."

"Good; agreed; but suppose she has retired?" "Hang the difference! we will have her for all that!" "I will, of course," volunteered the one who had made the proposition.

"Go, then, and bring the rebel maiden hither!" cried the others in chorus.

The man arose to leave the apartment, but suddenly paused and looked at his companions, as he heard the low tones of what appeared to be a conversation.

"Ha! she is praying," he said.

One of their number slipped to the door and opened it. Then they listened, and the low, earnest, pleading tones of Ruth were heard. She prayed that her brother might be preserved in the danger which now encompassed him, that God would aid the feeble patriots in their holy struggles, and open the eyes of those who were in their house to the injustice of their oppressive course. While still engaged in supplication, Ruth was startled by a footstep, and looking up discerned, in the gloom of the chamber, the outlines of the figure of a man standing before her.

"What do you wish here?" she said.

"We want a song, my little charmer."

"Leave the room, sir! No gentleman would thus invade the sanctity of domestic privacy!"

"Come, my girl, there is no use of bandy words."

He seized her arm as he spoke, and dragged her by main force from the room. Ruth would not scream, for she feared no real injury at their hands, and did not wish to alarm her mother, who was asleep in the chamber beneath her own.

"What means this insult?" she demanded, as she stood before the three intoxicated officers.

"A song, my birdie."

"I will not sing."

"Suppose we compel you?"

"You may kill me, but I will not utter one single note upon compulsion."

"The spirit of rebellion courses even through the veins of their women," said one. "Do not fear, Ruth; we are not going to harm you; you know we are gentlemen."

"Have you proved it by coming into my chamber and dragging me here by force?"

"Well, say no more about that. Let us change the subject. Pray tell us something about that brother of yours. Who is he? A commander?"

Like HOT POTATOES.—A "Confederated" Senator recently said that he had kept a bold face on, when the soldiers left his native town, but he had "dropped many tears in private." Jeff. Davis, too, sympathetic creature, will drop some private-tears, soon!

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never set up with a girl in his life.

Ruth perceived the sneer, and made no reply.

"Who is he? An officer?"

"You may learn before the war is over."

"Eh! do you threaten, my beauty? Stay!" he added, as she started away.

She sprang forward, but he caught her before she reached the door, and rudely commanded:

"Sing, I tell you!"

"Not to-night," said Ruth, firmly.

"Take that, then."

He sent her reeling with a blow, and added, with a sneer:

"Now go, and the next time learn to obey when you receive an order."

Ruth, half-dazed with pain, groped her way back to her room, and fastening the door, sank down upon her knees and prayed—not for vengeance, but for mercy upon her insulters.

Before it was yet light, the officers were awakened by the discharge of musketry. They knew well enough what it meant, and two of their number instantly sprang out of bed, and hastened into the street. But the third, who had so grossly insulted Ruth, remained, still half-stupified by the dissipation of the previous day.

Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, came the sounds of conflict. The shouts of officers and the cries of the wounded were heard, while now and then the faint cheering of the Americans in the distance reached his ears.

At last our officer arose from his bed, half-dressed himself, went to the window and looked out. He saw the whole force slowly retreating before the Continental army, which was resolutely pressing onward. Instead of passing out and joining his own men, the officer hung a small mirror upon the side of the window, and commenced shaving.

While he was thus engaged, the following words were exchanged between two soldiers in Washington's army. One of the speakers was young Mantion, and the other, a friend of about the same age.

"We have them at last!" exclaimed the latter, exultingly.

"Yes, thank Heaven! they are in full retreat."

"Are they not near your house, Mantion?"

"Yes, and my dear mother and sister are no doubt thanking God for what is now going on around them," said young Mantion, proudly.

The American forces were now at the head of Warren street, and the British retreating before them. When the latter reached the house of Mantion, they turned off to the right, through a by-street, and continued their retreat through Green, toward the Assanpink Creek. Washington observing this executed a manoeuvre that placed victory at once in his hands. Dividing his force, he dispatched one portion of it down Warren street, while his own body continued the pursuit through Green. The former division was to cross the Assanpink as quickly as possible, and attack the enemy in the rear.

Mantion was in this body; and as they hastened forward to obey their orders, he glanced up, while passing, at the windows of his home. What was his astonishment to see an officer deliberately shaving himself in full view from the street!

Impulsively he raised his musket and fired. The ball went through the window-pane, struck the officer in the face, and he fell and died in less than ten minutes.

The result of the battle of Trenton is well known. It was the turning-point of the Revolution; and the dark clouds which had so long hung over our destiny as a nation were dissipated, and the bright sun of hope once more beamed upon our land.

After the battle Mantion and his friend visited the house of the former. Then he learned that he had unconsciously slain the insulter of his sister.

The window pane through which the Hessian officer was shot is still preserved in Trenton, and is in the possession of a Mr. Wilson. It is still regarded as a great curiosity. The bullet made a clean hole, perfectly circular, and did not crack any other part of the glass. But time and storms have rendered it fragile and weak, and it is now guarded with jealous care. The building from which it was taken was known until about eight years since, as the "Phoenix Tavern," when it was torn down and a more tasteful edifice erected in its stead. But there are other houses around it, in which the bullet marks of this battle are yet visible, and almost any one can show you the spot where the Hessian officer was shot as he stood shaving at the window.

WHAT MASSACHUSETTS HAS DONE.—On this continent, Massachusetts established the first school, incorporated the first academy, and endowed the first university. She set up the first printing press, printed the first book, and published the first newspaper. She launched the first ship, killed the first whale, and made the first discoveries in the Pacific and South Seas. She dugged the canal, and built the first railroad; coined the first money, and unfurled the first national flag. She fired the gun, shed the first blood, and gained the first victory in the war of the Revolution. She drew the first lightning from heaven, performed the first painless operation in surgery, and invented the magnetic telegraph. She taught the first blind deaf mute to read, and established the first school for the discipline of idiots. And now, in the latter days, she came first to the relief of the capital, and fired the first gun and shed the first blood in the war for the Constitution.—R. H. Dana, Jr.

LIKE HOT POTATOES.—A "Confederated" Senator recently said that he had kept a bold face on, when the soldiers left his native town, but he had "dropped many tears in private." Jeff. Davis, too, sympathetic creature, will drop some private-tears, soon!

A bashful printer refused a situation in a printing office where females were employed, saying he never set up with a girl in his life.

Our Foremothers.

Some good natured writer, zealous for the honor of womanhood, has given utterance to the following tribute to his ancestors on the female side. It is well done, and well worth the reading:—

"We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice fellows, no doubt. Good to work, eat, or fight. Very well. But where are their companions, their 'chums' who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who nursed our forefathers when sick, and sang Yankee Doodle to their babies? who trained up their boys? Our foremothers."

"Who landed at James River, and come over in the Mayflower, and established the other early settlements? Were there any women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors, especially, make a wonderful talk about the Pilgrim Fathers who squatted on Plymouth Rock, and there is a great ado made up every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves by crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion; and our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves stily upon the merits and doings of William Penn and his associates; but with all the 'blarney' so plentifully distributed on all sides, what do we hear or gather about our foremothers? Didn't they land on the rock, too? Didn't they encounter perils and hardships? And, after all, didn't they, with their kind hearts, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions?"

Who ushered us into this world—our forefathers? Bah! No, indeed, our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Ben Franklin, Israel Putnam, and a host of other worthies, whose names will live forever, and taught them to be men and patriots? Didn't our foremothers? And who gives them the credit they deserve? Nobody.

"We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers; but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round-shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm about the nice things our forefathers did, and yet nothing is said about our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own."

"We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old men, our forefathers, say we. May the glory of their deeds never be less; but the Good Book tells us to 'render under Cæsar,' etc., and we wish to speak a word in season for women, generally, and, especially, for our noble and self-sacrificing foremothers, lest time, and the one-sided page of history, shall blot them forever from our memories."

VESPER SERVICES OF THE RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT.—Washington is all an stirring drama; but the "thing to see," among the daily sights, is the evening parade and vespers of the Rhode Island Regiment.

My friend lieutenant Wise drove me to a spot, amid one of the most beautiful of sunsets, and we found a large representation of the society of the capital already on the ground—the band playing and the men under review by their colonel.

The locality of the encampment—(Eckington, the country seat of the late Joseph Gales)—will be remembered by many as the scene of never ending hospitalities. The house stands just as in the life-time of the eminent and beloved man whose home it is, (Mrs. Gales still resident there,) and the barracks of the regiment are just visible through the trees across the lawn. A lap of green meadow lying in the lap

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION.

The oration delivered by Hon. Edward Everett, in the Academy of Music, at New York, on the recent 4th of July, is a production worthy its distinguished author, and adapted to the present condition of the country. It has been sent broadcast over the land through the press, and it is to be hoped that every one who feels or is capable of feeling an interest in the Government which has hitherto proved so great a blessing to us, will read it, and ponder well the facts it contains. No one can for a moment charge Mr. Everett with coloring the cause of the North more highly than it deserves, especially when we take into account the fact that in time past—and particularly in his Address upon the character of Washington, which he has delivered all over the country—he has been charged with the manifestation of an undue desire to please and conciliate the South. The positions he has taken and presented to the consideration of his countrymen, rest upon no hypothetical basis, but are plain matters of historical record. He enters upon no attempt to justify the North in carrying on a war that was begun and forced upon them by the traitors of the South, as it needs no justification at the tribunal of the public opinion of mankind.

He alludes to the almost unexampled prosperity enjoyed by this country up to the time that South Carolina passed her secession ordinance. Till the last election of President the principle that the majority shall rule, has always been acquiesced in. But in the election of Abraham Lincoln the South became in the minority, and, like a spoiled child that when it cannot have its own way, will do all the mischief it can, set about destroying the best Government that has ever existed upon the earth.

The speaker, after alluding to the speedy action of South Carolina when the result of the election was known, proceeds to consider whether secession is a constitutional right, or a revolution. He quotes the remark of Jefferson Davis, in a speech made Feb. 18th, that "it is an abuse of language to call it a revolution." He next proceeds to show that secession is neither a granted nor a reserved right under the Constitution.

Mr. Everett takes up the question, whether the Government of the United States has been oppressive and tyrannical, and shows that instead of being so, the reverse has been the fact in a most marked degree.

He next considered the causes alleged by the South in justification of secession. South Carolina, in her manifesto of Dec. 20th, brings forward nothing but the passage of State Laws to obstruct the surrender of fugitive slaves. Georgia has complained of the injustice of the bounties paid to the fishermen of New England—amounting to only about \$200,000 annually, as favoring them unjustly, forgetting, we suppose, that the carriage of the mails at the South cost the Government three and one half millions more than the income from postages in the Southern States. Another grievance was the Navigation laws which gave the coasting business exclusively to American vessels. This, of course, favored the North, because the North owned nearly all the shipping in the country. The tariff, too, they regarded as unjust to them. Another cause was the interference with Slavery. Mr. Everett shows that the South was formerly opposed to slavery; that Congress has never enacted any anti-slavery measures; and more than all, that three-fifths of the slaves have been represented in Congress.

But none of these allegations are the true cause of the secession movement. It is to be found in the fact that the political power of the country was passing away from them, and they were determined to rule, or ruin the country.

We trust that every one will give this oration a careful and candid perusal. No man who will do so, with an unprejudiced mind, can fail of understanding the causes that have moved the South to her treasonable course. This oration lacks, perhaps, the glowing acclamations and bursts of eloquence that characterize many of Mr. Everett's productions. But his object evidently was, not to move the fancy, but to convince the judgment, and his oration must and will exert a mighty influence wherever it is read and pondered.

MISSOURI PAPERS.—We have received from an unknown hand, two papers from St. Louis that are advocates of the South. We pity any editor who can stoop so low as to write such disgraceful nonsense as is found in the columns of those papers. The circulation of those Journals at the North would do anything but awaken sympathy for the South in their abominable attempt to destroy the Government.

How easy it is to discover the applicability of a faithful sermon to the shortcomings of our neighbors, while no suspicion crosses the mind that it was exactly adapted to ourselves. We are willing others should be called to account, but we do not like always to receive the blow on our heads.

SHOWERS.—The refreshing showers of the present week have cooled the parched ground, and revived vegetation wonderfully. Some of the crops have suffered very much.

From the Seat of War.

The following letter was addressed to the Journal, by a "Reading boy," now a Sergeant in Company I, 4th Regiment, Michigan Volunteers. The officers of the Regiment are D. A. Woodbury, Col.; W. W. Duffield, Lieut. Col.

HEAD QUARTERS, MICHIGAN 4th Regt., } WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2d, '61.

Michigan has now four regiments ready for and in service. The 1st gained a very good reputation wherever they stopped on their way here, and they together with the 3d, 3d and 4th will strive to maintain it. The 4th Regt. was formed and quartered at Adrian, Mich., May 16th, and was composed mostly of undrilled men. On the 21st of June a splendid stand of colors was presented to the Regiment by the ladies of Adrian. Our uniforms are a fatigue suit of gray, and we left Adrian, June 25th, for Harrisburg, Pa., for our arms. At Elmira, N. Y., we were entertained by the N. Y. 23d Regt., and left the same evening for Harrisburg, where we arrived after a pleasant ride down the Susquehanna on the 27th.

We remained there until Monday, having received our arms on Saturday—drilling all day Saturday and Sunday—with the expectation of using them on Monday in Baltimore. Men never applied themselves harder to learn the manual of arms than did we, Monday morning, with knapsacks slung, two days' rations in our haversacks, and our muskets in hand, we took the cars for Baltimore. 5 o'clock, P. M., found us, with muskets loaded and capped, marching through the streets of Baltimore. Every thing was quiet, and we were well received. Ladies waved handkerchiefs from doors and windows, children ran along the streets with flags, and cheered for the Union, and nearly all the people were smiling faces. There are so many troops in and near Baltimore that the mob has but little power. The course of Gen. Banks was spoken of as right by soldiers and citizens, and all regard him as the right man in the right place. A New York Regt. passed through Baltimore the night previous, and one man fell and was shot by his own musket. This caused much excitement, and some two or three hundred bullet holes in the roof of the Depot, showed the discipline of the men. We took the cars again and were off for Washington. Our train stopped an hour and a half at the Relay House, waiting for a train to pass. About 10 o'clock the order was passed that the muskets should be loaded and the men ready to leave the cars at a moment's warning. We arrived at Washington without any engagement, at 1 o'clock A. M., and marched to quarters on Pennsylvania Avenue, about one mile above the Capitol. Our Regt. numbers 1040 men, ready for active service, willing to do our duty, healthy and happy.

I am now writing on a camp chest, sitting on a knapsack, and my comrades are cooking on a knapsack, and we expect to be quartered out of the city as soon as we change our old muskets, (brought to us through Baltimore), for rifles. All the bridges that we passed were guarded, as was also the Railroad from Baltimore, by soldiers. I have been to the Capitol to-day. All the soldiers are now in camp, and the building is being cleaned for the coming session of Congress. I hope we shall remain in the city a few days that I may see the Public Buildings, Members of Congress, &c.

Yours, J. M. B.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS, July 8th, 1861.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Reveille at half past four, and an hour and a half of skirmish drill, at double quick time, before breakfast, makes a man feel more like lying down than setting up to write. But a man is supposed to be on duty unless his name is on the surgeon's list, and as your humble servant weighs six or eight pounds more than ever before in his life at this season, he can hardly be accused of any disease, unless it is quick consumption three times a day, so at least the cook says.

As you will see by my date, we still remain at Camp Massachusetts with only a slight prospect of moving, at present. Rumor says we are to move upon Fairfax Court House in a day or two, but we have been so often deceived by similar stories that we begin to think we shall remain where we are until the time for our return to Massachusetts, which will be in three weeks from next Wednesday. Our men are beginning to look forward to that time with pleasant anticipations, for three or four months of separation, under the present circumstances, makes a man feel that a sight of home and friends will, at least, not be a severe trial.

Yesterday, Willie Richardson, the member of Capt. Wardwell's Company, who was accidentally shot a fortnight ago, died. It was thought for a long time that he would recover, but mortification terminated his life yesterday. He was a native and resident of Stoughton, and was, as I am informed, the only child of his parents. The remains left camp yesterday for the steamer which was to convey them to Washington, from whence they are to be sent home. He was placed in a metallic case and covered with the soldiers' winding sheet—the Stars and Stripes—and escorted by members of his company.

Gov. Andrew was in camp on Friday, the 5th inst., and after inspecting our Camp made a short speech to the regiment, in which he said he would not encourage enlistments by the members of our regiment, into the three years' regiments, until they had been discharged in *Denton*, and had consulted their families and friends, for he felt, he said, that by offering such encouragement, or permitting it to be offered by others, he should be doing a great wrong to their families who had a right to be consulted in the matter.

On Friday night, as I came in from guard at midnight, I heard a musket discharged about half a mile in the rear of our camp; it was immediately followed by another, and another, until at last a rattling fire from the entire Penn. 5th and the Michigan regiments, routed the boys of the old 6th, and in less than ten minutes after the first shot was fired they were all out and equipped for a fight; but like all such alarms thus far, it turned out to be a false one, and in fifteen minutes more entire silence reigned through our camp. The good health which we have thus far enjoyed continues, and the men are all in excellent spirits.

Our Lieut. Col. (Greene), and Major Keys have both left the regiment, to report themselves for duty under their new commissions in the regular army, and Adjutant Thomas O. Barri leaves for the same reason to-day. His commission is that of a Lieut. Col. in the three years' troops, and after their dismissal a Captain's commission in the regulars awaits him. He is one of the very best of officers, being a West Point graduate, and a great favorite in the regiment.

Excursion.—The choir of Mr. March's Church contemplate spending a day at Chelsea beach in a week or two.

Hay.—The crop of hay is so abundant that we understand it sells in the field at from \$10 to \$14.

It has become a well established fact, that when a great battle is to be fought in a day or two, no battle will take place.

Our brigade now consists of the Penn. 5th, the Minnesota 1st, the Penn. 4th, the Mass. 5th, a battery of artillery consisting of eight pieces, and a squadron of cavalry (U. S.). The Minnesota regiment located near us about a week ago, and is in every respect a fine one—thoroughly drilled and numbering over a thousand men.

The Phalanx men are here and are among the very best of our soldiers; they do honor to old Woburn both in conduct and equipment, being better fitted out than any who are members of our regiment. It seems very pleasant indeed to meet faces that have been so long familiar when one is so far from home. Our men are disappointed that they have not had an opportunity of trying their hands at the enemy; for the messages which have been received by the Massachusetts troops through our men on guard at Alexandria, have roused their wrath and they desire nothing more than a chance to meet the *chivalry* of South Carolina, where bayonets instead of words will be the test of courage and efficiency. It has been the constant habit of many who never shouldered a musket in their lives, to deride the "holiday militia," as they were pleased to term our State troops; but the present war has led many who have hitherto questioned their efficiency to see that gay plumes and glistening bayonets have, after all, a stern meaning behind their glitter and gay colors. Baltimore and Bellet will hereafter be sufficient answers to any eulogies about "feather bed soldiers."

Thus far not a single instance of cowardice has been known in any one of the Massachusetts regiments; and this is remarkable when we consider that it is the first time they were ever under fire. It shows at least that generations of profound peace spent in the pursuits of commerce and the trades do not unfit the citizens of such a country for military duty, and fully falsifies the evil croakings of some, that the blood of the Revolutionary Fathers has degenerated. It proves that the hearts and arms of their sons can and will maintain the liberty and honor which were purchased by their blood, whenever or wherever they are assailed, whether it be by a foreign foe or by domestic traitors.

Let the result of these days of trial teach doubters that quiet manners and a strict attention to our own business alone do not make our nation a nation of cowards. But paper and time are consumed, and I must bid you good bye until another opportunity offers to write you again.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES RUSSELL.

CAMP MASS., Alexandria, Va., 7th July 6th, 1861.

The boys are all well at present, but are spoiling for a fight. We went to Washington on the 4th of July to be sworn in, and took the oath at the War Department, and then went and took a look at the President's mansion, but did not see "Old Abe." We went up to the Capitol; Congress was in session while we were there. We passed through the Park in front of the Capitol, and then started for the boat which took us down to Alexandria. We got into Camp a little before dark; there we had a grand display of fireworks, composed of cedar trees stuck in the ground, which the soldiers set fire to. It was the stillest 4th I ever saw. There was nothing going on in Washington, although the streets were filled with soldiers. The 7th New York regiment passed through the city while we were there. They made a fine appearance. Yesterday John Tind and I went down to Mount Vernon, Bridge on picket guard. An attack is expected every night. They take the bridge up every night so that the rebels cannot come over.

Last night two slaves belonging to John A. Washington, ran away. They came from Mount Vernon, where they were born and brought up. They said they had never been sold; were worth \$2000 each in good times; so they said, and are strong and hearty looking fellows. The guards brought them in to the Provost Marshal's this morning. I don't know what they will do with them.

Sunday, July 7th. I began this letter yesterday and intended to finish it, but, while I was writing, an order came to be ready to march at a moment's warning to Fairfax. A fight is expected there every day. There are six regiments now in camp within half a mile of another, here, Fort Ellsworth, on Shuter's Hill, is now approaching completion. All the guns are mounted, and the fort is well garrisoned, including a force of regulars. Guns are also placed outside, commanding the roads and the Potomac.

Willie Richardson is dead. He died this morning, at half past one. He was not quite 18 years old; is to be sent home to-morrow. It is a fortnight ago to-day that the sad affair occurred. His father is on here now. I remain yours,

J. L. J.

SUMMER TRAVEL.—We imagine that the amount of travel this season will be much less than usual. The almost total stagnation of business renders it difficult for people—except the wealthy class—to command the requisite amount of money. To a considerable extent we venture the assertion that this is not a real misfortune, but a benefit, rather. We never yet could conceive how pleasure and health could be promoted by passing over long routes in the cars, amid clouds of dust, with the thermometer at 90° and upwards in the shade. To this must be added the sleeping in uncomfortable rooms, and exorbitant charges, which make most people glad to reach home again, all too happy to enjoy its peaceful quietude. There are those who derive profit from traveling, physically and intellectually, but the reverse is true in a great majority of cases. A trip to a pleasant beach in our own carriage, at a pleasant expense, while the refreshing ocean breeze imparts new life and vigor to the exhausted frame.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The examination of this school will take place Friday, July 19th at 9 o'clock A. M. The exercises of the graduating class will be in the afternoon, in Lyceum Hall. The public is invited to be present forenoon and afternoon.

REBEL TERMS.—The Richmond *Whig*, thought by some to be the official organ of Jeff Davis, says:

"This war must go on. The South must fight until the North sues for peace. Pass a non-intercourse act, and then she will soon begin to feel the ruinous pressure of the war. We must dictate the terms of peace; the first article of which should be an acknowledgment of the right of secession. This is a fundamental principle. The next article should be that she pay, to the uttermost farthing, the expense of this war. The third is that she pay for the destruction of all public property, both public and private, which she may appropriate to her use. The fourth is that, as an evidence of her sincerity, she impeach and remove from office ABE LINCOLN, indict him and hang him for treason and other crimes."

Very reasonable—and quite as likely to be acceptable.

The examination of the Grammar School will take place on Thursday next 18th inst., at 9 o'clock A. M., and 1½ P. M.

DEAD.—The Boston Atlas and Bee has quietly breathed its last.

RETIRING STILL.—The latest reports state that the rebels are retiring from Fairfax.

Willie B. Richardson, of Stoughton, a private in the 6th Company, who was accidentally shot, some two weeks since, while loading a revolver, died early on Sunday morning. Since the accident there have been good grounds to hope for his recovery, but mortification ensued, which proved fatal. His father came on and was with him at the time of his death. He was a young man of much promise, much beloved by his comrades, and awfully child. His age was 13. This, I believe, is the only death which has occurred in the 6th Regiment since leaving Boston. A purse of some \$150 was made up by the members of the regiment for the young man's friends. His remains are on the way home. Some idea may be formed of the friendship entertained by the people of Alexandria for the soldiers when it is stated that the only undertaking in the city at first absolutely refused a coffin for this young man, but finally concluded to part with a very common pine one for the modest sum of \$75. He was quietly allowed to retain his coffin.

GEN. BANKS.—R. V. Gilbert Haven, chaplain of the 8th Mass. Regiment, *Zou's Herald* the following concerning the estimation in which Gen. Banks is held by the people of Baltimore:

"We have a General in command who is sleepless and fearless. The rich secessionists hate him more than they hate Gen. Butler. A lady who spoke very highly to me of the latter, could hardly speak courteously of the new events and their energetic creator. He has them completely in his power. Eight or ten thousand troops surround the city and encamp in its midst; the handsome grounds around the Washington Monument; the Boston Light Artillery appropriately protects the city from the Battle Monument; soldiers are at the corners of the streets, and as I went by the Custom House last evening the New York Twentieth were 'filling the night with music,' though they did not set out the programs. Mr. Longfellow has set for the cars that in the day' under such circumstances. They didn't."

"Fold their tents like Arabs, And as silently steal away."

When they go they'll probably follow the Arabian fashion of tent-folding—but join with that the American one of noisily marching away."

A LETTER FROM MRS. LINCOLN.—It has been published in the Southern papers that the sympathies of the President's wife are with the secessionists. The following very handsome letter received by one of our fellow Kentuckians, says the Louisville *Journal*, does not indicate it:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 29, 1861.

Colonel John Fry—My Dear Sir, It gives me very great pleasure to be the medium of transmission of these weapons to be used in the defense of national sovereignty upon the soil of Kentucky.

Though some years have passed since I left my native State, I have never ceased to contemplate her progress in happiness and prosperity with sentiments of fond and filial pride. In every effort of industrial energy, in every enterprise of honor and valor, my heart has been with her. And I rejoice in the consciousness that, at this time, when the institutions to whose fostering care we owe all that we have of happiness and glory are assailed by ungrateful and perfidious hands, the State of Kentucky, ever true and loyal, furnishes to the insulted flag of the Union a guard of her best and bravest sons. On every field the prowess of Kentuckians has been manifested. In the holy cause of national defense they must be invincible.

Please accept, sir, these weapons as a token of the love I shall never cease to cherish for my mother State, of the pride with which I have always regarded the exploits of her sons, and of the confidence which I feel in the ultimate loyalty of her people, who, while never forgetting the homage which their beloved State may justly claim still, remember the higher and grander allegiance due to our common country.

Yours very sincerely,

MARY LINCOLN."

MR. LINCOLN'S BENEVOLENCE.—The President, while seated in his new brougham, with Mr. Cameron, awaiting Mr. Chase, at the Treasury Department, to proceed to the funeral of Col. Vossburg, espied on the steps of that building, a poor-looking, deformed young man, with crutches, whom he called to his side and questioned as to his condition. The lad responded promptly to the President's queries, and, with tears of joy, pocketed the gold piece which Mr. Lincoln gave him—probably the first he had ever possessed. Such acts of liberality and disinterested charity are frequently practiced by our Executive, who can never look upon distress without attempting to relieve it.—*Wash. Cor. Phil. Press.*

SENSATION DESPATCHES.—The following order, from Gen. Scott will probably diminish the sensation news materially:

"Henceforward the Telegraph will carry no despatches concerning the operations of the army, not permitted by the Commanding General." VINCENT SCOTT. Department of War, July 8th, 1861.

The above order is confirmed.

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War."

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"Let us Alone."

"And in the synagogue there was a man which had a spirit of an unclean devil, and cried out, with a loud voice,"

"Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us?"—*Luke, iv, 34, 35.*

"And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils coming out of the tombs exceeding fierce, so that no man might come by that way."

"And behold they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"—*Matthew, viii, 28, 29.*

"All that we ask, is to be let alone."—JEFF DAVIS. "I have let alone the meanest spirit-creeper." "Why don't thou then torment us the time?" "Let us alone!" still adding crime to crime, Shakes the arch traitor and Liberticide, Who, drunk with hate, his country hath defied, And, with confederate thieves, would drag her down. From the high places of her old renown, And, with her ruler, seek his devilish pride. No, Rebel, no!—while slaves are held in scorn, And plotters of sedition are abhorred; While good men shudder at the wretch's forewarn, Who perjuries mock the vengeance of the Lord, While Justice lives and God maintains his throne, The Devils are "cut out"—not "let alone."

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

WHAT SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN THINK.—Erastus Brooks, editor of the New York *Express*, writes to his paper from Washington as follows:

"What seems to me more important from the South, however, are several interviews with Southern men, on the Union side, and some of whom are holding important legislative or elected positions in our Government. One of the most intelligent gentlemen from Tennessee predicts that in sixty days our troops will be in Richmond, and the backbone of the rebellion broken. Another, from the same State, but in higher position here, looks upon Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee as all to be restored to the Union, first, by the more than willing co-operation of the friends of the Union in these States. Secession and rebellion are spoken of by such an absciss which must be cast out by the sword of war when milder treatment fails. This class of men demand, very naturally and very properly, that the friends of the Government and of the Union at the South shall be sustained by the Federal armies. Their very lives depend upon it. The supporters of rebellion show no mercy to them at home, and would hang them to-morrow if they could catch them. When rebels combine, surely patriots should unite."

Prominent men in Maryland declare to me that the disunion sentiment in their State, though intensely active, and personally most respectable, is numerically very weak.

ENGLISH SENTIMENT.—The following letter from a mercantile house in Redditch, England, dated June 10, to a firm in this city, is a fair indication of the tone of British sentiment as manifested in other mercantile letters that we have seen:

"I am sorry for the sad disruption between the Northern and Southern States of America, and hope ere long we shall have the gratification of knowing the ignorant and haughty Southerners are brought to their proper senses and made to know their true position. I am glad to see such unity in the loyal States, and so much firmness in President Lincoln; he will need all the support that can be given to him during the present crisis. We, the people of England, sympathize deeply with the free States of the North, and heartily wish success may attend them and bring them bravely and safely through the trial and difficulty they are brought into by the rebellious obstinacy of the South; and we feel confident of the result proving favorable to the North, inasmuch as we feel assured that their cause is just, although we have some fears that the struggle may last longer than is by some anticipated. I hope God in his goodness will see fit to bring it to a speedy conclusion, and I doubt not good will ultimately accrue to your glorious nation, and that it may bring about 'as it assuredly will sooner or later be brought about, the total abolition of that most inhuman traffic in human flesh. God grant it may be speedy.'"

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.—Some of the Massachusetts soldiers stationed at Yonkers lately went off to the river to tarrytown, and looked at the monument to Andre. Thence they visited the cemetery where repose the peaceful remains of Washington Irving. A hedge is around the burial plot. Eleven full length graves are in a row—father, mother, brothers and sisters. One of the stones is lettered "Washington, son of William and Sarah S. Irving, died Nov. 29, 1859, aged 76 years, 8 months and 23 days." The soldiers laid each a bunch of roses upon his grave; and a wreath of oak leaves with a written inscription, "offering of Massachusetts volunteers to the memory of Washington Irving," signed by them all, and bearing the date, was placed upon the headstone. One boy repeated the "Memory of the Dead," and all plucked a sprig of clover from the grave.—*Tribune.*

PRAYER FOR THE PRESIDENT.—A London correspondent, June 8th, has the following: A gentleman informs me that he heard a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in his church in London, on Sunday evening last in favor of President Lincoln and the cause of the North, which he characterizes as the most beautiful and powerful prayer he ever heard in his life. The whole audience was moved to tears, and even sobbed aloud at the eloquent preacher's appeals to God and to civilized mankind in aid of so holy and so righteous a cause as that in which the North is engaged.

DEATH OF MRS. LONGFELLOW.—Mrs. Longfellow, wife of Professor Longfellow, of Cambridge, died last Wednesday morning from injuries received by the taking fire of her dress. She was wearing a package with sealings wax, when by some means her dress caught fire and she was instantly enveloped in flames. Professor Longfellow was badly burned in his attempts to extinguish the fire.

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.—It is a well-known fact that in the revolution of the heavenly bodies, the sun, from its vastly superior size and extreme brilliancy, often eclipses and obscures the minor orbs of the solar system; but not more completely than JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALUBRITY OVERSHADOWS and excels in purity, strength, and goodness, all the imitations and poisonous admixtures of salaratus found in the market, whose impurities often cause derangement, disease and death. Use the genuine Dietetic, and APLE is on the package. Sold by grocers everywhere.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The glorious fourth was ushered in by the ringing of bells upon the church and Lyceum Building. These were rung long enough to wake up all the sleepers, and were followed by the firing of cannon at sunrise from the premises of Mr. John H. Bacon who with his sons are always patriotic on such occasions. The bells were rung and salutes fired from the same places at noon and night. Mr. G. W. Spurr made quite a good display of fireworks in the evening from his premises. With these exceptions, the town was unusually quiet, broken only by the occasional firing of crackers or a pistol or gun. A great many visited the city with their children during a portion of the day and were doubtless glad to retreat again to the quiet stillness and comparative coolness of their homes, judging from personal experience. One of the most pleasant methods of celebrating the day was that of the gathering together of some eighty persons united by the ties of kindred, at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Horatio Smith in Medford—of whom a large number went from Symmes' corner in this town. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers and other relatives and friends spent the day together in a social manner and enjoyed a pleasant and profitable time. The party were divided into four sets for the purposes of partaking of dinner and supper, to which each family contributed and which furnished abundance of good things for all the participants.

TAXES.—Our Assessors have fixed the rate of the tax upon real and personal estate for this year at 8½ cents on every hundred dollars and the bills have been issued accordingly with a notice from the Collector requiring their payment on or before the first day of October in accordance with the By-Laws of the town. This is an increase of about twenty cents on a hundred and makes quite an addition to our bills. It is said to be required on account of the State tax levied against the town being \$228.00 more than last year, and the County tax being also very much increased over previous years. The latter is owing to large and injudicious expenditures by the County Commissioners. From these causes, and also that the Selectmen have been obliged to pay some \$2000 of last year's bills, the increased tax is rendered necessary. It is to be regretted that in the present state of business and the difficulty on the part of many to obtain even the necessities of life, that our taxes should be so high. It is presumed that no more has been asked for than was actually needed and therefore unavoidable. If any of the expenditures were unnecessary, the blame should be laid to the proper source. The amount raised for schools is the same as has been for several years, and of the other ordinary expenditures of the town it may be said that they are no more, not less than previously. The particular items which make the State and County tax so much larger, I am unable to give, but only give the common report concerning the latter. The deficiency in the late Treasurer's accounts and the costs of prosecution and defense also requires some additional money to be raised.

It is poor policy for any of our tax payers in their indignation at the heavy tax levied upon them in these hard times, to condemn or even wish to retrench any of those expenditures of the town which have been allowed for many years, are highly desirable, and have served to give the town whatever of character or position it has attained. If institutions for the advancement of religion and education are carried on and supported by our community, which we are not legally bound to do, but which have proved to be of inestimable value, so much the better, and redounds to our credit, as showing an interest in the cause which they represent, and our desire to have all the advantages and opportunities which they can furnish. It is such as these that conduce to the prosperity of a town and whatever moneys are needed to sustain them in the best manner should be cheerfully given. Our religious and educational institutions should have a high claim upon us for their support, and those who are selected to carry out their design should receive for their services that remuneration which their talents deserve. The idea of employing persons who will render their services at a less rate is a suicidal policy and injurious to the cause. For it only follows that as soon as they can get a better situation they will of course accept it. This will lead to constant changes, than which nothing could be more disastrous to those interests to which I have alluded. Its preposterous to assert that ministers and teachers have very little work to do and nothing in comparison with other professions. To those who faithfully and conscientiously perform the duties imposed upon them as pastors and teachers, it is a laborious task, one of great responsibility, much hard work, and requiring peculiar talents. But I did not purpose to enlarge so much on this topic which must be apparent to every observing, reflecting mind, but was drawn into these remarks by a conversation recently upon the subject with one of our citizens, and with a view to present in its true light the cause of the present high tax assessed upon us, and remove whatever erroneous impressions exist concerning it. With the management of our financial affairs by our present Board of Selectmen our citizens need not fear any further defalcations or that the business of the town will not be done in a strictly legal manner. If we have erred in the past in being so careless and negligent in the management of our

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The following article which appeared in the Boston Post of April 29th, has been sent me with the request that I would copy it for the Middlesex Journal. In doing so I shall, from personal knowledge, be obliged to correct one or two important errors in point of fact. The author of the article is unknown to me, and modestly probably dictated the non-plume of "Justitia."

Patriotic Brothers.

In the history of ancient Rome, there is no event more memorable than the celebrated combat between the three Roman, and the three Alban brothers, fought in the sight of each army, each resting upon its sovereign, until the eldest of the Horatii alone remained alive as conqueror; whereupon the nation of the Albans, upon the death of the last of the Curatii, became incorporated with that of Rome under Tullus Hostilius, and according to the condition precedent of the classic combat. The patriotism, bravery, devotion and skill of those brothers of Rome and Alba, have been immortalized upon the page of history, and the more lasting page of tragic drama; for the works of Euripides have outlined the history of many nations, as will the works of Shakespeare, though the New Zealand of Macaulay's vision should, with artistic pencil thousands of years hence, sketch the ivy-covered decaying walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, from the ruined arches of London Bridge, in the (then) forgotten nation of Nineveh-Babylonian!

"It would be a chivalric scene indeed, if the ancient times could be revived, and of both of the opposing armies of our own land, if triple brothers of the North and South could be found to fight this battle in the presence of the assembled forces now in arms, and thus save the thousands of brothers now doomed to "die the death," either in conflict, blood, flame, pestilence, or carnage, unless the God of Battles shall in parental mercy, stay this fratricidal warfare.

"That Roman and Alban combat will probably remain a memorial of the classic days, and never be imitated in our own time, for the cowardly and far killing bullet has destroyed the brave, close-quarter romance of the ancient period, when sword, shield and helm were the warriors' weapons.

"Yet, however, allow my pen to take a modern record of not only three, but actually four brothers of one family in our own midst, who have volunteered and have become soldiers to defend the Capital of their country, from which fact chivalric Virginia herself will honor and grace those brothers with the garland of heroes, whether living or dead.

"These sons of a noble mother (for boys always "take after" their mother) are of poor parents, and depending (in part) upon their sons' filial piety for support and comfort in old age. Roxbury, our neighboring city, has the lasting honor of being the town of birth of these four brothers. Their names are Charles, Benjamin, Edward and William Foss. Their father was born in Stratham, N. H., and their Spartan mother, Caroline Frances Foss, at Providence, Rhode Island. The patriot brothers are respectively of the age of 27, 25, 22 and 20 years, and are enlisted in the Regiment raised by the son of Daniel Webster, and are now being retrained by the hand of discipline, in the old cradle of Liberty, Faneuil Hall, fit company and locality for patriot brothers; and though they may not become so renowned as the brothers Horatii or Curatii, yet the same principle of patriotism—defense of the Capital—inspired the ancient and modern brothers, and there are noble examples for imitation in others."

In addition to the names of those published two weeks ago, who have enlisted in the army of G. G. Somes, William E. Foster, Geo. H. Parker, Henry M. Foss, Wilcox Pratt, Geo. P. Boyce, John F. Cook, Thomas A. Parker, Charles S. Pratt, all of these, I believe, belong to the "Grey Eagles" of Stonham. Stonham has turned out a large number to maintain the honor of the noble flag, and may it long wave over their dwellings after they shall have returned to their homes, and the welcome duties of commercial and domestic life.

By arrangement, the Bethesda, Old South and Baptist churches will commence their afternoon service, during the months of July and August, at a quarter past 3.

Some individual or individuals seem determined that dull times shall not drive them to madness, as the following abundantly shows. It was posted on the bulletin board at Lyceum Hall, and, although it was extensively read by our citizens, yet there are many who desire to see it in print, and by request of a friend, I forward it for the Journal. It is well got up and is too good a thing, in its way, to be lost; at any rate it will serve to keep the reader wide awake for a little while.

4th of July, 1861.

Grand Procession of the citizens of the Centre, Middlesex, Hill End, Dragon Corner, Slab City, Pudding Point, Two-Penny Row, Timber Neck, and such others as may join.

Aid. Chief Marshall, Tom Coggin, mounted on his off-stap.

Aid. Beautiful device of modern guns and blank cartridges.

Aid. Home Guards, Capt. Dud Melendy.

Aid. Orator of the Day, Gamaliel Gammell.

Aid. Citizens of Ward 6, who never tore down Moss-Sheds or attended Private Caucuses.

Aid. Marshall, Andrew Perkins.

Aid. Delegation from Middlesex, who take whiskey as a permanent drink and think it ought to be incorporated into the Constitution.

Aid. Marshall, Zake White.

Aid. Delegation from Hill End, who believe in the existence of Spirits, (Arduent Spirits).

Aid. Banner, Motto, "Run, Brandy and Gin are most excellent things, when mixed into a sling, to drive dull care away."

Aid. Delegation from Dragon Corner, who never Pitch Cents Thanksgiving day or play H. I. J., or talk about their neighbors.

Aid. Banner, Motto, "Virtue has its own reward."

Aid. Hair Town Brass Band.

Aid. (Nine hundred, ninety-nine and nine ninths pieces).

Aid. Marshall, Frank Buck.

Aid. Delegation from Slab City, who believe in the Maine Law and don't drink often than they are asked.

Aid. Past Mayors of Slab City.

Aid. Marshall, Dan'l Putnam.

Aid. Citizens of Pudding Point, who always "stay in" education, and don't spend their money for "Education."

IMPORTANT SALE OF

DRY GOODS!

The stock and store of

Messrs. Daniel & Co., Summer St.

Has been bought by MESSRS. FORTUNE & CO., WASHINGTON STREET, who have removed their line of business. This fine stock of

DRY GOODS,

well known to be the most reliable in the city is now being offered at a very large reduction from cost.

7 and 9 Summer Street, BOSTON.

Boston July 6-31.

MIDDLESEX

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

THE annual report of the Directors shows the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Property at risk, \$4,000,000.00

Amount insured last year, 1,400,000.00

Deposits, 221,800.00

Cash Assets, 50,500.00

Losses paid last year, 14,000.00

Dividends paid last year, 14,000.00

At the annual meeting of the Company, held June 1st, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors: Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Stephen Buttrick, George Hayward, Concord; Abigail Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; John Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton; Charles Tower, Stow.

At the annual meeting of the last year, the amount of the cash assets had been increased.

N. BROOKS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER. Concord, June 27th, 1861.

P. O. S.

PERUVIAN SYRUP.

THE GREAT CURATIVE OF THE AGE! TRY IT!

It will entirely cure, or greatly relieve, the following diseases: Dropsy, Jaundice, General Debility, Nervousness, Eczema, Piles, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Dysentery, Neuralgia, Liver Complaint, Erysipelas, and all kinds of skin diseases. It is a powerful purgative, and will cure all kinds of constipation. It is a powerful tonic, and will cure all kinds of weakness. It is a powerful sedative, and will cure all kinds of excitement. It is a powerful expectorant, and will cure all kinds of cough. It is a powerful diaphoretic, and will cure all kinds of fever. It is a powerful antiseptic, and will cure all kinds of inflammation. It is a powerful anodyne, and will cure all kinds of pain. It is a powerful emetic, and will cure all kinds of vomiting. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cure all kinds of constipation. It is a powerful diuretic, and will cure all kinds of dropsy. It is a powerful antispasmodic, and will cure all kinds of spasm. It is a powerful antineuralgic, and will cure all kinds of neuralgia. It is a powerful antirheumatic, and will cure all kinds of rheumatism. It is a powerful antiepileptic, and will cure all kinds of epilepsy. It is a powerful anticonvulsant, and will cure all kinds of convulsion. It is a powerful anticholeric, and will cure all kinds of cholera. It is a powerful antivenereal, and will cure all kinds of venereal disease. It is a powerful antisyphilitic, and will cure all kinds of syphilis. It is a powerful antileprosy, and will cure all kinds of leprosy. It is a powerful antitubercular, and will cure all kinds of tuberculosis. It is a powerful antiscrofulous, and will cure all kinds of scrofula. It is a powerful antihysterical, and will cure all kinds of hysteria. It is a powerful antineurotic, and will cure all kinds of neurosis. It is a powerful antipsychotic, and will cure all kinds of psychosis. It is a powerful antiepileptic, and will cure all kinds of epilepsy. 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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : No. 42.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Gentle Summer.

A welcome, gentle summer,
With adieu heart I bring,
While I hear the sweet brook murmur
A requiem of spring—
The arbutus that we cherished
Like dear words of the past—
On the green hillside has perished—
Too beautiful to last.
And the violets have faded
In their bright and sunny bloom,
While fresh green leaves are shading
The sweet spring's early tomb,
And it fills our hearts with sadness,
As they draw fragrant breath,
Floats all around in gladness—
Till it finds the check of death.
One kiss from the cold dark shadow,
And the crimson and the gold—
That lit up the green meadow
Is stranger pale and cold.
Yet we shall love thy roses,
And weep to see them fade;
And when they sweetly reign close
And gently thou art laid,
With all the gentle summers,
Of the precious long ago,
Thy dirge the brook will murmur
In music soft and low.
ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Selections for the Times.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers'
graves.
—R. L. Lowell.
Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he still.
—From the German.
It comes, it comes, or soon or late,
Despite your battles and your fears,
The hour when right shall shatter might,
Ideas conquer swords.—Burritt.
Miss not the occasion: by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never halting time,
Let a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischaunce almost as heavy as a crime.
Wordsworth.
Thy most dreaded instrument
In working on a pure intent,
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter.
Yea, courage is Thy daughter.
—Coleridge.

On high soars our eagle, begotten with stars,
A dread to our foe, but a dove to our brother;
One talon still clenching the thunder of Mars,
While the olive of peace is held forth in the other.
The world may unite
With trouble our might;
We proffer them peace, but can meet them in fight,
For the sons of Columbia have sworn to be free,
And their arms shall maintain what their voices
decree.
—Wordsworth.

Select Literature.

A WRETCHED NIGHT.

I had seen the last on my list of patients for that day, and coming home, wearied out with a hard day's work, had put on slippers and dressing-gown and flung myself at length on my sofa, drawn up in front of a glowing anthracite fire, just in the humor for a comfortable perusal of the last *Magazine*, when suddenly I heard a loud ring from my office door-bell.

Now, I being a physician of several years standing in New York, a ring at my door-bell was not a thing of such singularity as to require to be noted in print. Neither was it in any way remarkable that it should occur at that hour of the night; for it is a peculiar idiosyncrasy of all persons who wish a doctor that they should obstinately choose the most inconvenient hours possible for him. Statistics show that more persons are born during the night than in the day-time. My friend and medical brother, Cynicus, says it is because the hours generally considered as proper for work being over, they have nothing else to do but to turn their attention to being born. But upon this point he and I do not agree. My belief is, that each one, anticipating the usage he is going to receive in this world, and ashamed to acknowledge that he wishes to form another item among the billion other items then existing, prefers to steal in clandestinely, like a thief, under the cover of darkness, than appear, like an honest man, in the bright sunlight. Neither was a ring generally such an unwelcome sound to my ears that I should speak of it; for the loud, clanging jingle usually foretold a cheerful rattle from a much more valuable metal in my own pocket. But, as I said before, I was excessively tired; I was then very comfortable and lastly, it was terribly cold and stormy outside.

It was for these reasons that I rose so reluctantly and went to the door. I found there a diminutive specimen of an Irish girl, whose face seemed familiar to me.

"Please, Sir, will you come up to the Triangle House?"

"Who for?" I asked, rather sharply.

"For Mr. Normanby, Sir."

"Does he want me at once?"

"He didn't say he did; but Mr. Dyer, who has the next room to his, told me to go for you and tell you to come right away."

"What is the matter now?"

"If you please, Sir, he has had another of them times, Sir, and he has much trouble that didn't know what to do with him."

"Well, little girl, run home and say I will be there in a few minutes."

The peculiarly bad English of the expression, "them times," used by the little girl, would probably have been perfectly unintelligible to the majority of persons had they been standing there in my place; but I comprehended her meaning at once. Mr. Normanby, the person whom I had been summoned to see, was one of my best patients, that is, best in its significance of peculiarly beneficial to me. He was rich, often employed me, paid regularly—in fact, was a man by no means to be neglected. But best, considered as the superlative of good, and in its relation to himself, he was not. He was a bachelor; had lived a gay, free life as a young man; and now, at the age of fifty, had returned to New York, and, living at a hotel, devoted the whole of his attention to killing his time.

This he had not found such an easy task as it would seem; and missing the stimulation of the excitement and dissipation of his youth, he had endeavored to supply its place by the effects of alcohol. He was now a confirmed drunkard; but not one of those stupid gurglers who intoxicate themselves each day from necessity or mere force of habit; there was a method, a reasoned system, about his debauchery, upon which he prided himself, as showing, as he asserted, that he still had command over himself. It was his custom, on the first of each month, to begin to drink—not in company with others, and led on by the contagious example of convivial companions, but alone, and with the express purpose of getting himself drunk as rapidly as possible. Large amounts were required to do this; and day after day, as the effects of his inebriety wore away, the stimulation was repeated. The result was, that, generally by the fourth day after the commencement of his orgie, his nervous system broke down under this excessive excitement, and an attack of *delirium tremens* ensued. Under treatment and careful nursing, together with a good constitution, this was usually recovered from in two days. With a loss, therefore, of about twelve weeks out of each year, as a useless, but apparently respectable citizen.

I knew previously that my patient had commenced his accustomed monthly stimulation; and therefore the words "them times" showed me plainly what was the matter with him, and what I was to be called upon to do. The distance from my house to the hotel being quite short, but a few minutes had elapsed before I was in the chamber of my patient. I found several persons—boarders in the hotel—collected in his room, engaged in unavailing attempts to restrain the unintermitted stream of garrulity which all persons in his condition are prone to indulge in, or holding him down by force each time he attempted to rise and leave the room. As would be expected from the means used, they succeeded in exciting him still more by their attentions, and by their constant replies to his questions. I at once requested all of them to leave the room except Mr. Dyer, the gentleman before referred to, who, in addition to being a personal friend of Mr. Normanby's, was known to me as a sensible, trustworthy man, from having, several times before, assisted me on occasions similar to this.

My first business, after their departure, was to examine the patient. I found him in a much more wild and excited state than ordinarily under his attacks. It was evident that he had taken much more than his usual amount of stimulant, and had continued it for a longer period, the reactive excitement was consequently proportionately greater. Still, however, there was nothing in his condition that portended more than a temporary trouble to him, or showed need of extra care from myself; and as uniformly before perfect quiet and silence had sufficed to dissipate the paroxysms, and simple abstinence and judicious nursing had been all that were needed after them, I apprehended nothing untoward or different at this time, and looked forward to a return to my book with perhaps only a couple of hours' detention.

At my request, and after very little urging, my patient was induced to lie down upon the bed with his clothes on, as I found him. When seated at his side I commenced a process of quiet reasoning with him, which I had always before found so soothing and efficacious. His room, situated in the fourth story of the hotel, was about twelve feet square—what is ordinarily called a hall bedroom, that is, it was the width of the main entry of the house. Its only door, which opened in the direction of the length of the entry, and facing the flight of stairs to the story above, was placed directly at the head of the bed. Opposite the bed, upon the other side of the door, stood the bureau. The sole window to the room fronted the foot of the bed and the door.

Much more readily than I expected his delirium and restless excitement seemed to vanish, and in the course of half an hour he lay so quietly upon his back, with his eyes closed, and breathing with such regularity that I made up my mind I had deceived myself a little in his case, and that his extra excitability had been occasioned by the presence of so many persons in the room. So tranquil did he become that, at about ten o'clock, Mr. Dyer, remarking that there seemed no necessity for his remaining longer, bade me good-night and retired to his room, which was but a short distance down the entry. It was agreed, however, between us, that before my departure I should call at his room, when, if I considered it necessary, he would take my place and stay in the room with his friend the rest of the night, or, at all events, would remain up and within hearing, so as to render any assistance which might be required.

A few minutes later, and I also rose to leave. Going for my hat, which was upon a chair by the window, I turned my back for a moment upon the bed. As I did so the creaking of the bedstead attracted my attention, and I turned suddenly round. With his back to the door, his face deadly pale, and expressing the most settled determination, his eyes shining with the peculiar green, almost phosphorescent glare of the wildest insanity, stood my late quiet and tractable patient. But one moment was allowed me for this hasty glance, when opening the drawer of the bureau immediately at his right hand, he took from it a small case, and almost before I could realize his movements was brandishing in each hand an open razor.

There is no instrument in the world which has always seemed to me so blood-thirsty and terrible, or inspires me with such a nervous dread when about to use it, as a razor. This may arise from the frequent cases I have seen of perversions of its use to purposes of suicide, or from its deadly power as compared with its legitimate, simple and innocent use. But a thrill has always been sent through me on seeing it held open in a person's hand, when no sensation of the kind would be experienced from seeing a sword, dagger, or knife in the same position.

It would convey no idea of my feelings to

say that I was horrified at this sight. Neither could it be said that I was frightened, for though by no means a bold man I experienced no sensation like what I call fear. The predominant idea, as I remember it, was wonder or rather surprise. The shock was too sudden, too unexpected, for me to feel alarm or horror. His change from the position of perfect repose to that of full life and action—from the corpse-like stillness of a sleeper to a violent, quick, sharp movements of a person under the wildest nervous excitement—was so remarkable, so *bizarre*, as it were, that I can express my feelings no better than by saying that I tried to guess what he would probably do next. The thought of preventing him from doing as he wished never flashed through my mind, for though a person notoriously collected in trying occasions, and having already experienced my full share of perils, and though by springing forward I could have seized and perhaps prevented his opening his razor-case, it never occurred to me to move, but I stood like a statue looking at him.

For full five minutes we stood silent and motionless, intently watching each other. At last in a voice which, by its unnatural distinctness and calm, cool intonation, as it was forced through his compressed teeth, seemed other than his own, he broke the stillness, which was getting to be absolutely painful.

"Doctor," he said, "sit down there!" pointing to the chair by the window.

I did not stir. Undecided exactly what to do, or what might be his next movement, and not liking to turn my back to him in order to comply with his request, I continued in the same position as before. Again that order came in its curt, icy distinctness from his jaws, which seemed absolutely not to move while he pronounced the words. But this time it was sharper, more of a command than a request; still I did not alter my posture.

One half minute passed and he came toward me. It seemed to me that he did not walk but absolutely glided over the floor, so elastic and cat-like were his movements. With irresistible force, with his hand placed upon my breast, he pushed me toward the chair, while the very intensity of his wild power and determination were revealed as he absolutely hissed into my ear for the third time his command, "Doctor, you *must* take that chair!" Then for the first time, as I breast to breast stood, so that I could look directly into his eyes, a feeling of terror seized me. In a moment I fully realized his own immense moral and physical power, and my own helplessness. All the fractional fears which one ordinarily experiences in the course of a lifetime seemed in that second condensed into an aggregation of horror of which I had no conception. There stood my patient, forcing me slowly back, with his left hand holding one razor, placed against my chest just below my throat, while the other razor was held but a few inches from my chin. His face was deadly pale. His lips, compressed and perfectly bloodless, were flecked with foam, which bubbled up under his full, deep expirations. Occasionally a slight spasmodic tremor passed over them, but except this sign of life his countenance was as impassive and immovable as the face of the dead, or a statue cut from marble. I could not then have called aloud even had I wished it. I was fascinated, quelled by the cold, unearthly gleam which shot from his eyes as effectually as if I had been looking upon the head of Medusa. Perfectly powerless in his hands, I quietly followed the impulse given my body, and seated myself in the chair.

"Sit up straight—so!" was the next order given by him, he at the same time suiting the action of his own body to the word. "Now fold your arms. There, now hold up your head!"

These commands were given by him as he stood directly in front of me, and were obeyed with a most commendable degree of alacrity. But the position was by no means comfortable. The chair in which I was seated was at all times, from its angularity and hardness, a fair model for a stool of repentance; but cramped up as I then was, my body erect as a ramrod, my chin at an angle of forty-five degrees, it became to me the most torturing of anxious seats.

After running his eyes slowly over my whole person, and apparently satisfied with my appearance and posture, my patient returned to his post with his back to the door. A dreary silence ensued upon this last movement—not a word was said or a motion made, by either party for, it seemed to me an hour. At last he again turned to me and said, "You can't go from here to-night, Doctor; I want you—I shall not let you go—you must stay here with me." As none of these happened to be questions, and as the consultation of my convenience did not seem to be uppermost in his thoughts, and as I could do no more than mildly suggest that I thought him rather unreasonable, and should be very happy to go, I said not a word but continued to stare diligently at the blank white surface of the opposite wall.

Time rolled on. The seconds, long as they seemed, grew into minutes, and these into hours; but still I sat in the same position, and motionless as his post stood my sentinel at the door. The most vivid imagination can not picture how oppressive was that perfect stillness. Except when some small piece of plastering fell rattling down upon the inside of the wall, or the creaking of the signs as they swung in the strong windy wind, and the ceaseless, regular dropping of the rain from the roof upon an awning below, not a sound broke that dreadful silence for hours. The slightest movement on my part sufficed to throw him into a violent excitement—evidenced by the quick start of his whole body and to bring upon me a look which made my blood run cold. Once only during this long period did he himself vary the monotony, and this interlude was not of such a character as to induce a wish for its repetition. Inspired, apparently, with some sudden and uncontrollable whim, he rushed toward me and commenced a Terpsichorean

exhibition which completely put to the blush the most diabolical war-dance ever devised by a Canamache Indian, or the polka infernale in *La Celi et L'Enfer*. He darted forward, and then back; he leaped, like an ape, almost over my head; he whirled around on his own axis, like a spinning dervish—at the same time slowly circumnavigating me—with such rapidity that I could scarcely see the outlines of his form. During all this unpleasant display the razors were being flaunted in every direction, over and about every part of my person. Occasionally he would seize my arm, and, raising it, would pass one quickly round it, as if performing an imaginary amputation. Then he would direct his attention to my face and neck, carrying his razor so close to my throat that I could almost feel the clear cut through the air as it brushed by, almost touching my skin. Then it was brandished close to my eyes, and I was ideally shaved over and over again. But he seemed to devote the greater part of his attention to a small bald spot upon the top and back of my head. What he did I could not tell, but I often felt his hand upon it, and occasionally the cold side of the razor was laid flat upon the skin. Probably he looked upon me as some brother monk, and considering the tonsorial operation performed there by nature as radically defective, pictured to himself the way to give it geometrical regularity.

It would be impossible to describe what I suffered during those hours. My nervous system was strung to the highest pitch of intensity, and yet the necessary means for relieving it by some slight physical movement and change of posture was debared me. Could I have walked, risen from the chair, or even freely moved my arms it would not have been so intolerable, but repeated attempts showed me the danger of any experiments. At times I felt that I should go mad, myself. I remember when the maniac waltz was at its height, laughing at its gaudy, and feeling a strong inclination to rise and join in the insane revel. I revolved over in my mind projects of what wild things I would do when once again on my feet and at liberty. But this delirium was but temporary, and I continually roused myself from it by a strong exercise of my will. But most I feared, I should faint; several times I experienced that peculiar reeling, *curve-nut* sensation in the head which is the sure premonition of insensibility; and I shivered with fright as I thought what might occur if once I lay motionless and senseless in his power.

During one of the involuntary movements which either my nervous condition sometimes occasioned, or in order to give some support to my hand, I introduced it under the breast of my coat upon my vest. The amount of relief which I experienced by this simple act is indescribable, for, unseen by my watchful custodian, under the cover of the lapel of my coat I could move my fingers freely. I twisted them, I opened and clenched my hand, I pressed it against my body. This thing acted upon me as if new life had been given—as a full draught of wine to an exhausted and famished traveler. I felt more bold, more confident, better prepared to wait the result of my singular adventure.

It was during one of these movements of my hand that I at once touched a cigar in my watch-pocket, which I then remembered I had placed there just before leaving home for use on my way back. At the same time that this occurred to me, I recollected that I had also put some matches into the same pocket. Slowly and cautiously I drew first the cigar from its resting-place, and immediately after the matches. Then, with a degree of boldness which I now can hardly account for, I steadily withdrew my hand and carried the cigar to my mouth. More than this, I afterward, with no more than a slight motion, ignited the match and then the cigar. What words can express the relief afforded me by that one *smoke*! No lazy Turk, as reclining on his silken divan he inhaled through his gorgeous narghile the fragrant Latakiah, ever realized it. No Baboo, though countless lacs, imbued deep draughts from his favorite hookah with such pleasure. No kanaster-loaded merchant ever presented such attractions to a German student. Never did flaccid and vulgar clay bring such a perfect sense of comfort to a tired hunter. It was the acme of intense and exquisite enjoyment. I smoked slowly, with long intervals between each inspiration. I dallied with the vapor as it slowly passed from my mouth and nostrils; I did not puff it, nor use up the weed—like many a health—by excess of fiery excitement, but allowed it gradually to consume away its life with no more stimulation than was needed to keep up the proper vitality. I was longer smoking that cigar than I suppose ever any one was before. But what impressed me as the most singular was the little notice taken of my action by my jailor. There was a start, a slight movement forward, when I began; but he soon subsided into his customary apathetic indifference.

During the latter portion of the time of my smoking I had noticed that my patient was talking, mumbling unconsciously to himself, as I supposed. He would turn his head toward the door and whisper something, which, at the distance I sat, I could not hear. He had continued this for some time, when, suddenly turning toward me, he ordered me, in the same terrible imperious way as before, to rise and lie down on the bed. Glad of any excuse for moving my tired limbs, I rose at once, and, dutiful as any well-managed child, went and laid myself down as he directed. In this position my head, when on the pillow, was brought close to his body, and within a very few inches of the door, luckily for me, of that side upon which was the lock.

The interruption occasioned by my change of locality once over, the same monotonous silence was resumed. After a few minutes, however, Mr. Normanby again relapsed into his former apparently dreaming condition, and commenced anew his low muttering. But I was now essentially more advantageously situated. My posture was easier, toward me and commenced a Terpsichorean

change into any position I wished. Moreover, I was near enough to him to almost hear what he was whispering. To discover this I now gave my whole attention, and strained my hearing so as to be able to form into some connected sentence the few disjointed words which I could make out. Although not very successful in this effort, I soon learned the tenor of what was passing in his mind. I found, by the lapse of time which he allowed between each sentence, and the careful way in which he turned his ear to the door, he supposed there was a person upon the outside, and that he was holding a conversation with him through the key-hole. It required no great effort of ingenuity on my part to make out that he thought that this person wished to enter. This was no sooner settled to my satisfaction than, putting together the few words I could overhear, I almost intuitively comprehended his thoughts and prepared a plan of action. He supposed this person upon the outside wished to see me and tell me something; and what I heard were his expostulations and requests to be admitted to do so.

I instantly felt I was saved, and confident as if already free, experienced the most perfect relief and self-possession. I began, at first, in low and whispered, but gradually in louder tones to suggest questions and make replies to what I supposed his objections. Following the infection of my voice, he quickly modulated his own to correspond, and soon we were holding an animated conversation at the ordinary colloquial pitch. During the time this had been in progress I had gradually worked myself to the edge of the bed, and had slid down one of the heavy hair pillows, which I firmly grasped in my right hand.

No great length of time was required to make an arrangement. He finally agreed that the door should be opened a few inches, and that through this aperture the *great unknown* was to give me the information which he wished. My plan was to seize the door the instant it was opened, press my jailor firmly back against the wall by suddenly throwing it open to its full extent, tell him, if possible or necessary, with the pillow, and then, darting from the bed and room, spring into the room of Mr. Dyer, and at once close the door.

This was done on the instant; but I had over-calculated my own strength, when, lying in such a constrained position, and had not allowed enough for that with which he was gifted naturally, increased by the addition of the almost superhuman power of delirium. The result was, that, though springing with all my force against him, I found it like pushing against a rock. I could not open the door more than two feet, much less succeed in forcing him far back with it, or in upsetting him. I had but bare space and time to clear myself through the door before he stood ready for pursuit. I saw at once that I could not delay long enough to open the door of the next room, nor have an opportunity to close it even if once in. But one course was left—to mount the stairs to the story above. Up these I bounded, four at a jump, as if impelled from a mortar. I scarce knew the effort I was making, so extraordinary was the rapidity with which I flew. On reaching the top I saw a long entry before me, down which I rushed, knowing that life hung on the time that was made, but entirely ignorant how close my pursuer might be in my rear. As I ran down the entry I noticed, from the echoing sound of my own footsteps, that I was alone; he had not followed me; but still I was afraid to pause. At the end of the entry I found an open doorway, through which I darted, and then found myself in a species of lumber-room. Behind a barrel in one corner I at once ensconced myself, and, trembling with terror and my exertions, waited for what was to be the next act.

But all remained still. Not a sound was to be heard. I looked at my watch. It was a quarter past five. From ten o'clock—more than seven hours—I had been in a condition of greater mental agony than in the keenest efforts of my imagination I had ever pictured. What to do now was the next question. It was not safe to remain there, for he might ascend at any moment; and yet I feared to move, for I knew nothing about the house, and whether there was any stairway by which I could descend. Taking off my boots, which I held in my hand as an offensive weapon in case of attack, I proceeded softly into the entry. My examination soon showed me that there was no supplementary stairway. I tried the doors of all the rooms on each side of the entry. They were firmly locked. The room in which I then was had no door; in fact, it was a mere recess in the entry. I walked to the head of the stairs and looked over. The door of the room at the foot of the stairs, where I had been so long incarcerated, was closed. The house was still as death. With trembling, hesitating steps, prepared each instant for a fight, I commenced the descent. I safely reached the foot, passed the dreaded door, and in a minute was in the room of Mr. Dyer, with the door firmly bolted behind me. He was lying, fully dressed, upon the outside of the bed, sound asleep, but was instantly awakened by the noise of my entrance. My hysterical condition, and feeble attempts at description, although not conveying a full idea of what had happened, soon gave him sufficient insight to consult with me and advise what should be done.

It was obvious to both of us that, in his condition, Mr. Normanby could not be left in his room alone, with such deadly weapons at his command. We decided, therefore, that we must in some way, gain an entrance and disarm him. To suddenly burst in the door, rush in, and, each seizing an arm, hold him down by main force, was the first plan. But this entailed great danger, both to him and ourselves; for we had no means of knowing that he was not then standing prepared for just such an attack, ready to use the razors on himself or the first to enter. Besides, it required a great degree of courage to face a powerful man like him, fully armed, and ready to commit any atrocity. It was finally

agreed that we should try the effects of quiet reasoning and persuasion, and reserve violence as a last resort, and when better prepared by additional assistance. Before going on this dangerous errand I took the precaution of fortifying myself with a heavy oaken chair, while my friend, who was to lead the van, armed himself with a large cane, and, as a buckler against the razors, with a pillow from the bed. With no inapt resemblance to the knight of Mancha and his faithful squire (and certainly my generations were those of that worthy on more than one occasion) we sallied out.

On reaching the door we knocked, and received no reply, turned the handle. It was firmly fastened. But, as response to the attempt, the question came as to what was wanted. Our request for admittance was denied, on the ground that the occupant was in bed and going to sleep. And, truly enough, standing upon the chair and looking through the small window over the door, I discovered my dreaded enemy snugly tucked up in bed and apparently fulfilling what he asserted.

Returning to our starting-place we held a second council of war. Nothing now seemed left for us but break down the door, and rushing to throw ourselves upon him as he lay, each, if possible, seizing an arm. But at this juncture prudence dictated a suggestion. The performance of such a feat would necessitate much noise, which would, most assuredly, alarm the whole house, and in the confusion there was no knowing what might happen. I therefore proposed that it should be done deliberately—as it were, legally. That is, my friend was to go down, waken the keeper of the hotel, and inform him what had occurred; while I was to go into the street and find some of the police, provided I did not have to hunt too much over all the upper wards.

In pursuance of this object we both descended, Mr. Dyer passing along the second story, while I went down to the office in the story below. Not a soul was awake; even the watchman was dozing in some out-of-the-way nook, at least none was visible. I traversed the marble-tiled floor of the office, reached the outside door, and had just stepped my foot upon the sidewalk, when, at that moment, I heard a loud, unearthly, piercing scream, the rushing sound of some heavy body falling through the air, a dull, sickening *splash*—and there, upon the sidewalk, lay my friend, with his blood and brains, lay the bleeding, mangled body of the cause of my wretched night. He had thrown himself from the fourth-story window. I sprang to his side, raised his hand—there was a feeble flutter at the wrist, a cessation, and he was dead.

Does any one wonder why I can neither share myself nor allow another to perform the operation?

A few days after the accident and the interment I found, one day, on my return to my office, a small package lying upon my table, accompanied with following note:

"NEW YORK, February, 1859.
"MY DEAR SIR,—On settling up my brother's estate, to my great surprise, and to my great annoyance, I found that his extravagant habits during the past few years, together with an unfortunate investment which he had made in a company for manufacturing razors, had left him completely bankrupt. Indeed, there is nothing whatever to settle even a fraction of his debts. I regret exceedingly that your bill will have to be included in the general presentation of all claims against him. Feeling deeply, however, the kindness when you have always shown him, particularly in the last trying moments, I have taken the liberty to withdrawing from the sale of his effects the cases of gold-mounted razors which I herewith send. They are two model ones, made by his factory for the Great Exposition, and I trust you will find them pleasant to use."
"With respect, I remain truly yours,
EDWARD NORMANBY.
"KOSMOS VIATOR, M.D."

Capture of Washington in 1814.

At this juncture in our history, a brief reference to the invasion and circumstances attending the capture of Washington, by the British forces, under Admirals Cockburn and Cochrane, will not be inappropriate; and as many of these strangers now at the capital may feel interested to mark the localities where the first encounter occurred, and subsequent events took place, these will be noted briefly in the order in which they transpired.

During the early portion of the summer of 1814, Cockburn's fleet lay along the coast of Virginia, Maryland and the Chesapeake, where they were joined, on the third of August, by Cochrane's fleet, direct from Bermuda, both numbering together twenty sail. Our Government was apprised of hostile intentions upon the capital, but General Armstrong, then Secretary of War, professed a disbelief in rumors, and the *National Intelligencer* proverbially cautious then, as now, in its conclusions, doubted the probability of hostile intentions upon the capital.

President Madison, however, had taken some precautionary steps, by ordering a militia organization, which he deemed sufficient for the occasion, in addition to a flotilla of barges, bearing guns, placed under the command of Capt. Joshua Barney, and intended to check fleets advancing toward the capital. But after sailing up the bay, the troops disembarked at Benedict, on the banks of the Patuxent River on the 20th of August. On the following day the army, consisting of four thousand men, took up the march toward the infant city. They were without artillery or cavalry, and marched under the heat of a midsummer sun to Bladensburg, which they reached on the 24th. By adopting this route, the flotilla afforded no protection to the city and, to prevent the guns or boats from being taken and used against the capital, they were blown up on the morning of the 22d, by order of Wm. Jones, the Secretary of the Navy. The approach of the troops, under Maj. Gen. Robert Ross and Admiral Cockburn, was watched by President Madison in person, who directed eight thousand inexperienced and undisciplined militia to Bladensburg, under the command of Gen. Wind, to oppose the four thousand British soldiers. Capt. Barney, having destroyed the flotilla, joined

the military force of Gen. Wind, with one hundred seamen and his field pieces. On the afternoon of the 24th, the British opened fire, which was successfully returned by Barney's sailors, who maintained their position nobly while the raw recruits, under Wind, kept at a respectful distance, and, rendering little or no service with their muskets, soon broke ranks and turned their backs upon the enemy. Barney's seamen fought bravely, and their guns proved terribly destructive to the enemy. He was overcome, however, after three hours hard fighting, flanked by superior numbers, and finally fell wounded by the side of eleven of his men who were killed at their guns. He ordered a retreat, and gave himself up. His cowardly conduct nobly with the disgraceful cowardice of the militia. (A large portion of the men were from Baltimore; and if their sons of to-day possess no more of the elements essential to successful warfare, they will do well to make terms of peace with the Northern lads who propose to march through their city on their way to the capital.) The militia without waiting for their commander to sound a retreat, took sudden leave of the battle-field, and made a direct line for the woods. The British experienced a severe loss in their ranks, stated by the historian *Wieg*, of the 85th Royal Regiment, as high as five hundred men killed, wounded and missing. Colonel Thornton, commander of the Light Brigade; Lieutenant Colonel Wood, commander of the 85th Regiment; and Major Brown, who led on the advance troops, were severely wounded, while General Ross had a horse killed under him. The loss was small on the part of Barney's men; and the English author referred to above admits that if the militia had done their duty the victory would undoubtedly have been on the American side. Of Barney's hundred sailors he speaks in the highest terms, remarking that "not only did they serve their guns with a quickness and precision which astonished their assailants, but they stood till some of them were actually bayoneted with fuses in their hands; nor was it till their leader was wounded and taken, and they saw themselves deserted on all sides by the soldiers, that they quitted the field."

Gen. Ross led the Third British Brigade into the city, and up the Capitol, on approaching which his horse was shot from under him by one of Barney's men, who had concealed himself in a house for that object. The house was immediately entered, the inmates put to the sword, and the building and contents burned. A volley was fired into the windows of the Capitol, when the troops entered, Cockburn took the Speaker's chair, and asked the question, "Shall this harbor of Yankee Democracy be burned? All for it say aye!" He reversed the question, pronounced the motion carried, and ordered the torch to be put to the building. It was soon in flames.

As a prudential step, the Secretary of the Navy ordered Commodore Tingy to fire the Navy Yard, which, with the sloop-of-war *Argus*, (ten guns) five armed barges, two gunboats, and all the naval stores, was consigned to the flames.

The British troops then proceeded to the Treasury and President's mansion, both of which they fired—the President having retreated, with his Cabinet, on horseback, across the Potomac. That night the army encamped on Capitol Hill, and were exposed to a severe storm, with heavy thunder, which added intensity of awe to the dismal scenes which had just been enacted. During the night a grand-nephew of Gen. Washington rashly attacked the sentries, and was shot down. The long bridge was simultaneously fired, at each end, by the opposing parties—each apprehensive of an attack by the other.

Next morning the British burned the buildings connected with the Navy and War Departments; destroyed the *material* in the *National Intelligencer* office, threw the type out of the window; destroyed the remaining buildings about the Navy Yard and at Greenleaf's Point; threw a torch into a well where a large quantity of powder was concealed, which exploded, destroying nearly one hundred of the British troops, scattering their mutilated remains in every direction. A frightful tornado immediately swept over the city, destroying buildings and property, as if in completion of the general work of destruction. Very many of the enemy and of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of buildings blown down. The enemy, alarmed for their own safety, withdrew from the city in the evening, and hurried towards the place of embarkation.

After the lapse of half a century of peaceful prosperity and rapid progress in the arts and commerce, Washington is again threatened with invasion under circumstances vastly different from those of former occasion.

"THAT 'THAT,'—In thirty-one words how many 'thats' can be grammatically inserted? Answer, fourteen. He said that that that man said, was that, that that one should say, but that that, that that man said, was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following says says: Mr. B. did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? Because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?"

Everybody is interested to know how to drive away mosquitoes. Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung in an open case will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits applied as a perfume to the face and hands will prove an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

THE REASON WHY.—Southerners will not come North this year, as usual, to disport themselves at our charming summer retreats, Saratoga, Newport, etc. This, we think, must result from a conviction on their part that Gen. Scott will provide them with a great many nice retreats at home.

Any merchant may make his house a custom-house by attention to his duties.

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 37 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
South Woburn—J. T. WHITTELL.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading—Dr. J. P. MANSFIELD.
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. PIPPY, (proprietor), Woburn, Mass.; South Woburn—J. T. WHITTELL, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN STILLIS, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

THE ADVANCE OF OUR FORCES.

For many weeks the people of the country have been impatiently waiting for a forward movement of the immense forces of the Federal Government. There have been men enough who were ready to characterize Gen. Scott as too slow, wishing that some such go-ahead as Gen. Butler might have the direction of matters. But it is indeed fortunate for the country that Gen. Scott is alive and in the enjoyment of his full faculties. During the weeks and months that have just passed by, he has been hard at work, collecting and posting his forces, and laying his plans with that masterly foresight for which he has ever been distinguished. With such armies of such men as have come together under Patterson, McClellan and McDowell, he could afford to wait till he was ready to move. That time having come we have already seen the short work made by McClellan in accomplishing what was committed to him. Western Virginia is freed from the yoke of secession; and now as he continues to advance, Patterson is also on the move, and the chivalric Virginians are moving in the same direction, too, unwilling, apparently, to interfere with his plans. And last of all, that splendid and splendidly equipped army of McDowell has also begun to move forward, in a southerly direction, and, as in the case of Patterson, the valiant sons of the South have moved southward also. Thus far they seem to have confined their operations to capturing or shooting pickets, and to retreating.

But the time is at hand when the stern conflict must be met on the field. Gen. Scott has begun his advance to Manassas, and to Richmond, and he knows that he has an army upon which he can rely. The men of the North who have gone forth of their own free choice to chastise the rebels, have long been impatient for an opportunity to teach them a lesson they will never forget. It is said to think that the people of this country must meet each other in the deadly array of battle; but it is necessary, and those who fall on the side of the Government will have yielded their lives in the path of duty. It is ever glorious to die for one's country; it will most emphatically be so now. Though we shall mourn the fallen, we shall thank God that they were devoted worthy to lay down their lives, a holy sacrifice for the salvation of their country.

Who Paid the Revenue.

South Carolina—the State that first renounced her allegiance to the National Government, after taking some thirty years for preparation, is now occupying the position of a State in rebellion because her "statesmen" made the people believe that she was for years contributed more than her share toward the support of the Government in the form of duties on imports. They bore it, we suppose, till forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and then by a mighty effort threw off the load. Were the pretence fact true, there would be one just cause of complaint on the part of that State. But as long ago as 1840, or thereabouts, Mr. Clay, in one of his public speeches presented the following facts: He said—"The amount which South Carolina really contributes to the public revenue can be precisely ascertained. It depends upon the consumption of articles paying duties, and we may make an approximation sufficient for all practical purposes. The cotton planters with whom I am acquainted, generally expend about one-third of their income in the support of their families and plantations. Of this sum about one-fourth may be laid out in articles paying productive duties." He then proceeded to show how much South Carolina was taxed that year for the public good. But late statistics will present the matter in a stronger light.

It appears that the value of the cotton crop of South Carolina, in 1860, was estimated at \$10,000,000; suppose one-third to be expended for the support of the families and plantations, which would be \$3,333,333; and fourth of this \$2,500,000 was expended for articles paying duty, the average duty of which would be about 34 per cent. The whole contribution of South Carolina, then, to the public revenue, was \$777,777. But during the same year the manufacturers of cotton and wool in Massachusetts paid out in wages to 40,000 operatives—two-thirds of whom were females—\$8,970,000. Of this, at least two-thirds would be expended by the recipients giving the sum of \$6,000,000 nearly. Following out Mr. Clay's rule, \$1,600,000 of this was expended for articles paying duties, which, at 34 per cent, would give \$500,000 as the amount paid by these 40,000 operatives as revenue to the Government. Hence it appears that 40,000 "mudsills" in Massachusetts, as Governor Hammond called them, paid nearly twice as much revenue as the 500,000 cotton lords and 200,000 "mudsills" of South Carolina, and consequently are worth far more to the Government than the whole State of South Carolina. A similar comparison between Massachusetts and other Southern States would show essentially a like fact.

But what South Carolina was complaining that she paid more than her share of the revenue, the Government was annually expending

about three and a half millions from the Treasury beyond the income from postages at the South—in carrying the mails in the Southern States. Of course there was no objection to that, as the "mudsills" of the North had to pay in the way of duties. But this one fact only helps us the better to understand the spirit that has for many years actuated the people of the South. Unless they could appropriate most of the offices and honors of the Government and bear none of the burdens, they were so badly abused that they would not stand it. In succeeding, however, they have made for themselves a position and a burden that they will be obliged to sustain as best they can.

School Examinations.

The Centre Grammar School was examined on Thursday. The appearance of the classes was very satisfactory to the Committee and to the large number of visitors present. Under the care of Mr. Freeman and his faithful assistants, this has become a model school. Fortunate indeed are the parents of this place that they can commit the care of their children to the care of those so well qualified to assume the development and guidance of youthful minds. The graduating class, numbering a little more than twenty, acquitted themselves very handsomely, and pass by regular course into the High School. A pleasant incident occurred just before the closing of the examination exercises. While Rev. Dr. Stebbins was addressing the graduating class, Miss Abbie Sweetser—a member of the class, approached Mr. Freeman, bearing a copy of Worcester's Large Dictionary—which, she presented to him in a very touching and appropriate address. Mr. Freeman responded in a very feeling manner, thanking them for their valuable gift. As he reviewed the days and weeks of their connection, and especially when he reminded them that their hand had recently been broken and one of the loveliest of their number had suddenly been called away, the feelings of the class completely overcame them and they found relief in flowing tears. We hardly see how the instruction and discipline of this school could be improved.

High School.—The examination of the High School took place yesterday. In the forenoon the lower classes were examined in the High School building. We understand that they acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner, showing that the application to study had been faithful and the instruction thorough.

The Floral Treasures of Woburn.

Woburn, so rich in sound, sensible men, industries and intelligent, venturesome, beautiful and varied scenery, and in fact rich in every thing that tends to the establishment of a high reputation, is none the less afflicted with floral treasures which from their richness and abundance too often fall of appreciation. I refer not to the beautiful exotics, brought hither from far distant lands, so carefully cultivated by many of our wealthy and tasteful citizens, but simply to those found growing spontaneously within the limits of our own fair town. Almost with the first breath of spring, arising from her sylvan throne, scatters with her benignant hand the Anteparia, or Mouse Ear of our younger days, thereby silencing the hillside, attended by the golden Potentilla or five finger, clinging closely to the earth, not forgetting in the mean time to fill the crevices of the rocks with cheerful Saxifrage. Hissing away to the lowlands she scatters crimson blossoms upon the Maple, leaving graceful catkins on the lowly branches of the Willow, and throwing broadcast the Violets of various names and hues, such as pedata with its orange centre, the more common cucullata, the delicate white petaled bell, the fragile dogtooth, and the pubescent, distinguished by its yellow petals, brought to more public gaze by the opening of Winn street.

While we are admiring these, with noiseless step the gentle Queen glides down the rivulet leaving upon either side the gaudy Caltha (known to many as the cowslip) covering the meadow with a golden hue. anon we find that she has placed a covert of scarlet Columbine with its honeyed nectaries upon almost every crazy hillside, left in quiet beauty on the woodland borders the Anemone, and in the deeper recesses the Trientalis or Star Flower, gleaming as sentinel over these the Shad Bush with its sunny crest. All generous as is the Queen of flowers, she has favored one spot, a shady nook in North-western Woburn, with the choicest of her several treasures, the Hepatica triloba, so called from the resemblance of its leaf to a liver, whose modest beauty no imported flower can surpass.

In damp, shady woods, we find the Trillium nodding under its crown of leaves, and near by the Arum with its curious spiky, protecting the spadix (giving just cause for its common name, Jack in the Pulpit); not far distant but in dryer ground is the Pedicularis with its oddly shaped, straw colored corolla. In the same locality the golden Senecio raises its head as the forerunner of the approach of the large family known as the Compositae. By far the most gorgeous gift of Flora at this time, is the Painted Cup whose colored floral bracts are well calculated to puzzle the analyzer. Cummingsville has the honor of producing this rare plant, an honor indeed which may well be envied by other towns. Climbing over the hillside we find the Bearberry with its evergreen leaves and delicate monopetalous corolla, furnishing the druggists' extract of Uva-ursi. Not far away, under the shade of the pine, grows the fringed Polygala of purple hue, which invariably elicits the admiration of even the most stupid beholder. Near by, but in more open ground, the Kalmia or American Laurel unfolds its deep pink cymes, giving proof that we have indeed treasures here, when we hear that it is carefully cultivated as a green house plant across the ocean. There is another representative of the Heath family, the Rhodora, a shrub of rare beauty, whose rare purple flowers appear before its leaves. It is found in the woods near the Chemical Works and also (as I am told) in Cummingsville. As the month of July advances the first heralds of the Orchis family appear

in the form of the Ladies Slipper, a rich ornament to the graves, and in the burning sand Lupines blue and pink, making beautiful what otherwise would have been barren. In richer but uncultivated grounds, delighted we find the Milk weed, first of the Milk weed race; amid the tall grass, awaiting the scythe, the true Star of Bethlehem with its pearly white perianth striped beneath with green. On the borders of thickets and by the walls and hedges the various kinds of Cornus disclose their white corymbs, interspersed now and then with a Thora, and Solonome's Beals, true and false, in all their varieties. The Heath family seem all at once to be in the favor of the Queen for at nearly the same time several are rejoicing in their glory. Upon the margin of the swamp the fragrant Cistrea with its snowy blossoms, in the thicket the evergreen Pyrola and Chimaphila with their flesh colored blossoms, under a tree concealed among the leaves the Monotropa with stem, leaves and nodding flower all of waxy white, and called by some wax flower, by others Indian Pipe. Even the pond and pool show marks of visitation of the Queen for, in queenly glory the White Lily expands its petals upon the surface of the pond as the meridian sun warms its waters, while upon the more stagnant and shallow pool floats the Yellow Lily. About the borders of these ponds she scatters many a member of the fragrant Mint family, prized so highly as household herbs.

In the sequestered places far away from the tumult of business and sound of hurried steps, flourish the shy yet beautiful sisters of the Orchis family. The Spiranthes with its graceful coil of green and glittering white, the Corallorhiza with its spike of brownish green flowers whose white lip is spotted with purple, the Pogonia with its solitary rose pink blossom, the Arethusa similar but more beautiful, found on the margin of Horn Pond, and the Callapogon with its several flowered scape, besides many others even more beautiful, but which it has not been my good fortune to find. The Elfgwort family, so noted for its beauty, presents us with some fine specimens in the several varieties of Gerardia, most beautiful of which is the Oak leaved with its charming foliage and waxy looking yellow flower, surprising you as you find it under the shade of the shrub oak. In newly cleared ground we see the tall and handsome spikes of purple Epilobium or Willow Herb, and the white (unusually rare) is found on Rag Rock. On either side of the dusty thoroughfares we find stationed as if in guard, the Solidos or Golden Rod, interspersed now and then with Asclepias in variety, and near lower ground Jewel Weed and Eupatorium take their place, together with the fluted Bush and its head of sweet scented flowers. With the fronds of autumn the Asiers, beautiful representations of the Composite family, enliven the scene. Now Flora, as if reserving her purest gem for the last, scatters by the borders of rivulet and stream Gentians, closed, fringed, and observing their beauty we feel ready to exclaim in the language of the poet Bryant:

"Thou blossom bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,
Thou comest not when violets lie
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.
Thou waitest late and comest alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end."

At the close of the exercises the diplomas were presented by Rev. Dr. Stebbins, accompanied with some very interesting remarks. The following farewell hymn was then sung by the school:

"How false and changing is this world
Where friend must part with friend,
Where sorrow's fiercest darts are hurled,
And all our pleasures end."

CHORUS.
Yes, we must part, this happy band,
So long united here;
We leave to take the parting hand,
To drop the parting tear.

Here Science's fair paths we've trod
And plucked its sweetest flowers,
And looked from "Nature up to God,"
Oh! blest, departed hours.

CHORUS.
And now farewell, a kind farewell;
Sad thoughts our bosoms pain,
And still on these few words we dwell,
"We may not meet again."

CHORUS.
But when life's varied scenes are past,
It's joys and sorrows o'er,
Oh! may we meet in Heaven at last
All meet to part no more."

MEDICAL MEETING.—The Middlesex East District Medical Society met on Wednesday evening at the house of Dr. Hodgdon, in West Cambridge. There were present Drs. Hodgdon, Harris, Chapin, Ingalls, B. and E. Cutter, Rickard, Holmes, Toothaker and Wakefield, also Wellington of Cambridgeport, and Mr. Field of West Cambridge. Various interesting cases were reported. Dr. Ingalls presented a patient—a child—in which was shown that rare disease, elephantiasis, having existed from birth.

The new anæsthetic—Kerosene—a product resulting from the manufacture of Kerosene Oil, was introduced—a quart bottle full having been furnished for distribution by the manufacturer through Dr. E. Cutter. Dr. Cutter also presented a paper, giving such facts relative to this new agent as have been developed. Several gentlemen inhaled the vapor and became speedily insensible. The odor of the agent is far less disagreeable than that of ether or chloroform and passes away readily, without leaving the disagreeable smell for which these last named articles are so distinguished. It was stated that 60,000 gallons could be made annually from the products of a single Kerosene manufactory, and that it could be furnished for one dollar per gallon, while chloroform sells for two dollars. After discussing medical matters till nearly ten o'clock, the company was summoned to the dining room where a very elegant supper had been spread, and a half hour there spent very pleasantly. At a late hour the society adjourned to meet Sept. 18th, with Dr. Holmes, of Lexington.

APPOINTMENT.—GOVERNOR Andrew, with the advice of the Council, has appointed Parker L. Converse, Esq., of this town, a Trial Justice for Middlesex County.

SHIP BREAKING.—The Fish Market of Mr. Alexander, Bank Block, was broken into last Thursday night. A few mackerel only were taken.

P. P. V.—The Providence Journal suggests that P. P. V. stands for Pict Footed Virginia.

FIRE IN STONEHAM.—Within a few days an apparently systematic effort has been made to burn houses and barns in the village of Stoneham. On Wednesday night, between 11 and 12 o'clock the Hotel building—known as the Crawford House, was discovered to be on fire. By the prompt action of the Fire Department the flames were extinguished.

The fire was set in the Hall, beneath the musicians' platform. On Thursday, a little before noon, a fire broke out on Main Street in a barn occupied by Messrs True and Kempton, containing horses, harnesses, hay, &c. The horses were removed, but one was so much injured that it became necessary to kill him. The barn was entirely destroyed. The flames were soon communicated to a house near by, the upper part of which was occupied by Messrs George Gould and Daniel Green, as a dwelling house, and the basement by C. Bishop for a Shoe Shop, and by E. Wheeler, as a fish market. The contents of house and shops were mostly saved, but the building was pretty much destroyed. Great credit is due the Firemen of Stoneham and the adjoining towns for their prompt arrival upon the ground, and for their vigorous action, although the thermometer was away up.

The Fire Companies present were the Gen. Worth, Stoneham; Yale, South Reading; Niagara, and Veto, Woburn; Eagle, Reading; and the Endeavor, Melrose.

From the Seat of War.

ALEXANDRIA, July 10th, 1861.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I take this opportunity of again thanking you for your kind favors of the 9th, and can assure you they were very acceptable to us, for they are looked after more because they have news from home. We are in the same position as when I last wrote to you with the exception of the Battalion Drill for which they have given us a new Company Drill as skirmishers. They call us out at 3 A. M. 10 A. M., and give us about one and a half hours exercise at each drill. It is something new to us, especially the 10 o'clock drill, which is very new here at present, but the boys stand it as well as the citizens who have been raised here, as the Virginians say. We have some talk about moving, and we are patiently waiting for orders. During the last week we have been visited by Gov. Andrew. We were formed into line and he made a speech to us. He told us that Massachusetts would respect us as much if we had done but three months, as they would if we had done thirty years, and he wanted our three months' troops to go home to their families, and then, if it was necessary, and they wished to do it, there would be a chance to return again. After his speech Col. Lawrence proposed nine cheers for the Governor, and they were hearty ones. We also received a visit from one of our Woburn citizens, the Hon. Horace Conn, and the boys from Woburn were very glad to see him. He quattered upon our encampment on Friday night, and during the night we had an alarm from our picket guard, and it is said that he was aroused from his slumbers, and his first inquiry was for a musket and cartridge box, and in the terms of our Virginian friends, our boys said it was "right smart" in Mr. Conn.

On the 4th of July twenty-seven Woburn boys went to Washington and were sworn into the Regiment. That places us in the same position with all who came from Massachusetts. During the day we were dismissed with orders to report to our officers at Alexandria at 6 o'clock, and that gave us an opportunity to visit the principal Public Buildings, the Capitol, House of Representatives, &c. Some of us happened in to season to hear the speech of Mr. Grow, the newly elected Speaker. The Senate had adjourned so we saw but few of the members, but we admired the beauty and style of the Chamber. As you probably are aware, we are divided into the Regiments—eleven with Capt. Brastow, Co. 9, and sixteen with Capt. Geo. L. Prescott, Co. 7, Letter G, and they are good and humane officers. I do not believe that men could have a better officer than Capt. Prescott. He comes to our tents the last thing at night and sees that we are all comfortable. He looks after our health, and if he thinks any of the men are unwell he does not wish them to do duty. He also eats with us, and he has not slept away from his tent but one night since he arrived from Massachusetts. When we have such men for officers there will be nothing to fear. They will be loved and respected, and their orders will be obeyed. But when you reverse this, as I hear that some of the officers have done, men will object, for if they are soldiers they do not throw off their manliness.

On Monday last, the Quartermaster furnished us with new uniforms and they are quite an addition to our appearance.

EVERYTHING IS STILL AND QUIET.

Everything is still and quiet. They are moving troops across the Mr. Vernon Bridge. The 3d and 6th Maine Regiments encamped upon the posts of our outer picket guards, and we have withdrawn them and they are constantly advancing the army.

Yours truly, T. F. W.

P. S.—Last night Adj. Thomas O. Barri resigned his office in our Regiment. We have now lost Lieut. Col. Green, Major Keyes and Adjutant Barri.

DUTY ON TEA AND COFFEE.—The recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury, in the bill prepared by that Department for presentation to Congress, in respect to the duty on tea and coffee is as follows:

Black Teas, 15 cents per pound; Green Teas, 10 cents; Coffee of all kinds, 5 cents; Cocoa, 5 cents; Cocoa Leaves, and Cocoa Shells, 3 cents; Manufactured or prepared Cocoa, 8 cents; Chocolate, 6 cents. These articles will be raised in price, we suppose, the amount of duty laid upon them. People must forget, therefore, as they sip their tea and coffee, that they are aiding the Government by every pound of Tea, Coffee, and Sugar they purchase.

PUBLICATION OF ARMY MOVEMENTS.—It is said that the Commander-in-Chief of the Army is about to issue an order to the effect that no officer, non-commissioned officer or private, attached to any division of the forces now in the government service, shall communicate directly or indirectly to any newspaper, or publication, any movement of the Army, or of any part or division of it, either before or after such movement shall have taken place. Reporters who have permission to visit inside the lines may speak of movements already made, but the new edict is supposed to aim at soldiers who write for the press.

We select the following eloquent passage from the Oration delivered before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, at the recent Commencement Anniversary, by Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of Binghamton, N. Y.:

The secessionists propose to deny their heads and firesides. This resolve is well enough in the abstract; but Sumter was not their fireside; Pickens was not their head; the mint was not one of their household gods. They desire peace. Let them lay down their arms and they will have peace. It was peace when they took them up; it will be peace when they lay them down again. We have taken up arms for the purpose of putting down an unholy armed rebellion, which has defied the authority of the Government, and seeks its destruction, and in this their destruction is taken with a resolution, compared with which the edicts of the Medes and Persians were yielding and temporary.

A war is a misfortune. War between States is a disgrace. Its evils cannot be numbered. It consumes like the locusts of Egypt. It depopulates towns and mansions, and leaves them silent and deserted; it load the people with debt, fills the grave with premature victims, and sends unnumbered souls to the world of perdition. Still greater evils may exist, which can at times be thus remedied. It may purify an atmosphere overcharged with discontent; it may shut off Government dangers on till the Government is freed from all clogs, and is enabled the better to fulfill the ends of its organic existence. Shall we surrender the Union, with its dear blood bought history? Divide the Atlantic, so that its tides shall beat in sections, that some spurious Neptune may rule an ocean of his own! Draw a line upon the sun's disc, that it may cast its beams upon earth in divisions! Let the moon, like Bottom in the play, show but half its face! Separate the constellation of the Pleiades and under the bonds of Orion! But retain the Union. Ask the Christian to exchange the cross, and the cherished memories of a Saviour's love, for the crescent of the impostor, or to address his prayers to the Juggernaut or Josh, instead of the living and true God! But sustain the emblem of your fathers loved and cherished.

Give up the Union? Never! The Union shall endure, and its praises shall be heard when its friends and its foes, those who support and those who assail, those who bear their bosoms in its defense, and those who aim their daggers at its heart, shall all sleep in the dust together. Its name shall be heard with veneration amid the roar of Pacific's waves, away upon the rivers of the North and East, where liberty is divided from manhood, and be wafted in gentle breezes upon the Rio Grande. It shall rustle in the harvest and wave in the standing corn, on the extended prairies of the West, and be heard in the bleating folds and lowing herds upon a thousand hills. It shall be with those who have given in mines, and shall hum in the manufactory of New England, and in the cotton gins of the South. It shall be proclaimed by the stars and stripes in every sea of earth, as the American Union, one and indivisible, upon the great thoroughfares wherever steam drives and engines thro and shriek, its greatness and perpetuity shall be hailed with gladness. It shall be whispered in the last accents of expiring age. This shall survive and be perpetuated the American Union, and when it shall be proclaimed that time shall be no more, and the curtain shall fall, and the good shall be gathered to a more perfect union still, may the destiny of our dear land realize the conception, that

Perfumes as Eden flowed sweetly along,
And voices as of Angels, enchantingly sung,
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The Queen of the world, and the child of the skies.

THE MANNER OF CONDUCTING THE WAR.

We have confidence enough in Gen. Scott's military capacity to believe that he is timing his advance upon Richmond, not only with reference to the adequacy of Gen. McDowell's preparations on the other side of the Potomac, and the movement of the columns of Gen. Patterson and Gen. McClellan, but also with reference to the subsequent operations of the war. No valid reason can be assigned why three or four weeks further delay in taking the town of Richmond, and pushing the rebels back into the cotton States, would be any detriment to the national cause, while reasons of great weight can be stated why that amount of delay would be an advantage. We grant that if Gen. Scott should defer striking a heavy and stunning blow till after the ripening of the cotton crop, he would commit an almost irretrievable mistake. He is to the beginning of September the rebels troops may as well be driven into encampments in the neighborhood of Richmond, to be there defeated in a great battle, as to be driven from that place earlier.

It is of course a part of the plan of Gen. Scott to follow up the capture of Richmond by a grand advance of the victorious federal army into the Gulf States. This advance cannot take place earlier than September without the hazard of encountering a more fatal foe in the climate than in the rebel troops. Considering, then, that we cannot push forward into the extreme South till the first frosts of autumn, it is reasonable to consider how the final defeat of the insurgent army in Virginia ought to be timed with reference to these ulterior operations. While we are confronting the rebels with such a formidable force on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and are steadily drawing a great strategic net about them, we create a necessity for a concentration of their military strength in that State. The necessity of defending themselves and the danger of defeat are so imminent as to retain in Virginia nearly the whole of their available force, thus preventing their fortifying themselves in important positions further South, which it will be our policy to seize as soon as the season is far enough advanced.

If the rebel armies were already routed in Virginia and driven out of the State, they would spend the two months that intervene before the early frosts in retrenching themselves and strengthening their position in the Gulf States, thus rendering the campaign more protracted and difficult in that dangerous climate. But if we do not rout the rebels at Richmond until our preparations are complete and efficient for an immediate advance southward, we can have close on the heels of a flying and discomfited foe, giving them no time for rest or recuperation, till we have either driven them into the Gulf or compelled them to throw down their arms and sue for peace. By this method we should

secure a short, rapid, and brilliant campaign in the States south of Virginia, and make a speedy end of rebellion before the urgent want of cotton raises up for the rebels powerful allies in Europe.

THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The Washington Intelligencer of yesterday contains the following note from J. Madison Catts, the father-in-law of the late Senator Douglas:

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1861.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.—I ask the privilege of making your paper the medium to convey Mrs. Douglas's and my own thanks to the friends of Judge Douglas for the generous sympathy they manifest toward her in the overwhelming calamity which has befallen her. It is true that, owing to the great depreciation of lands, the estate of Judge Douglas will scarcely pay the mortgages upon the property; but Mrs. Douglas is anxious that her husband's creditors should receive to the extent of the estate their just dues.

There are but few small debts otherwise due. These I shall endeavor to meet as soon as possible. So long as God spares my life, my daughter and the children shall have command of such means as my unwearied exertions can procure for them. Mrs. Douglas is unwilling, in these embarrased times, that the widow of Judge Douglas should claim more of his friends than the same true and tried devotion to his memory they have ever manifested to him in life.

I must apologize for thus claiming attention, but I have been induced to do so from my daughter's distress at observing the numerous generous and patriotic appeals in behalf of the family of Judge Douglas.

Yours very truly, J. MADISON CATTS.

GOOD WORDS FROM ENGLAND.—The second and concluding volume of that noble story, "Tom Brown at Oxford," is issued from the press of Ticknor & Fields to-day. The many readers who have followed the fortunes of its hero through eighteen months of arduous adventure, will be glad to find him safely landed in the pleasant haven to which this book brings him. We do not now propose any criticism of the work, but would simply call attention to the noble words of sympathy for our country which the author utters in his dedication to James Russell Lowell. He says:

My dear friend, you cannot know how deeply all that is soundest and noblest in England is sympathizing with you in your great struggle. You must not judge by newspapers or magazines, though so far as I can see the best of them are speaking decidedly on the right side. Not so warmly or decidedly as I could wish; for this our free-trade notions and some hasty and inconsiderate speaking and writing on your side will account for. But be sure that the issues are appreciated here, and while we see the awfulness of the task you have in hand, we have faith in you, we believe that if it can be done you will do it, and we wish you, from the bottom of our hearts, God speed!

The great tasks of the world are only laid on the strongest shoulders. We, who have India to guide and train, who have for our task the educating of her wretched people into free men, who feel that the work cannot be achieved from ourselves and must be done as God would have it done, at the perils of England's own life, can and do feel for you. But as we hope to get through with our own work for ourselves, so we rejoice that you, our brethren, have shaken yourselves up to your work, and have put your hands in it in such earnest as assures us that the old blood is still the same, despite all difference of latitude and longitude.

And so, with firm faith that your country will quit herself as England's sister should in this fiery trial time, and with all good wishes to you and yours, believe me ever gratefully and most truly yours, THOS. HOVENS.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOLS.—The teachers of the several schools for the last term, have all been re-appointed for the ensuing term.

There can be no doubt of the fact, that in our town, as in a great many others, there are a large number of men unable to obtain bread, or transient, if any, employment, who would gladly embrace any opportunity that presented itself, to get a livelihood for themselves and families. If the present state of affairs continues, rendering all kinds of business dull, these persons, will have to be assisted by the town more or less. Why not adopt the course pursued in some places of having the town through its officers, give employment to those most destitute by setting them to work upon roads or in making such other improvements as may be necessary and judicious? The work could thus be done at a cheaper rate than at any other time and a mutual benefit being derived. Of course it is desirable to avoid all unnecessary expenditures, but under the circumstances, it is a duty which we cannot shrink to provide the means of subsistence for those who are willing, but prevented by unforeseen circumstances, from helping themselves. For instance, all the school houses in town are actually in need of being painted—they are now suffering injury from not having their walls attended to, in this respect. Many of the roads are in a bad condition, and the labor of a few men upon them would be very beneficial. The argument used against this proposition will be, that there has been no appropriation made for such purposes. But a town meeting may be called, and the Selectmen empowered to use their discretion in the matter and the money to meet the expenditures can be obtained by a loan payable at some future time. We have not a great many who require assistance in this way, and the property of the town will be improved by their labor even though it may somewhat increase our taxes in the future. We must either adopt this course or else by contribution accomplish the same result. These suggestions are thrown out for consideration.

No suit has as yet been brought against the town on account of those alleged illegal notes of its late Treasurer, although the matter is said to be under advisement. The Selectmen have obtained \$150, from the late Treasurer toward the deficiency in his accounts, leaving a balance of about \$2800, unpaid.

Camping Party, which however consisted of only five young men, have returned from their tour in good health and spirits. They stopped at Nahant and Salem a short time and did not go farther east than Marblehead. They reached Salem on Sunday afternoon where they called upon a lady friend who is pursuing her studies at the Normal School. At this visit they were overtaken by a violent rain storm which obliged them to accept for the night the hospitable shelter tendered by their hostess. With the literary talents of some of the members of the party we may expect an interesting account of their doings. Their experience might be of advantage to others who might be inclined to follow in their footsteps in seeking recreation during the heated season.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Military Drill Association are to have a meeting this week for the express purpose of forming a company for actual service in the field. Capt. Spear of this town has purchased sixty guns for their use at his own expense, which act is highly spoken of, and that it is hoped other citizens will follow his example and thus aid by every encouragement to bring this war to a speedy and honorable termination.

The three months' men are expected home

Several family parties have been down to Chelsea Beach lately, to smell the salt water and feel the bracing wind which comes off from it. In this opinion of many the beach is a very pleasant place to visit on a cool day but not so on a hot day.

Can some of those concerned in the matter give any just reason why the owners of water privileges upon the Abajna river at the upper part of the town, should stop the flow of the water to the lower part leaving that portion of the river in the vicinity of Baconville nearly dry, from which an intolerable stench arises to create sickness and otherwise annoy the residents? The balance should be abated.

EXETER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The New York Medical Times says:—"The military spirit is working an important reform in the summer clothing of our juvenile citizens. The Zouave dress is just now the popular style with boys; regiments of whom are seen giving a fantastic appearance by their various colors and uniforms, to the parks and other places of resort. As a summer suit for boys, the Zouave cut is a decided improvement, the only objectionable part of the rig being the small, tight fitting skull cap, without a peak. The sudden exposure to the strong sunlight will prove injurious to eyes accustomed to the shade." The fact is interesting, and is introduced for the consideration

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : No. 43.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal. Last of the Flour and Meal.

BY MATTY MAY.

"The twilight dew had fallen on floweret, shrub
and vine;
I strolled along a pathway, mid nature's works
sublime;
I espied a little cottage where flowers were wont
to smile,
And near a clump of roses I sat me down awhile.
No light was in the cottage; all, all was darkness
there,
And on the evening zephyrs there came a voice of
prayer—
And there mid dewy flowers did that fond moth-
er kneel,
And all that she could utter was, "Last of the
flour and meal."

"Three little heads were lying upon that mother's
bed,
While she who knelt was praying, praying for
daily bread;
No eloquence was mingled in that fond mother's
prayer,
But the language, so pathetic, did pierce the very
air.
Her work, which was unfinished, upon the table lay,
Though toiling mid privation, yet scanty was her
pay.
With hands uplifted to Heaven, to God she doth ap-
peal,
And all that she could utter was, "Last of the
flour and meal."

Now war is on our borders, destruction all around.
The poor must now be poorer, no work for them
is found;
The rich are growing richer, her life blood they had
drawn,
And off she sat at sewing from eve to rosy morn.
I stepped up to that lone one, I staid beside her bed,
She was wrestling with her Maker, her strength
had almost fled,
But tiny voices calling, her brain began to reel,
And faintly she did murmur "Last of the flour and
meal."

Again I passed the cottage the flowers were bloom-
ing fair,
And children's happy voices floated upon the air.
For since that prayer was uttered, since God had
come so near,
His spirit was left with her, how could she have a
fear?
Her babes are now protected, no more in want to
pine,
Oh, who will cease to pray for that influence divine;
That spirit full of power that blesses when we
kneel,
And gives the orphaned children enough of flour
and meal.

Select Literature.

CAPT. BALL'S EXPERIENCE.

A STORY FOR THIEVES IN THE CHURCH.

I was at work one afternoon in my garden,
when a visitor entered, and approached so
silently that he stood within a few feet of me
before I was aware of his presence.

"You appear to be very busy this after-
noon," he said, calling my name.

I looked up, and was not a little astonished
to see standing before me with an em-
barrassed air, one of the most worldly-minded
and irreverent characters in the village.

"Yes, Capt. Ball," I answered, "I was
giving these young pea-vines something to
climb upon."

"And very busy thinking, also?"

"Yes, neighbor; I was thinking upon how
we are like these pea-vines. How much we
need something to climb upon. A Spiritual
Staff to lift us above the tangles of worldli-
ness."

"Mr. Rainsford," said the visitor in a
choked voice, "I—I am—trying to find such
a staff."

"My brother!" I exclaimed full of sym-
pathy and joy, "there is but one staff; that
Christ planted for us. We may all rest upon
Him as a pillar of support, and love, and
truth. You have not far to seek—you have
only to reach out the tendrils of your heart
in aspiration and faith and they will clasp it.
The command is 'Repent and believe.'"

He was a middle-aged man whose hair had
grown gray early with worldly cares; whose
eyes were unaccustomed to tears, and it was
affecting to see that hard face soften, and
melt at last almost to weeping as he grasped
my hand.

"I have had a strange experience," he said
recovering himself, but still speaking with
much emotion. "It began about three weeks
ago. I had lately been making very good
trades, and one night as I was walking home,
reckoning on my gains, and feeling a pride
and triumph in the start I had got in the
world by my own shrewdness and exertions—
it was starlight and very still—I could
scarcely hear a noise but the field crickets,
and the tramp of my horse on the dark road,
when suddenly a voice said, 'What shall I
profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose
his own soul?'"

"Was it actually a voice?" I questioned
as he hesitated.

"No; I knew it wasn't at the time. It was,
I have no doubt, my own mind. But the
expression was just as distinct and as unex-
pected as if it had been spoken by some per-
son in my ear. The words I probably learn-
ed when I was a child, but had forgotten
them, and I had to look in the Bible after-
wards to see if they were there. I found
them, and found a good many things besides,
which seemed to have been intended expres-
sly for me, to break up entirely my way of
life, and trouble all my calculations. The
thing has been working ever since, and I can't
stop its working. I have come to the con-
clusion that I must be a different man, and
live for a different purpose; and I have come
to talk with you about it."

Having commenced giving the Captain's
story as he related it, I shall continue it in
his own words, as well as I can remember
them. The reader, however, must imagine
several weeks to have elapsed since my first
conversation with him, the scene to be
changed to an evening meeting, where the
captain, after a long struggle with himself,
got up to relate his experience.

"I went to talk with the minister, he con-
tinued, after having astonished many others
as much as he had me with the repetition of
the above narration. "I wanted to get into

the church, where I thought I should be safe.
I had no conception of repentance and a
change of heart. I supposed our pastor
would commence questioning me about doc-
trines, and so forth, to let me know what I
would have to understand and believe before
I could become a church member. But he
didn't take any such course. He made me
go into the house, and sit down in his study,
where he talked with me a long time about
the blessedness of religion, and its value
above all things of this world, independently
of its rewards hereafter. Then he said:

"Capt. Ball, do you know the first thing
 requisite to be done, if you would be a Chris-
tian?"

"I did not know."

"The Christian life—the life of a faithful
follower of Jesus Christ," said he, "can be
founded only upon repentance. Now it is
easy to say we repent of sins, and even to
think we repent, but the only repentance that
is worth anything is an active repentance—by
which I mean not only sorrow for sin, and an
earnest desire to avoid it in the future—but
one that goes to work, and seeks as far as
it is in its power, to make amends for
every wrong we have ever done. Is there a
person in the world, Capt. Ball, who can look
you in the face, and say you have wronged
him?"

"He knew my weak point," added the
captain. "I meant, however, to confess
something which I supposed was known to
every body who knows me—my horse trade
with Peter Simmons, last spring."

"Did you wrong Peter?" said the min-
ister.

"I shaved him a little," said I.

"How much?" said he. "Tell me hon-
estly what you think."

"I let him have a ring-boned and wind-
broken nag that I had physicked up to look
pretty gay—worth, for actual service, not
over ten dollars, and got in return a sound,
steady beast worth sixty dollars, and twenty-
five dollars to boot. So I honestly think,"
said I, "that I shaved him out of about sev-
enty-five dollars."

"And with seventy-five dollars in your
possession belonging to poor Peter Simmons,
do you think you can commence a life of
Christian purity? Do you think that Christ
will hear your prayers for pardon?" said the
minister.

"I said something about a trade is a trade,
and men must look out for themselves when
they swap horses—but he cut me short."

"Your own soul," said he, "will not ad-
mit the excuses which your selfishness in-
vents."

"But the rule you apply," said I, "will
cut off the heads of church members as well
as mine. There's Deacon Rich, he trades
horses, and shaves when he can."

"No matter," said he, "whose head is cut
off, no matter what Deacon Rich does. You
have to deal with your own soul, and with
your Lord. And I tell you, whether you are
out of the church or in it, a single dollar
which you have unjustly or knowingly taken
from any man, without rendering him its
full value to the best of your ability—a sin-
gle dollar, I say, will be like a mill-stone
hung upon your neck, to sing your soul into
the sea of spiritual death."

"I couldn't stand that. The spirit of God
used those words with terrible effect upon
my heart. I was greatly agitated. The
truth spoken by the pastor appealed to my
understanding with irresistible power. I
went away, but I couldn't rest. So I took
seventy-five dollars, and went to Peter and
paid him, making him promise not to tell
anybody, for I was ashamed to have it known
that I was conscience-stricken, and had paid
back money. Then I went to the minister
and told him what I had done. He didn't
praise me, as I thought he would. He took
it as a matter of course, and no more merit
in me than it is to wash my hands before I
sit down to supper. On the contrary he
seemed to suspect that my hands were not
quite clean yet. He wanted to know if I had
wronged anybody else besides Peter. I tried
to say no, but my conscience wouldn't let
me. I could have told a plumper lie than
that once, without flinching—yes, and flatter-
ing my own heart to believe the lie. I was
discouraged, I felt bitterly disheartened. It
was indeed, so much harder being a Chris-
tian than I supposed, that I regretted going
to talk with the minister at all. Like the
young man who had great possessions, I was
on the point of going away sorrowful. But
my heart burned within me and I was forced
to speak."

"In the way of business," said I, "no
doubt I have taken advantage here and there—
as everybody does—as church-members
themselves do when they can."

"What everybody does is no rule for you
and me, Capt. Ball," said the minister. "It
is to be Christians in the fullest sense—not
simply to be church members—that we must
strive with all our hearts. The fact of being
in the fold does not make the lamb; there
are wolves in the fold, alas! but we are by
no means justified in doing as the wolves do,
even when they appear in sheep's clothing."

"I felt the rebuke. Well," said I, "there
is Deacon Rich. I think he paid me a note
twice. The first time he paid it, we were
transacting other business, and by some mis-
take the note wasn't destroyed. I found it
among my papers afterwards. I was a good
deal excited, and lay awake more than one
night thinking what I ought to do about it.
The deacon was a hard man, I considered,
and took advantage of people when he could.
He had driven more than one hard bargain
with me."

The deacon, who was present, and heard
these allusions to himself, winced and coughed
uneasily. Capt. Ball went on without
appearing to mind him.

"So," said I to the minister, "I concluded
I would serve the deacon as he would prob-
ably have served me under similar circum-
stances. I kept the note by me a good while,
and when I thought the particulars of our
settlement had slipped his mind, I said to
him one day, maybe he would like to take up
that note which had been due considerable
time. He was surprised—looked excited and

angry—said he had paid, and held out stout-
ly for a while; but there was the note.
There was no proof that it had ever been
paid, and finally he took his pocket-book,
and with some pretty hard words, paid it
over again with interest.

"And now," said the minister, "what are
you going to do about it?"

"I suppose," said I, "the money must be
paid back."

"So I went to the deacon the next day,
told him that on reflection, I was convinced
that he was right and I was wrong about the
payment of the note, and returned him the
money—one hundred and thirty dollars—a
good deal to his astonishment."

The deacon coughed, and wiped his fore-
head.

"I hoped then all was right, continued Capt.
Ball. I tried to satisfy my conscience that
it was all right. But I was afraid to go back to
the minister, he has such a way of stirring up
the conscience, and finding mud at the bottom,
when we flatter ourselves that because it is
out of sight there is no impurity there."

I knew that as long as I dreaded to see
the minister, something must be wrong; and
on looking carefully into my heart, I found
the little matter of a mortgage which I fore-
closed on a poor man, and got away his farm,
when he had no suspicion but I would give
him time to redeem it. By that means I had
got into my possession property worth two
thousand dollars, for which I did not actually
pay, and for which Isaac Dorr never actually
realized more than half that amount. But
the proceeding was entirely legal, and I tried
to excuse myself. But my awakened con-
science kept saying:

"I have taken a poor man's land without
giving him a just return; the law of God
condemns you, although the law of man
sanctions the wrong. You shall have no
peace of soul—your heart will burn you—un-
til with justice you wipe out your own injus-
tice to him and all others whom you have
wronged."

Against the decree of my conscience I re-
belled a long time. It was hard for me to
raise a thousand dollars, together with the
interest due from the time the mortgage was
foreclosed; and it was like taking a portion
of my life to be obliged to subtract so much
money from my gains, and give it to a man
who had no legal claim upon me. I groaned
and mourned it over in secret, and tried to
pray, but that mortgage came right up be-
tween my prayer and God, and heaven look-
ed dark and frowning through it. At last I
could not resist the appeals of conscience any
longer, and I went again to the minister, told
him my troubles, and asked him what I should
do.

There is a simple test, said he. Do you love
your neighbor as yourself? If you do, you
will be just to him, if it takes from you the
last dollar you have in the world.

That was a terrible sentence, I went out
staggering from it as if I had received a blow.
Oh God! I said, how can I be a Christian?

But I had help beyond myself, otherwise I
could never have ended that struggle. I knelt
before God, and solemnly vowed for his sake,
for the sake of his pardon and love, I would
not only do justly to the poor man I had
wronged, but would give up, if I need be, all
I had in the world, so that I might find peace
in him. A strange, soothing influence came
over my soul, and a voice seemed to say,
"Though you lose all you have, God and
Christ, and the blessings of a heart pure and
at peace, shall be left you—the best and only
source of happiness and life. And in the
solemn night time, after I gave up the struggle
that comfort came to me so great and precious,
that I felt willing if it would only stay with
me, to accept poverty and go into the world
poor and despised, hugging that precious bless-
ing in my heart. The next day I was light
as if I had had wings. Nothing could keep
me from going to see Isaac Dorr, with a couple
of hundred dollars in my pocket, and a note
for the remainder of what I owed him.

Well said the narrator, with tears running
down his cheeks, I only wish that every per-
son here could have seen the Dorr family,
when I visited them, and made known my
errand—Poor Isaac had grown quite discour-
aged, and had just made up his mind to quit
his wife and children, and go to California.
His children were crying, and his wife was in
an extremity of distress and despair. She re-
ceived me a great deal better than I anticipated;
I had acted according to the law, she said,
and Isaac, careless and improvident, was
greatly to blame.

Yes, said Isaac, with the firmness of a de-
spairing man, it was a savage game you played
on me, but I was a fool ever to get into debt
as I did, and then fancy that any man would
not take the advantage when the law permits it.
I am ruined in consequence; and here you
see this woman and these babies—

The poor fellow broke down as he looked
at them, and cried like a child.

Isaac, said I, as soon as I could speak, I
have come to show you that a man can be
honest even when the law don't compel him
to be. I want to do right, Isaac, because
God commands it, and I have come to tell
you that you needn't leave your wife and
babies yet, unless you prefer to.

I prefer to go off in a strange country and
leave them here to suffer? he cried, and he
caught the children in his arms, and wrung
his wife's hand, and sob as if his heart would
break.

Then I counted out the money I had
brought, and explained what I intended to do,
and gave him the note, and I such surprise and
happiness I never saw. They would all have
kissed my feet if I would have let them. It
seem to me as if heaven was opened then and
there—and it was opened in my heart, with
such a flood of light and joy as I had never
experienced or thought possible before.

"My friends," added the captain, his once
hard voice now almost as mellow as a wo-
man's, his cheeks still moist with tears, "I
have constrained to make this confession; I
thank you for listening to it. The minister
tells me a man may be a church member, and
not a Christian. I mean to be a Christian
first and if I fail—"

He could proceed no further, but sat down

with an emotion more effective than any
words.

I have nothing to add to his narrative, ex-
cept that he became a church member, and
that his example of thorough repentance, of
childlike faith in Christ, and of vigorous,
practical every day righteousness, elevated
many degrees the standard of Christianity
among my people.

Coming.

BY ALICE CAREY.

They are mustering—they are marching!
How their onward tramping rolls!
They are coming, coming, coming,
A hundred thousand souls!

From the granite hills—the sea-side—
In solid ranks the waiting warriors
A hundred men to take the place
Of every one that falls.

Right on across the midnight—
Right onward, stern and proud—
Their red flags shining as they come,
Like morning on a cloud.

Battalion on battalion,
The West its bravest pours,
For the colors God's own hand hath set
In the bushes at their doors!

In the woods and in the clearings,
The lovers, brothers, sons,
The young men and the old men
Are shouldering their guns.

They have heard the bugle blowing—
Heard the thunder of the drum—
And farther than the eye can see,
They come, and come, and come!

The Death Warrant.

Anthony Martel was a brave young soldier
as ever bore arms on the battle field. He
was an almost universal favorite in his regi-
ment. He loved his country and a maiden
Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest
in Visselle, and many were the hearts that
beat with love and joy when the fair Cadel-
ine turned her beautiful eyes upon them, and
returned their salutations with a winning
smile. There was not a brave soldier in the
whole regiment but would have been proud
to shed the last drop of blood to resent an
insult to the bright star of Visselle. Many
were they who worshipped at her shrine, but
only one received any return to his passion,
and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The colonel of the regiment to which he
belonged was a man of violent passions, im-
pulsive and overbearing in the extreme to his
subordinates, and was as universally detested
as Martel was beloved.

On several occasions he had made infamous
proposals to Cadeline, which had been re-
sented with scorn, but still he became importu-
nate, until, finding himself baffled in all his
designs. Accordingly he called on Cadeline
one evening when she was alone, and made
an apology for his former rudeness, and asked
her forgiveness, which she readily granted,
presuming that he would trouble her no fur-
ther; but in this she was disappointed, for he
immediately made new overtures of love to
her, promising if she would listen to his
suit he would load her with presents, and al-
so make her his lawful bride. But all these
flattering inducements had no effect upon
her, for she was true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline," said he, "my rank
and station, and then your position would be
higher than the proudest lady in our village;
besides, you shall have attendants, and all
the luxury and refinement that wealth can
furnish."

"Ah, Colonel Lavillier, what would these
splendid gifts be without the heart?" said
Cadeline.

"You would soon learn to love me."

"No, Colonel, we can never love but one."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," re-
turned Cadeline.

"Indeed, my fair charmer," said the Colo-
nel, ironically, "may I be permitted to ask
the name of that gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent re-
ply.

"What! a common soldier—a miserable
hireling for a rival? By Heaven!" he ex-
claimed, in a terrible passion, "unless you
instantly accept my suit, and reject the beg-
garly churl, I will have him shot like a dog
for his audacious presumption, and I will
give you but a moment to decide his fate."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Cadeline, "he is
guilty of no crime; he has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant a Colonel
of the French army, and he only a common
soldier?"

"Nay, Colonel Lavillier; I loved him ere
I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would
injure no one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent
to be mine, or ere the morning sun has risen
an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have
ceased to beat."

"Oh heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline,
in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day to decide."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a
shadow in the outer doorway, but it was not
observed by either of the persons within the
room, so deeply absorbed were they in their
own affairs. Stepping a little aside so as to
be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spec-
tator of all that passed.

"I implore you to let me speak to Antho-
ny before I give you a final answer."

"Not a word to him; therefore instantly
give me your consent to become my bride, or
sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I would rather die
a thousand deaths than be your wife, even
were you the proud emperor of France. An-
thony fears not death, and would rather
give his life than have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl you are in my power, and I
will use you as I please, since you have so
insultingly spoken."

"Never!"

"Dare you defy me to my face? Thus
then let me prove my words by snatching a
breath of the sweet fragrance of your scorn-
ful lips."

And clasping his arms around the fair
form of Cadeline, Col. Lavillier endeavored
to put his threat into execution.

"Help! mercy!" exclaimed she.

At this moment the report of a pistol, in
the hands of a stranger we have before men-
tioned, was heard, and the bullet shattered
the arm of the aggressor, rendering him pow-
erless; but from whence the shot came both
were unable to tell, for no sooner was the
weapon discharged than the deliverer disap-
peared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the
room by another door. Observing the wild
appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the
arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divined
the whole, and with a powerful blow he laid
the base insulter at his feet. By this time
the report of fire-arms had brought a large
detachment of soldiers to the spot, who, on
entering, were immediately ordered to arrest
Anthony, for attempting to murder his super-
ior officer. In vain Cadeline protested his
innocence; they placed him under strong
guard.

On the following morning an unusual ac-
tivity among the officers told that something
of more than ordinary importance was to
take place, as each one hastened to the quar-
ters of the commander. Although a court-
martial is not a very unusual affair, yet it is
sufficiently rare to attract great attention in
a camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that
the court had convened, and were ready to
try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were
gathered a large number of officers in full
uniform. Seated on a raised platform was
General Lovick, acting as judge. Another
roll of the drum announced the entrance of
the prisoner.

"With what is this man charged?" asked
the judge.

"With an attempt to destroy the life of
his superior officer, Colonel Lavillier," said
the advocate.

"Where is the accuser?" continued the
court.

"Here, may it please your excellency," re-
plied the Colonel, whose arm was bound up
with a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt your life?"

"I know not," said Lavillier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl with
whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other
officers, the judge turned to the prisoner and
thus addressed him:

"Anthony Martel, you have been found
guilty of an attempt to murder a superior
officer of the French army, the punishment
for which crime is death. What have you
to say why you should not suffer the extreme
penalty of the law which you have offend-
ed?"

Martel, who stood as though unconscious
until now, raised his manly form; standing
erect, he bent his searching eye upon the
Colonel, and said in a firm voice:

"Your excellency, I am aware that any
vindication that I may make will be of no
avail, but being permitted, I will speak the
truth, that my fellow soldiers may know that
I die innocent of the charge that has been
brought against me. I did not fire upon
Col. Lavillier, and had no weapon when ar-
rested. At the moment I entered the dwell-
ing of Cadeline, I found her struggling in
his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank,
but struck him with my clenched fist to the
floor. This is all I have done, and had it
been the emperor himself in his own palace,
I would have done likewise. For the duty
of a true soldier is to protect the innocent
and the defenceless. I am willing to die, but
my death will not go unavenged, for the
grass will not have covered my grave before
the weapons of my comrades shall have found
the heart of my murderer, for there is not
one who will shrink when the hour comes.
I am ready—pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not become
a man who is on the threshold of eternity."

"Truth becomes a man at all times," re-
plied Anthony.

Colonel Lavillier, during the time the pris-
oner was speaking, seemed greatly excited,
and turned pale; he knew that Martel was a
great favorite in the regiment, and he feared
that his own life was in danger.

"Anthony Martel," said the judge, "the
sentence of the court is, that you die to-mor-
row morning at sunrise, and that you be shot
by two of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that the
case had been decided, and they were about
to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when
a young girl rushed past the guards into the
tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of
the presiding officer, exclaimed:

"He is innocent! spare him; he is not
guilty, and did not shoot Col. Lavillier."

As the tears flowed down her beautiful face
every heart was touched with pity save one.
He stood unmoved by her supplications. The
judge informed her that it was impossible for
him to alter the sentence of the court, and
that the only hope that was left her was Col-
onel Lavillier, who was the injured party, who
alone had power to ask for his pardon, or to
recommend him to mercy.

In vain Cadeline pleaded with him; he was
inexorable, and she was borne senseless from
the tent.

On the following morning, a little before
sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged
in placing red flags at short intervals on a
beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner
had this been accomplished, than the muffled
drum and the band playing the death march
was heard. A company of soldiers drew near
accompanied by a large number of officers,
who came to witness the punishment of death,
Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step
to meet his doom! Arriving at the spot des-
tined for him to die, he was calm and un-
moved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of
his fellow soldiers were brought into line;
every movement told their unwillingness to
perform the odious duty which has been as-
signed them.

All being arranged, the commandant walk-
ed up to Martel, and taking him by the hand

shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he
gave him permission to address his companions
in arms. The mark of kindness moved the
condemned man, and a tear started to his eye;
but, luckily, regaining his composure, he ad-
dressed those who were to lay him low in
death.

"Comrades, I have come here to die like a
man and a soldier; I am guilty of no crime.
I have never dishonored my country or regi-
ment; I have fought by your sides in the
thickest of the battle, when the guns of the
enemy poured hot lead into our ranks, and
swept our brave countrymen down like chaff
before the whirlwind. But you can affirm
that I did not quail or falter when the grim
monster stared me in the face; and should I
tremble now, when I am to die by the hands
of my beloved comrades? No! I consider it
an honor, and the last sound that will ever
great my ears will be the glorious dying music
of your own true guns as I fall. I know that
you will not suffer my ashes to rest unavenged.
Let not your hands tremble, but with a
firm, steady aim, level your pieces at my
breast, when I give the word FIRE

The Middlesex Journal.

A. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

The recent reverse of the government forces has created considerable comment, both from the press and the people, in relation to its cause and effect. Much censure has come from downy pillows, but the proper soldiers to rest it upon have not yet been discovered. Some blame Gen. Scott, some the President, some the different generals engaged, including Gen. Patterson, who they say should have connected his forces with those of Gen. McDowell and thereby made the opposing armies more equal in point of numbers, and some our want of artillery. There may be something right in all these suppositions, but if there is any real cause besides the want of sufficient force, then it has yet to be made known, and all the surmises are good for nothing. It is astonishing how many men can be found to find fault with every great move that fails to terminate successfully, and how very few there are who will put their shoulders to the wheel and help to bring about the end so much desired by all. It is an easy thing for certain newspaper editors to sit in their sanctuaries and scribble page after page upon the various doings (of which they know little or nothing) of military men, and tender unasked and undesired advice. It is also easy for squads of people to gather at the street corners and discuss, in their own language and way, a great military operation and pass sentence according to their ideas of right and wrong. But it is quite a different thing to stand up on the battle field and face death in order that the feasibility of the undertaking may be decided upon. We are surprised to see such papers as the New York Tribune, of which we have been led to expect better things, censuring the government for supposed wrong-doing. It was, undoubtedly, a mistake to attack the rebels with so small a force, especially when it was known that they had a large army at their command; but the hastening of the attack was from outside pressure, the Tribune being among the foremost, and not from any sense of necessity; and this being the case, it is despicable to turn round, when victory failed to perch upon our banners and when our men had fought with a bravery deserving of all praise, and snarl upon those who so far forgot their position as to allow themselves to be swayed and led by the clamors and demands of persons upon whose heads rested no responsibility and who should have been held in silent respect—nothing more. When newspapers, and individuals not in authority, step from their proper spheres and attempt dictation, they should at once be laid aside. If General Scott and the President are unable to manage the affairs of the nation and bring us out of our present troubles a wiser and a better people, who then, in the name of common sense, have we that can do so? Can it be newspaper editors, and politicians and croakers all over the land? We think not; and the sooner those in authority give the cold shoulder to such, the better will it be for their own reputation and the good of the country.

Many newspapers have headed their despatches from Washington during the present week, with "Our Defeat." Now we think this is incorrect. True our forces were repulsed, but they were not defeated. They gave the enemy battle when he was their superior in force by more than double, and that too while in a fortified position, and yet they gained ground for hours and never yielded an inch until they were compelled to by an overwhelming force of fresh troops; and some of the charges made by our men were such as to elicit the highest encomiums from one who has witnessed the desperate battles of Inkermann and Solferino. Battles, resulting similarly to that of Sunday last, have, at some time in their history, fallen to the lot of nearly all the greatest generals the world has ever had, but they did not look upon such a defeat. Wellington passed through just such ordeals, but did not prevent him from winning a Waterloo. And so it will be with us; the repulse of Sunday will lead us to such a Waterloo, as shall exterminate Secession and branch. In the future our generals will be more cautious how they enter the enemy's country, and will not be so willing to seek an engagement when the force that can be brought against them is so vastly greater than their own. That many of the rebels will be loath to fight, we must not lead our troops into the belief that nothing more will be required of them than to walk over the field. At every step they will have concealed batteries to contend with, and the longer the contest lasts the greater will be the inhumanity of the enemy to our wounded and dead soldiers, we think must be exaggerated. For the sake of mankind we cannot yet believe, that they seek so far below the level of the beast as to use our men's heads for footballs and hack their bodies with their bayonets after they had been rendered defenseless. We hope for the honor of our country, for the sake of the memory of those men who fought side by side with us in the Revolution, that all these accounts of barbarism will be refuted, and that our erring brothers may be able to wash their hands clean of this one damning charge at least.

In the Lower Provinces the people as a general thing side with the South in the present contest. This is not from any love of Slavery, but from the semi-contempt which the press of this country feels for England. They also consider it poor policy for our ministers abroad to write and speak as Clay and Burlingame have done at London and Paris. They look upon the Union as being sundered forever, and the present contest as unjust and useless. Last week the English and French Admirals were at Halifax, N. S., and from facts gathered, it was considered there, that their instructions were identical, and that the blockade of the Southern ports must be effectual, so that no vessels can pass in or out, in order to be legal. If this is all that is needed we think our government could, if they had the desire, easily satisfy the demand by bringing into requisition the many vessels that are now lying idle in our ports, and thereby hermetically seal every port on the Southern coast, from the Chesapeake to California.

The Hospital Steward of the 11th Mass. Reg. writing to his brother in this town under date of the 22d, says: "I have just been down to the 5th Reg.; I saw Tom Glyn; he is all right. The other Woburn boys had gone to Washington. Lieut. McDonald has just been in my tent. He is not wounded, although he was right in the thick of the fight. All agree in saying he acted bravely. One ball took off a piece from the front of his cap; another went through his pant-legs."

MEMPHIS TRIESTE.—An effort has been made to make this road free, but it has been opposed by the Selectmen of Medford and Somerville on account of the heavy taxation which, in their opinion, such a course will entail upon the citizens of these towns in keeping it in repair. A hearing will be had upon the subject at a future day.

Two of the recent graduates of our High School—J. Webster Colcord and John K. Richardson—have joined the Stoneham Gray Eagles in the 13th Regiment, now at Fort Independence. Geo. K. Horne, Charles R. Dale and Thomas W. Field, of this town, have joined the same company. It is believed that their regiment will leave for Washington early next week.

On Wednesday evening, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, for the purpose of taking measures to form a military company. The object was stated clearly by Mr. Haslam, and Mr. Brigham of North Woburn, who informed the meeting that if a company of 45 was formed by noon on Saturday they could go into camp on Monday. A rallying committee was appointed, and the meeting adjourned until the next evening. On Thursday evening, the committee reported that they had procured six additional names, with the promise of many more.

Another meeting was held last evening, and a committee has been chosen to visit Boston to-day to procure a position in some regiment now organizing. Forty-eight persons have enrolled their names, and high hopes are held of being called into service immediately. A meeting of the men will be held in the Town Hall this evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing and transacting such other business as may be brought up.

THE TWELFTH REGIMENT.—This regiment left Boston on Tuesday evening last en route for the seat of war. They received an ovation previous to their departure, showing conclusively that our recent defeat in the field has by no means lessened the ardor of the people or their endeavors to bring the crisis to a successful termination. The field officers of the regiment are as follows:—Colonel, Fletcher Webster, of Marshfield. Lt. Colonel, Timothy M. Bryan, Jr., of Newton. Major, Elisha Hurlburt, of Woburn.

Mr. Cyrus B. Richardson, who had his collar bone broken in the fight at Great Bethel, reached town on Thursday evening. His wound is nearly well, and he intends soon to return to the seat of war.

We understand that one hundred men from Woburn are now engaged in the present war. That number receiving the monthly wages as voted by the town. What a pity it is that these men are not acting together, instead of being scattered among so many regiments.

We see it stated in the Transcript of last evening that the first time the comet was seen was on Sunday, June 30th, at Ann Arbor, by Dr. Brunnov. Now this comet was seen in Prince Edward Island on that day with the naked eye, looking extremely bright, the tail stretching almost across the heavens. It may have been seen earlier at this place, but this is the first authentic knowledge we have of its being observed. If it was seen thus early by the unaided and inexperienced eye, why was it that the practiced eye of the many observers did not discover it long before?

It is not time yet to enumerate the good things that will be revealed and created directly and incidentally by the present conflict. But there is one fact that deserves every and emphatic notice, and that is the admirable behavior in camp and battle of the Irish regiments. Apparently none of the troops have surpassed, in observance of strict discipline, soldierly bearing, patience endurance of fatigue, and indomitable gallantry, when called into action, the 69th of New York. The Empire State and the whole country have reason to be proud of Colonel Curran and his command.—*Transcript.*

These are the men who have been scorned and scoffed at during the past ten years in every imaginable manner, and still they fly to arms when the Government of the country was in jeopardy. Who now occupy the most laudable position, the scoffers or the scoffed?

THE SPIRIT OF OUR TROOPS.—A letter received to-day from a private of the First Massachusetts Regiment, dated Centerville, on Friday, the 19th inst., thus speaks of the engagement of the previous day: "We had a hard fight yesterday afternoon, and lost many of our gallant men, besides a number badly wounded. Some of our troops had their knapsacks shot from their backs. Col. Cowdin is well, and his praises heard through all ranks. He has showed that he is a noble man, and was in the thickest of the fight throughout the entire engagement. The Massachusetts soldiers receive many compliments from their brothers in arms from other States."

"A decimated and indignant people will demand the immediate retirement of the present cabinet from the high places of power, which for one reason or another, they have shown themselves incompetent to fill."

The above nonsense we clip from the New York Tribune of Tuesday. Poor Greeley, we are afraid that your gray hairs will grow down with sorrow to the grave, unless your friend Seward is at once cashiered and your little philosophic majesty installed in his cast off boots. It is really too bad that so much imbecile wisdom should lie dormant under your old white hat and not have an opportunity to shine forth at every Cabinet meeting, and that the President should not at once establish a telegraph line between your office and the White House, so that your mandates might be received ere he has the wondrous audacity to appoint a country postmaster—even at Hull. Keep cool, brother, the entranced people, those who have "nary" axe to grind, are fully satisfied that there are brains enough in Washington to carry us through this momentous struggle and add new lustre to every star that graces our flag; and as long as this feeling exists, the reverse we have just received, will but add new energy and determination to a will already competent for all odds. Be patient, the end is not yet; already through the darkness can be seen the bright star which will eventually lead us to victory and a position second to none in the world.

HIGH HEELS ON CHILDREN'S BOOTS.—It has long been a mystery to many why the eyes of mothers have never yet observed the injurious effect which high heeled boots or shoes have upon their children's feet. If any one will take the pains to watch a child while walking with such boots or shoes on, they cannot but see that the child's foot aways to and fro before it is firmly planted on the ground and ready to give the forward motion. The result of this fashionable folly has been many sprained and deformed ankles, of which parents have been the cause but yet are not the immediate sufferers. We believe that all young ladies desire to make their feet look as pretty as possible, they are so convenient in muddy walking, and it is strange to see mothers transforming the line of beauty daily into a deformation, which will be a source of annoyance to their children through life. Off with the high heels and let nature take its course freely.

ARGUMENT MONTHLIES.—The Atlantic comes to us to-morrow with choice reading for the season. Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento" is continued and becomes more interesting as it progresses. In "Where will the rebellion leave us?" the subject is discussed, but nothing fresh is elicited. An article on the late Judge Douglas, treats upon that gentleman's many good qualities, and shows him to have been as the newspaper press repeatedly has done, a patriot of the purest stamp. There is much other matter in the Atlantic that will serve to while away a few hours pleasantly and very profitably.

GODEY, that ever welcome and regular visitor, is with us. The many designs which it contains cannot but make it valuable to every household, and its lady friends, when time hangs heavily, will find something in its pages suited to their state of mind.

HARPER, through the politeness of our friends Dyer & Co., of Boston, has been received. This magazine has qualities possessed by no other—that of mingling together, in an enticing manner, knowledge, wit, romance and light literature, so that none can say after perusing its pages that they have neither been amused nor benefited.

HOME MONTHLY.—This very fine family periodical greets us with some good articles for home reading. It is a pity that many young persons, who weekly become excited over the many sensation papers that swarm in our midst, and who find their sole reading in these sheets, would not change their attention to the Monthly or some other good, moral periodical, whose tendencies do not lead to depraved mental appetite. The present rage for sensation reading will show its dire results in future time, and many a one will regret that they lost so much time in stocking their brains with matter that can never become of any real service to them.

POSSIBLE WAR SHOES.—I became acquainted with a regular canon of the great church of Piacenza, who, according to custom, had his own confessional box. One day, after the French occupation of the country, he entered the church, with the intention of taking his own seat, but was surprised at not finding the confessional in its proper place. After looking about for it in all directions, he found it in a gallery lying on its side, and on the top of it the dead body of a French soldier, which three surgeons, or surgeons' mates, of that army were busily skinning. Horrified at the sight, he asked the meaning of this ghastly proceeding, and was told that some scientific men had discovered that the human skin made excellent leather. He had therefore been ordered that all dead bodies should be skinned, for the purpose of providing boots and shoes for the soldiers.—*Autobiography of Miss Knight.*

A private letter from Patterson, dated Harper's Ferry, 22d, says that Johnston retreated to Winchester, where he had thrown up extensive entrenchments, and had a large number of heavy guns. I could have turned his position, and attacked him in the rear, said he, but he had received large reinforcements from Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, a total force of over 30,000 Confederate troops and 5000 Virginia militia. My force is less than 20,000. Nineteen regiments, whose terms of service were up or would be within a week, all refuse to stay an hour over their time, but four—the Indiana regiments, 11th and 24th Pennsylvania. Five regiments have gone home, two more go to-day, and three to-morrow. To avoid being cut off with the remainder, I fell back and occupied this place.

THE CARSONS.—The brothers of this remarkable family of pioneers and frontiersmen passed through Mesilla, Arizona on the 8th of June—Lindsay Carson and Robert Carson, who have resided for several years in California, and Moses B. Carson, who has resided lately in Arizona. They have pulled up stakes, and are on the trail for Texas. Kit Carson, who now resides at Taos, New Mexico, has obtained a greater notoriety than any of the brothers, but they are all celebrated mountain men and belong to the pioneers of the old school, who traversed the vast expanse of country from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from twenty to forty years ago, which was then a wilderness, unknown and unexplored.

PLYMOUTH, July 24th, 1861.

Yesterday was a proud day for old Plymouth. It was announced in the morning that the "Standish Guards," of the 3d Regt., would arrive at home from Fortress Monroe in the afternoon, and almost everybody—men, women and children—turned out to bid them welcome. Beside the crowds of citizens there were several military companies who turned out to do escort duty. The people began to assemble early after noon although the train in which they were to come was not due till half past four. The Plymouth Artillery, a new company—with two bronze six-pounders—was posted at the depot, and as the train came up, poured forth their deep toned thunder. As soon as the company left the cars, they formed in front of the depot where Hon. Charles G. Davis, in behalf of his fellow citizens, made the welcome address. A banner, bearing the motto, "Welcome," stood before him, and in front of the Guards, and that motto was the theme of his speech. At the close of the Address the bands played the tune "America," and then the vast audience joined in singing that noble hymn—"My Country, 'tis of thee." The procession was then formed in the following order: "Plymouth Band;" Home Guard, of Plymouth, with full ranks; "Phinney Band," Plymouth Artillery, with pieces, drawn by two horses each; National Guard, a company of boys, numbering about thirty, with Zouave uniform, bearing the banner, "Welcome," to which allusion has already been made; members of the High School, wearing wreaths of flowers upon their heads, and preceded by the Principal of the School; "Standish Guard," Capt. Doten, each musket ornamented with a bouquet of flowers upon the bayonet, furnished by the ladies; citizens too numerous to compute by number. The procession marched through the principal streets which were elegantly decorated with flags and streamers, being received with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs continually.

The company returned with every man that left home together, and looked well, and in better flesh than the people at home. They were thoroughly sun burnt, but were as stalwart looking set of fellows as one needs to see. At eight o'clock the ladies had in readiness for the Standish Guard, and the public, a collation at Davis' Hall. The writer was too much fatigued to think of attending. Thus, with honor to herself, Plymouth has welcomed back to their homes this company of brave men who went forth from our glorious Massachusetts and from Plymouth Rock, at a moment's notice, to protect our Government in its hour of peril. Beneath the shouts of welcome so lavishly poured forth, there were mingled tears welling up from hearts whose feelings were too deep for utterance in words. I could not help wishing that Woburn had a company of heroes, in honor of whom all might unite in a similar welcome home.

I need not tell you how intense was the feeling here last Monday, when it was announced that our army had been gloriously defeated and terribly cut to pieces. Heaven grant that such another day may never be experienced by the people of New England. There were those who did not credit it from the beginning. They said the men of New England would not behave as was reported. It is a sad blow to us, but it will tell upon the cause with mighty power. Our troops need, apparently, if I may speak, some reverses, to secure the observance of a proper amount of care in their movements. It is also quite apparent that some greater military intellect than McDowell, must lead our army in Virginia. It must send a thrill of satisfaction through the land, that Gen. McClellan has been summoned to that post.

The effect of the hail storm that passed over this place some weeks since, is very apparent. The injury done to the fruit trees was very great. The hail stones knocked the bark from the limbs of fruit trees as though struck by a hammer. Many young trees were entirely destroyed. The accounts published in the papers at the time, were by no means exaggerated. The crops, too, suffered exceedingly. The storm did not pass over the center village, but about a mile south.

And now another plague infests the domain of the farmers—the army worm. There is number is legion, and they destroy almost everything to which they can put their teeth. During the morning, and until the heat of the middle of the day, they remain concealed, but when the hot sun of noon pours down, they can hardly walk the road without treading upon them constantly. They appeared here about two weeks ago, in the same tract of country that the hail storm visited. They resemble, slightly, though considerably larger, the canker worm of our orchards. People here ditch around their planted fields, and in that way protect them to some extent. They do not touch red clover, or beans, but they strip the corn completely, leaving nothing but the stalks. Among the multitudes of claimants man finds it difficult to secure his share.

The monuments which are to be erected here—the one over the rock, and the National Monument,—have each the foundation and corner stone laid, but our national troubles have caused the work to cease, for the present. Plymouth should be the place to which the sons of the pilgrims should make frequent pilgrimages. The scholar drinks in new inspiration as he walks among the ruins of Rome and Athens. How, then, can the descendants of the men who landed upon Plymouth Rock, and who cherish the same religious faith that actuated them, walk amid the scenes where they lived while here, and amid the monuments on "Burying Ground Hill," where their dead repose, without cherishing a deeper reverence for their memory, and a deeper love for the faith for which they sacrificed their all in Old England?

THE COMET.—The captain of a vessel just arrived at New York, reports that, on July 2d, in latitude twenty degrees north, longitude fifty-two degrees three minutes, he saw a comet of usual brilliancy in the constellation of the Great Bear, and saw it last on the 15th, in latitude thirty-two degrees fifty-six minutes north, longitude seventy-two degrees west, when it appeared directly overhead, and quite small.

NOT BAD.—The caricaturists have got hold of the militia General. One engraving represents a militia General on horseback, leading on his troops to the attack of entrenchments, with his book of tactics open in his hand. An officer of the enemy is expressly cautioning his men not to aim at that gentleman on horseback, as he is one of their best friends.

WASHINGTON, July 23d, 1861.

FRIEND JOURNAL.—You must excuse me for the long time intervening since I corresponded with you, but circumstances have been such that it was impossible for me or any of us to write without hunting up odd scraps of paper. One week ago to-day, we received an order to be ready to march to Fairfax, and we started with nothing but our blankets, a haversack and canteen, and our ammunition and muskets. Our Regiment had the advance, followed by the Massachusetts 11th, Minnesota 1st, and Pennsylvania 4th, together with Rickett's Artillery. We were accompanied by a Virginia guide, and were obliged to travel through woods and by paths, brooks and rivers. The first day we made about one half of the distance, and this was the first time that the Woburn boys had done real army duty. When we started we were given our rations, they consisted of hard bread and salt meat, (some of our boys call it "salt hogs") but we learned to appreciate it. We were encamped, I do not mean that we had tents, for our blankets served as our covering and our haversacks as pillows, and I can assure you I had a very fine sleep. After cooking our rations, we commenced our march in the same style as the previous day. At about 3 1/2 o'clock, we arrived at Sanster Station, and during our march a great many incidents occurred, which would, in Massachusetts, make men blush if they thought the public knew them; but I can assure you that the sentiment of our army is to the victor belongs the spoils. We picked up twelve horses in our Regiment and the boys took turns at riding. About 2 1/2 o'clock we were fired upon by the Rebel Picket Guard, and on the roads through where we traveled, the trees were cut down and thrown across the street, obliging our pioneers to cut them out in order to give us room to pass. And as I stated we arrived at this station at 3 1/2 o'clock and we halted in the rear of the depot and established our quarters, and I can assure you that the hens and chickens, ducks and turkeys of the Secessionists suffered some, for we were obliged to recruit our rations. We found that the rebel troops were stationed here had taken fright and run, but ere running they did not fail to do all the mischief they could think of. They burned the railroad bridges, which were all in flames when we arrived. After a good night's rest we cooked our breakfast, and about 10 o'clock we received orders to be ready to march, and promptly we were upon the line, arriving safely in an encampment about one mile from Centerville at 11 o'clock. We found at least 40,000 troops, and I can assure you that it was a grand sight. The rebels held a very strong position here but left no troops. They left some of the tables set for meals, having run at our approach. After our usual rest, the drums awoke us at 5, and it astonished us to see such an encampment, all kinds of troops, four companies of artillery, cavalry, infantry and riflemen. While we were encamped here our guard arrested many of the rebels, and they have been kept at head quarters and the New York Fire Zouaves captured an splendid Secession flag. At last the order came to march at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. We were in line at the time appointed, and got started about 4 o'clock. We did not know where we were going and after a quick march we arrived in the vicinity of Bull's Run at about 12 o'clock. It is about 53 miles from Centerville. When we arrived our batteries had opened fire upon the enemy, and then in going over the ground, where it was level, we were put through in double quick time. We arrived at the scene of action about 1 o'clock, and the regiment advanced and we laid ourselves down upon the ground and received the fire of the enemy, their balls whistling above our heads. I shall make no attempt to give you a history of the position of the two armies. It was the first time that I can assure you we were in active battle, but I can assure you that no Regiment stood better together, from the commencement to the end than the Massachusetts 5th. They were cheered unhesitatingly by the other troops. The Woburn boys were all there with the exception of O. W. Rogers, who was not well and staid behind in camp, and as far as we know he took passage in the baggage wagon to join us; and as we have not been heard from him we surmise that he must have been taken as a prisoner by the rebels. Mr. Robert Pemberton was wounded by a spent ball, and the wound is very much inflamed, but he is doing well. The rest of us came out unscathed, but it certainly was a bloody scene. Men standing side by side with you were ushered into Eternity without a moment's notice, and after such scenes as we looked upon on Monday last, may God in his providence be with the just. You must excuse me from going more into detail, as I am in rather a bad condition to write, for at 9 1/2 o'clock on Sunday we were ordered to march to Alexandria. We arrived there on Monday forenoon at about 10 o'clock, we have not found out our loss in the Regiment as yet; we do not think that it is more than six men to a company. Yesterday afternoon we were ordered to this city; we do not know whether we shall come home or be sent to some other service. The Woburn boys send their respects to their friends, and probably will meet them soon.

Yours truly, T. F. W.

[O. W. Rogers, mentioned above by our correspondent as being most likely taken prisoner, has been heard from and is safe.]

CARE OF THE SOLDIERS.—A correspondent of the Gloucester Telegraph, having a son in the 17th Regiment, encamped at Lynfield, hearing complaints as to rations, visited his son to learn the facts. He spent a day and night in camp and says:

The empty hospital, the well ordered tents, the well stocked commissary, in which lay huge tubs of nice corned beef, (not salt junk), rumps steaks on ice, fat bacon, piles of white loaves of the best quality, nice hard bread, pure coffee and tea, beans and peas, and vegetables of every description, testified to the good living and satisfied condition of the troops. I took breakfast, dinner and supper with them, in which were furnished not only good and substantial meals, but also all the little things which garnish and eke out the table and the appetite. Everything about the camp appears well regulated,—well conducted, and the 17th Regiment promises to begin its usefulness early, by exhibiting exemplary conduct and inviting situations.

These are the rations furnished by the Commissary General to all the encampments.

Hood, on being shown a portrait of himself, very unlike the original, said the artist had perpetrated a false Hood.

A Sabbath in a Rebel Camp.

We spent last Sabbath at Camp Trousdale, about forty miles from Nashville, and within two miles of the Nashville and Louisville railroad. The former camp, immediately on the road, lacked water, and two weeks ago the troops were removed to their present location, where much water is, and of the very best kind. For shading trees, undulating ground, and cool springs, there could hardly be a more eligible encampment. It is within two miles of the Kentucky line, and has 5000 soldiers.

At half-past nine the drum call gathered our congregation in Col. Battle's regiment. Rev. J. A. Edmondson has lately been elected their chaplain, from the ranks. We had a respectful hearing for the sermon, reverent attention in prayer, and were assisted by some good voices in singing. About the same hour Brother Armstrong, Chaplain of Col. Hutton's regiment, Brother Crisman, of Col. Newman's, Brother Tucker, of Col. Fulton's, Brother Poindexter, of Col. Savage's, were conducting Divine service. At five o'clock in the afternoon we conducted a brief religious service for Col. Palmer's regiment. This regiment held an election last Thursday, and has secured an excellent chaplain, Rev. J. H. Richie, of the Tennessee Conference. Brother Richie went through the Mexican campaign, in the ranks.

After dinner, in company with Brother Armstrong, we went through the hospital located in his region. The sick list—nearly as pretty large in some of the regiments, but the sick are well cared for, and there never was a better time and place for soldiers to take their camp acclimation.

The readers of the *Advocate* will be pleased to learn that the Sabbath day is observed in camp. There is no drilling; which here is real hard work six days in the week. The universal good order was not only gratifying, but astonishing; the whole day's scene agreeably belied our conceptions of camp life.

We saw no dram-drinking or card-playing; heard no profanity. Ladies might be seen visiting friends and relatives, and they can do so with perfect safety; for last week a soldier was put under guard for six days for kissing his hand at a lady unknown to him! The fact is, our volunteer armies are made up of gentlemen. If the Lincoln Cabinet could visit our camps, and witness the stuff our men are made of, and take one day's impression of their physical and moral stamina, we believe the last hope of subjugating such a people would die out of them.

We learn with pleasure that a state of religious feeling pervades the Southern army. In Col. Battle's regiment, now in Virginia, there are many Christians, among them Capt. Henry, a local preacher of the Methodist Church, from Sumner county. Capt. Henry has regular prayer-meeting among the soldiers. When present he leads, but when absent some of the young men conduct the services. The interest we understand in these meetings is constantly increasing.

Much good will be accomplished, and young men who have gone into the field bearing the name of Christ will come back with their Christian armor bright. There is a Christian Association in Camp Cheatham, Tenn., who hold prayer meetings at stated times, and exercise an excellent influence. Rev. W. H. Browning, who spent last Sabbath at this camp, makes a very favorable report of its condition.

At Sparta, Georgia, I heard Bishop Pierce make one of the most eloquent and thrilling addresses to a vast crowd of soldiers and people, on fast-day after a sermon. He said, "Did I know a man here who would refuse to subscribe cotton or money to carry on this war of defence while it lasts. I would never shake his hand, nor darken his doors with my presence." The Bishop's only son, just married, an accomplished Christian, has volunteered as a private, the Bishop himself subscribes one-half his crop to the Confederacy.—*Cor. Nashville Christian Advocate.*

The following debate took place in the House of Representatives on Wednesday last. We cannot conceive how Mr. Richardson justifies himself for repeating a private conversation, especially one so important as that related below, and as it has gone the rounds of the daily press, we give it to our readers, leaving them to judge whether or not it would be better to have the meetings of the President and Gen. Scott more secret, or admit a correspondent of the New York Herald.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The debate in the House to-day between Messrs. Burnett of Kentucky, Richardson of Illinois, Blair of Missouri, and Stevens of Pennsylvania, was highly exciting and interesting. Mr. Richardson concluded his speech as follows:—"I repeat that Gen. Scott has been forced to fight this battle. I will tell the gentleman what occurred yesterday morning. My colleagues, Messrs. Logan and Washburne and myself were present with the President, the Secretary of War, and Gen. Scott. In the course of our conversation Gen. Scott remarked, 'I am the biggest coward in the world.' I rose from my seat. 'Stay,' said Gen. Scott, 'I will prove it. I have fought the battle against my judgment, and I think the President ought to remove me to-day for doing it.' 'As God is my judge,' he added, after an interval of silence, 'I did all in my power to make the army efficient, and I deserve removal because I did not stand up when I could and did not.' I stand here to vindicate Gen. Scott. I am indebted to the gentleman from Missouri for the compliment he paid me. I desire to say for myself that I stand here the last of a generation, my father and grandfather having fallen beneath the flag of their country. I too have fought under its folds at home and abroad, and, God willing, I will stand to the end of my life defending it against all foes."

Mr. Washburne—As my colleague has referred to Gen. Scott's remarks, he might allude to what the President said.

Mr. Richardson—I will do so. "Your conversation implies," said the President to Gen. Scott, "that I forced you to battle." To which Gen. Scott replied, "I have never served under a President who has been kinder to me than you have been." But Gen. Scott did not relieve the President from the fact of the latter having forced him to fight the battle. Gen. Scott thus paid a compliment to the President personally. I desire to say of the President that I have known him from boyhood. If you let him alone he is an honest man. (Laughter.) But I am afraid he was not the firmness to stand up against the politicians around him.

LETTER-WRITING SOLDIERS.—The letter-writing habits of the soldiers show the spirit animating the North in the present contest. There are no such exhibitions of calligraphy

in the rebel army. There are daily sent forth from the various camps letters of all kinds—business documents, tender missives from lovers to the girl he left behind him, the dutiful letter from son to fond mother, pages of affection from husband to wife, all showing the true heart and strong mind. Who can doubt that such men will be victorious? And who can doubt that after the war the schoolmaster will go broad over the South, diffusing intelligence, to be followed by enterprise and prosperity, and love for the Union?

GENERAL SCOTT.—As an evidence of the presence of Gen. Scott, "Occasional" of the Philadelphia Press, says:—

I need only recall the fact, that for many weeks past, those most urgent for our advance upon Virginia complained bitterly of his plan of fortifying the heights near and around Washington as a useless expenditure of time and money, and yet we now find that this very precaution has saved the capital from capture! If his directing genius had been left unfettered, there would have been no rash advance upon Manassas, and therefore no such catastrophe as we now mourn over.

A leading statesman, who called upon him some days ago, and advised a speedy attack, was answered by the old man in these words: "I am older than you, and your younger blood may be right; but my maturer judgment is against any precipitate action."

Gen. Scott never was more confident than he is at this moment. He things that we have won a victory, all things considered; and if left to himself, I have no doubt, as discipline and dispose of our forces, as to reflect new lustre upon his own name and upon the flag of our country.

COL. B. GROTON INFANTRY.—We find the following paragraph in the *Marlboro' Journal*, communicated by its Framingham correspondent:—

"Who would have thought that a little striped piece of bunting which I saw C. C. Esty, Esq., present to Captain Clark of the Groton Company, at the Depot at South Framingham, as they started for Washington, on the memorable week when we woke and found ourselves a nation of Heroes, should be born along as the colors of the gallant Sixth Regiment, through the pandemonium of Baltimore's bloody street; floated in the Senate Chamber in our nation's city, by the first host of her loyal sons, which rushed to her rescue; taken back, in that memorable march to the 'Relay House,' and finally planted on Federal Hill in Baltimore, on that proud day, when a wicked city came back to her senses, her repentance learned in the school of dire necessity."

But so it is; and we are proud of it—but there is no polysyllabic big enough to express our admiration of the noble Groton boys and their noble Commander, who writes us, that the flag shall come back to us again, in one year or ten; rent, tattered, striped and torn; bathed in blood it may be, but back it shall come, if one man of the Groton Company lives to bring it; and in the free loyal air of its old home, shall flaunt defiantly to treason, without one spot or stain of dishonor on its fold.

God bless and preserve every soul of them in their perilous duty."

RUSSELL'S LETTERS.—Dr. Russell writes to the London Times under date of June 20, as follows:—

Savage Practices of the Rebels. Next day being Sunday I remained at rest in the house of a friend listening to local stories—not *couleur de rose*, but of a deeper tint—blood-red—how such a man shot another, and afterwards stabbed by a third; how this fellow and his friends hunted down in broad day and murdered one obnoxious to them—told after tale such as I have heard through the South and seen daily narratives of in the papers. Accidents! No security for life! Property is quite safe. Its proprietor is in imminent danger, were it only from bullets when he turns a corner. The "bar," the "drink," the savage practice of walking about with pistol and poniard—ungovernable passions, ungoverned because there is no law to punish the deeds to which they lead—these are the causes of acts which would not be tolerated in the worst days of Corsican *rescades*, and which must be put down, or the countries in which they are unpunished will become as barbarous as jungles of wild beasts.

"At once Savage and Childish." Among our passengers were gentlemen from Texas going to Richmond to offer service to Mr. Davis. They declared the feeling in their State was almost without exception in favor

THE LATE GEN. GARNETT.—Gen. Garnett was killed by an Indian soldier in a regular battle, fought July 14th, between his army and that of Gen. McClellan, eight miles from St. George.

Gen. Robert S. Garnett, whose death is recorded in our war news this morning, was not the Congressman, but a brother, and was a graduate of West Point, and entered the army in the usual course. After graduating with honors, his first commission was filled for a brief second lieutenant in the 4th artillery, and bore date the 1st of July, 1841. He was, therefore, twenty years an officer, nineteen years of which saw him an honorable soldier, serving under his country's flag. He was brevetted in 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the Mexican war, and rose to the full rank of a major on the 27th of March, 1855; this was his position when he resigned. Major Garnett was a Virginian, and personally, bore a good character. It is believed he sought death in preference to the disgrace which was otherwise his portion. He was not happy of late years, having lost his wife and child.

SOUTH READING.

So many of our young men have left town for the Camp and the battle-field, that a feeling of loneliness comes over those who remain at home. The Post Office is not now thronged as it used to be, though probably the mails are as large as formerly. There is a time, however, when a deep interest is manifested in the contents of the mails, as was the case on Monday afternoon and some days subsequently. The letters were opened with trembling, and the papers eagerly read, though none could be obtained a few moments after their arrival unless previously engaged. The news on Monday P. M., cast a deep gloom over the village, and although the reports the next morning lessened the probability of the fall of forts in battle with this vicinity, there was a dreadful uncertainty in the matter, which caused the greatest anxiety for days until relieved by dispatches from Washington through the kindness of the Hon. D. W. Gooch, whose attention had been secured in behalf of the Richardson Light Guard. Some of the letters received on Wednesday afternoon bore a strong smell of the battle-field, inasmuch as the writers had just emerged from the fight. Two of the company were reported as wounded; Joseph S. Ruston of this place, and Mr. Griggs of Reading, the former by a ball through the hand, and the latter in the elbow. Three were missing, but were expected to come in, but until they do, the keenest fears will be entertained.

The reader will please remember that the item in the South Reading department of last week, referring to the arrangements for the reception of the Richardson Light Guard, over the signature of "M.," did not come under personal notice of "M.," but was furnished by a friend, who, it being late in the week was requested by the regular correspondent to forward it direct to the Journal. This explanation is made lest it might be thought that "M." was desirous of bringing his own position and services into notice. No harm intended.

The public schools will close this week for a vacation of five weeks.

The following composition is from a little girl in one of the South Reading schools:—

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.—I suppose most of my young friends and schoolmates are happy to think that this is the close of school for a short time, and are looking forward to vacation days with much pleasure. I hope we may all enjoy ourselves as much as we anticipate. I think all my schoolmates will join me in saying that this is the best vacation they ever had as well as ourselves. I am sure I should feel very bad if school were to close for a long time, although some children are delighted with the idea of leaving school and have no desire to return. But our vacation will soon pass, and I hope we will all meet here again at the commencement of the next term with a determination to get our lessons and obey the rules of school. And let us remember that our school days will close, and we must all separate, then let us improve our present opportunities and do the best we can."

STONEHAM.

During the continued excitement caused by the hostile array of conflicting armies at a time when everything smacks of gunpowder, and martial prowess, it is quite refreshing to occasionally turn one's attention to an entertainment of a less warlike nature, and from the military laurels of the victorious conqueror to behold the results of the successful teacher Thursday and Friday of last week were characterized by the examination and exhibition of our High School, and the graduation of the Senior class, under the auspices of Mr. Brown, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and Miss Nelson, two most accomplished teachers. Two years ago, when the school was deprived of Mr. Jocelyn, it seemed to have met with an irreparable loss, but fortunately, just the man was found to take his place, and whatever disadvantages may have been labored under during the past two years, the teachers must at length feel highly gratified with the results of their marked success. The graduating class of young ladies consisted of Misses Nichols, Hay, Smiley, Dean, and Allen, who, upon Thursday, underwent a critical examination and upon Friday, entertained a large audience with original essays, compositions, poems, &c. in which were evinced much originality of thought, sparkling wit, and versatility of language, and in every exercise they manifested "ut in ceteris elegantissime docet sint." The poem upon Willie, the much lamented youthful hero of the 5th Regiment, was quite affecting. Regretting that more young men do not avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the High School, and thus obtain a finished education, we yet indulge the hope that ere the lapse of many years, under the charge of such effective teachers as are the present ones, it will be the means of revolutionizing the educational attainments of our whole town.

(A report of the examination of the High School was in type when our correspondent's kind favor came to hand.)

ANDREW J. MORSE,
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40 Congress Street, Boston.
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WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

REMOVALS.—Mr. Charles C. Heywood the Representative to the last Legislature from this town, and who was so unfortunate in losing his pocket-book containing two thousand dollars a short time since, which he has not recovered, has with his family removed to Gardner in this State where the company of which he is the agent, carries on its business of manufacturing chairs. The pleasantly located house occupied by him, has been taken by Capt. William Prince who is attached to the regular army. Capt. Prince is a brother of Hon. F. O. Prince and at the time of the breaking out of the war was stationed in Texas, and was called upon with his command to surrender to a large force of the rebels in that section. They refused, and planting the stars and stripes upon their cannon, gallantly retreated and by a forced march over a long distance, succeeded in reaching Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. Since he has been at this last named place, we have had through the papers an account of his visit to one of the large towns in Missouri, which was under the control of the secessionists, his attacking the rebels, and compelling them to surrender. His brother has been on, and brought his family to this place. Asa Fletcher has let his house and furniture for two months to Charles W. Slack, Esq. of Boston, who is well and favorably known as a true blue Republican and consistent Temperance man, and who has been quite prominently before the public as a public speaker, and in various positions of honor and trust which he has occupied. He has recently been appointed assistant Cashier in the Boston Custom House, and it is to be hoped that his temporary sojourn among us, may lead to his permanent residence here. Mrs. Shattuck, wife of the late Lieut. B. F. Shattuck, U. S. N., with her family have returned to their former residence on Forest Street which they vacated shortly after the decease of her husband, and which has been unoccupied and for sale for some time. There are a larger number of persons than usual from the city, boarding through the summer months in this locality.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Robinson, Pastor of the Congregational Society is taking his usual summer vacation. Last Sabbath, Rev. I. P. Warren, of the American Tract Society, Boston, preached at that church all day.

WAR ITEMS.—Alfred Ansgore has enlisted in Company E from South Reading now attached to the 16th Regiment at Camp Cameron. The regiment is nearly full, and those who join are mustered at once into the service.

Excelsior.

Died.
SCOTT.—In Woburn, 33d inst., Mr. Thomas Scott, aged 75 years.

FOR SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION.
WILL be sold, on TUESDAY, July 30th, at 5 o'clock, P. M., on the premises adjoining the Old Congregational Meeting House—One building, 12x30 feet, 11 stories high, with a little exposure can be altered into a tenement suitable for a small family. Also, one building, 12x15 feet, fitted up for a hen house, but will make a good wood shed or other outbuilding. Both roofs are shingled and in good condition. For further information apply to J. E. Littlefield, by order of E. H. Patterson and others.

WILLIAM WINS, Auctioneer.
Woburn, July 26th, 1861.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE AND VARIED

SUPPLY OF

SPRING PATTERNS

—OF—

ROOM PAPER!!

CONSISTING IN PART OF—

Oak and Oak Striped, Satin, Pearl and Ground Papers.

ENTRY PAPER & BORDERING

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Curtains and Curtain Paper.

PRICE—From 6 Cts. to \$1.50 per roll

THIS is the largest and choicest lot of Papers ever offered in this town—containing 100 different styles.

Patrons are invited to call and examine samples at the

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Woburn, May 25, 1861.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned grateful to his many

Patrons and friends in Woburn and vicinity for past favors, takes this opportunity to announce his intention of pursuing his present business, strictly on the

CASH SYSTEM!

Our goods will be sold at prices that will make it an object for every one to purchase for cash.

J. W. HAMMOND,

Lycium Building, Woburn.

June 23rd

BARGAINS!

BOOTS AND SHOES will be sold for a few weeks at very low rates. Prices range as follows:

Gents Boots from \$2.75 to 4.00.

Shoes " 1.00 " 2.50.

Ladies " 40 " 1.50.

Misses " 30 " 1.00.

Boys " 50 " 1.25.

Children's " 25 " .75.

Also, just received, Two cases fine French Calf Gents' Boots, at A. ROUNDEY'S.

Woburn, May 25, 1861.

AUGUST MAGAZINES &C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PETER'S LADIES' NATIONAL.

HARPER'S.

LADIES' AMERICAN.

BALLOUS.

BANK NOTE REPORTERS.

RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.

have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

ASTHMA.

For the Instant Relief

and Permanent Cure of the

distressing complaint

use

FENDT'S

BRONCHIAL CIGARETTES.

Made by C. B. SEYMOUR & Co., 456 Broadway, New York.

Price, 81 per box, sent free by post.

For sale by all Druggists.

No. 6 John Street, New York.

To Consumptives.

THE Subscriber will cheerfully send (free of charge) to all who desire it, the copy of a

SINGULAR HISTORY by which he was cured of that

distressing Consumption.

Sufferers with CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any lung affection, he sincerely hopes will try this Recipe, well satisfied if they do so they will be more than satisfied with the result.

Thankful for his own complete restoration, he is anxious to place in the hands of every sufferer the means of cure. Those wishing the recipe with full directions, &c., will please call on or address

Rev. W. M. S. ALLEN,

No. 6 John Street, New York.

Diaries for 1861!

ALL styles of Diaries for 1861, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

IMPORTANT SALE OF DRY GOODS!

The stock and store of

Messrs. Daniel & Co., Summer St.,

WASHINGTON STREET who have removed their line of business. This fine stock of

DRY GOODS,

well known to be the most reliable in the city is now being offered at a very large reduction from cost.

7 and 9 Summer Street,

BOSTON.

Boston July 6—31.

MIDDLESEX

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE annual report of the Directors shows the condition of the Company June 1st, 1861.

Condition at risk.....\$5,940,730.00

Amount insured last year.....1,496,616.00

Deposits last year.....291,829.00

Cash Assets.....56,556.04

Losses paid last year.....63,098.38

Dividends paid last year.....52,366.92

At the annual meeting of the Company, held June 10th, 1861, the following named persons were chosen Directors for the ensuing year:

Daniel Shattuck, President; Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Steadman Buttrick, George Heywood, Concord; Abiah Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; John Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton; Charles Tower, Stow.

The losses during the last year have been larger than for several years past. The amount at risk and the cash assets have been increased.

Daniel Shattuck, President; Daniel Shattuck, Nathan Brooks, Steadman Buttrick, George Heywood, Concord; Abiah Thompson, Woburn; James Russell, West Cambridge; John Adams, Lowell; George W. Bacon, Newton; Charles Tower, Stow.

Harnessed of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices.

Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 20.

MILLINERY GOODS!!

No. 9 Wade Block, Woburn.

COMPRISING

BONNETS OF DIFFERENT KINDS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, and all articles used in Millinery. Also,

Dress Making attended to, WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Mrs. Field expresses her thanks to the ladies of Woburn and vicinity, for their patronage, and assures them that she will endeavor to secure a continuance of the same.

April 19—11

MRS. C. F. PORTER,

HAS taken the Store formerly occupied by MR. ALVAH BUCKMAN, and would invite the

Ladies of Woburn, and vicinity, to call and examine her stock of

MILLINERY.

Woburn, May 4th, 1861—3m

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT BUSINESS.

THE Subscriber is established at Winchester, at the shop formerly occupied by Moses Hammond, and respectfully solicits the patronage of persons having work to be done in the above lines.

NEW and second-hand wagons and horse carts for sale.

GEORGE ALLEN, Jr.
Winchester, Sept. 1.

NOTICE.

PICKERING & CO., intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufactory one door North of G. W. ALLEN'S Furniture and Violin Store, Main Street, Woburn.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made at short notice, and in the most perfect manner.

STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES for Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner.

P. PICKERING, J. F. PICKERING, Jr.
Woburn, Nov. 17, 1860.

Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.

THIS Bank pays interest on all sums from one dollar to one thousand dollars. Regular dividends five per cent. Extra dividends every fifth year. Interest is paid weekly on all deposits.

Bank hours every Saturday from 9 to 4 o'clock, in City Bank Rooms West Lynn, near City Common. Depositors from other towns than Lynn, can deposit every day from 9 to 12 and from 1 to 3.

B. V. FRENCH, Treasurer.
Dec. 8, 1860—17.

MANSFIELD'S BARILLA SOAP.

WILL REMOVE

Paint, Pitch, Tar, and Grease from Clothing, also, Grease from Coat Collars, and Oil from Carpeting.

Sold at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, and by most of the Druggists and Grocers in Woburn. It may be had at wholesale of

MANSFIELD & FESSenden,

145 Haver Street, Boston.

An Important Fact!

It is a fact, none will dispute.

Each day does its work clearly.

The fact is, however, that they're "cute," "Pay for the whistle" clearly!

Sometimes they come in Town to buy a handsome suit of "CLOTHING."

They find it all right, and high.

They think of it with longing.

Hereafter, to avoid mistake—

Just listen to my ditty—

When'er this way you tracks you make,

Go further down the road.

In Old Dock Square you'll always find Good Clothing cheap and plenty—

You cannot buy so much to your mind Elsewhere,—one time in twenty.

At 29 and 39 cent.

To all our kind friends is—

There MOISE will "SUIT" you, one and all, AT VERY LOWEST PRICES. 28—3m.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL FOR \$30.

CALLING AT CORK.

THE FIRST-CLASS Iron Screw Steamships will sail as follows from New York every Saturday:

Passage from Boston to Cork, or Liverpool—Cabin \$75. Third Class, \$30. Third Class, from Liverpool, \$40. Third Class, from Cork to New York, \$30. Third Class, from New York to Liverpool, \$32.50.

For passage apply to THAYER & WARREN, Agents, 59 State Street and Constitution Wharf, Boston, or to J. G. DALE, 15 Broadway, New York.

Remittances—Eight Dollars of Exchange for 100 and upwards payable at any bank in Great Britain or Ireland, always for sale by THAYER & WARREN.

JOSIAH HOVEY,

DEALER IN

Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,

School Books, Stationery,

Fancy Goods, &c.

LYCEUM HALL, WINCHESTER.

Great care will be used in the selection of pure and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other will be kept.

June 7

HOUSE AND LAND FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, in Woburn, a TWO-STORY HOUSE, situated on Vernon

Place, leading from Railroad street, containing eight rooms. There is a good well of water on the premises, and about half an acre of land with thirty good fruit trees. Terms favorable.

Apply to ISAIAH BOWMAN, on the premises.

Woburn, June 6th, 1861—11.

T FARMERS, 80,000 BARRELS

FERTILIZER, made by Jodi Manufacturing Co., for sale in lots to suit purchasers. This is the CHEAPEST FERTILIZER in market. 40 worth will assure an acre of corn, will increase the crop from one third to one-half, and will ripen the crop two weeks earlier. A pamphlet, with satisfactory evidence and full particulars will be sent gratis to any one sending address to

LODI MANUFACTURING CO., 145 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

Boston Feb. 7th—3m.

BOSTON ANLOWELL and Nashua and Leff Rail Road.

SUMMER ARRIVEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 6th, 1861, TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON FOR

Upper Railroad, 7.20 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

Wilton, Milford, Danforth, &c., 8.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

North Cambridge, 7.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

Groton Junction, 7.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

Lowell, Central, 8.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

North Billerica, Billerica & Newbury, Wilmington, 7.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

North Billerica, Newbury, 8.30 a. m. 6.30 p. m.

Woburn Centre, 7.00, 11.30, 5.30, 5.15, 6.30, 9.30 p. m.

Winchester and West Medford, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, 3.30, 3.50, 5.40, 6.30, 9.30 p. m.

Saturdays at 10 p. m. for West Medford.

Mondays at 11.30 p. m. for West Medford, Nashua and West Stations.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

WILSON at 6.15, 11.00 a. m. 3.30 p. m.

North Cambridge, 6.30, 11.00, 4.03 p. m.

North Cambridge, 6.30, 11.00, 4.03 p. m.

Nashua at 7.00, 11.30,

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stancham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 44.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

"Love Me Little, Love Me Long."

A SERMON FOR SOMEBODY.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Daily do I sing this song;
Duties do I make and cheer
That to calm your passing fear,
That its warmth may glow forever:
"Tis the burden of my song."
"Love me little, love me long."
"Love me little, love me long,"
Be not like the foolish throng,
Who on altars of this fashion,
Burn their hearts out in one passion,
Leaving life all drear and solemn—
Oh, be wiser than the throng!
"Love me little, love me long."
"Love me little, love me long,"
There will be no bitter wrong—
No wild dream—no sudden waking—
No adoring, and forsaking—
No word breaking—no heart-aching;
No more cruel, thoughtless wrong—
"Love me little, love me long."
"Love me little, love me long,"
With a tender love and strong;
Love me fondly, love me truly,
Love me dearly, love me duly,
Love me well, but—love me coolly!
So our faith shall then stand strong—
"Love me little, love me long."

—Home Journal.

Select Literature.

VISION OF CHARLES XI.

BY PROSPER MERMEUR.

We are apt to jest, nowadays, about visions and supernatural appearances; some, however, are so well attested; that if we refuse to give them credence, we must, to be consistent, reject the great mass of historical testimony. A declaration, drawn up in due form, and having affixed the signatures of four trustworthy witnesses, is the guarantee of the authenticity of the incident I am about to narrate. I may add that the prophecy contained in that declaration was known and quoted long before the occurrences of our own days could have seemed to furnish a fulfillment.

Charles XI.—the father of the famous Charles XII.—was one of the most despotic monarchs, but one of the wisest, that Sweden has ever possessed. He reduced the excessive privileges of the nobility, abolishing the power of the parliament, and made laws by his own authority—in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, which, before his time, had been oligarchical, and compelled the estates to invest him with absolute power. He was, moreover, a well-informed man, brave, strongly attached to the Lutheran religion, of an unbending, cool, matter-of-fact character, devoid of imagination.

He had just lost his wife, Ulrica Eleonora. Although his harshness toward that princess had, it was said, hastened her end, yet he highly esteemed her, and seemed more affected by her death than might have been expected from so cold a nature as his. After that event he became yet more gloomy and taciturn than before, and gave himself up to business with a closeness of application which showed a pressing necessity to drive away painful thoughts.

At the close of an autumn evening, he was seated, in dress-gown and slippers, before a large fire, which had been lighted in his cabinet, in the palace at Stockholm. There were with him his chamberlain, Count Brahe, who stood high in his favor, and the physician, Baumgarten, who, it may be said in passing, was a professed freethinker, and seemed to have doubts of everything except the science of medicine. That evening he had been summoned to give advice about some trifling indisposition.

The evening was drawing to a close, and the king contrary to his custom, did not indicate, by saying "Good-night," that it was time for them to retire. With his head bowed, and his eyes fixed upon the blaze, he remained in deep silence, tired of his company, but dreading, he knew not why, to be left alone.

Count Brahe saw, well enough, that his presence was not particularly agreeable, and several times intimated a fear lest his Majesty needed rest; but a sign from the king kept him in his place.

The physician, in his turn, spoke of the injurious effect produced by late hours upon health; but Charles replied, between his teeth:

"Stay here; I do not want sleep yet." Various subjects of conversation were started, which all dropped through at the second or third sentence. It was clear that his Majesty was in one of his moody humors, and under such circumstances, the position of a courtier is one of much delicacy.

Count Brahe, suspecting that the gloominess of the king proceeded from his sorrow for the loss of his wife, looked fixedly for some time at the portrait of the queen, hanging in the cabinet, and exclaimed, with a heavy sigh:

"How like that portrait is! Just see that expression, at once so majestic and so sweet." "Bah!" said the king, roughly, who fancied he had a reproach every time the queen's name was spoken in his presence, "that portrait is too flattering! The queen was plain."

Then, inwardly angry at his own severity, he started up, and walked up and down in the room, to hide an emotion of which he was ashamed. He stopped before the window that opened on the court. The night was dark, and the moon in her first quarter. The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside, was not yet completed, and Charles XI, who had commenced it, occupied at that time the old palace, situated at the point of the Rittenholm which faces Lake Malar. It

is a large building, in shape like a horseshoe. The cabinet of the king was in one of the extremities, and almost opposite was the grand hall, where the estates met when about to receive some communication from the throne. The windows of this hall seemed, at this moment, brilliantly lighted. This appeared strange to the king. He thought, at first, that the glare was produced by the lamp of some servant. But what could any one be doing at that hour in a hall that for a long time had not been opened? Besides, the light was too brilliant to come from a single lamp. He would have thought there was a fire, but no smoke was to be seen, the windows were not broken, and no noise was audible. It seemed in all respects more like an illumination.

Charles gazed at those windows for some time without speaking. Meanwhile Count Brahe, reaching to the bell-cord, was about to summon a page to send and ascertain the cause of the strange light, but the king stopped him.

"I will go into that hall," said he. As he uttered these words he grew pale, and his features showed a sort of superstitious terror. However, he went out with a steady step; the chamberlain and physician followed him, each carrying a lighted candle.

The porter who had charge of the keys was already in bed. Baumgarten went to call him, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open immediately the doors of the State Hall. The man's surprise was great at the unexpected order; he dressed in haste and joined the king with his bunch of keys. He opened first the door of a gallery, which served as an ante-chamber, or private entrance, to the hall of assembly.

The king entered; but what was his astonishment to behold the walls completely hung with black.

"Who gave orders to have this hall draped in this manner?" asked he, angrily. "Sir, no one that I know of," replied the porter, much disturbed; "and the last time I saw the gallery swept out, the oak paneling was as it always has been. Certainly, those hangings could not come from your majesty's furniture room."

The king, walking with a quick step, had already passed over two-thirds of the gallery. The count and the porter followed him close. The physician, Baumgarten, was a little behind, behind the door of the fear of remaining alone, and that of risking the consequences of an adventure which was assuming a very strange appearance.

"Go no farther, sir!" exclaimed the porter. "On my soul, there is sorcery within. At this hour, and since the death of the queen, your gracious lady, they say that she walks in this gallery. God keep us from harm."

"Stop, sir!" cried the count, on his side. "Do you not hear the noise coming from the state hall? Who knows to what dangers your majesty is exposing yourself?"

"Sir," said Baumgarten, whose candle a gust of wind had just extinguished, "let me, at least, go after a score of your halberdiers." "Come in," said the king, in a firm voice, stopping before the door of the great hall, "and you, porter, open this door quickly."

He struck it with his foot, and the noise repeated by the echo of the arches, sounded against the wall, without his being able to make it enter the keyhole.

"An old soldier trembling!" said Charles, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, count, open this door for us."

"Sir," replied the count, recoiling a few steps, "if your majesty orders me to march up to the mouth of a Danish or German battery, I will obey without hesitation; but you wish me to brave the powers of hell."

The king snatched the key from the porter's hands.

"I see," said he, contemptuously, "that I must manage this alone." And before those around could prevent him, he had opened the heavy oak door and entered the great hall, pronouncing these words: "With the aid of God!"

The three acolytes, urged on by curiosity stronger than their fear, and, perhaps, ashamed to abandon their king, entered with him.

The great hall was illuminated by an infinite number of torches. A black drapery had replaced the ancient figured tapestry. Along the walls appeared, in regular order, as usual, German, Danish, and Russian flags, the trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the midst were to be seen some Swedish banners, covered with funeral crepe.

An immense assembly covered the benches. The four orders of the estates* were seated, each in its own tier. All were dressed in black, and this multitude of human faces, very bright against the dark background, so dazzled the sight, that of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene, no one could discover in that crowd a single well-known figure. So an actor, face to face with a large audience, sees only a confused mass when his eyes cannot distinguish anybody.

On the elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, they beheld a bleeding corpse, clad in the insignia of royalty. At its right stood a child, with a crown on its head, and holding a sceptre in its hand; at the left an aged man, or, rather, another phantom, leaning against the throne. He was clothed in the state mantle which the ancient administrators of Sweden wore before Vasa formed it into a kingdom. In front of the throne several persons of grave and solemn demeanor, and who appeared to be judges, were seated before a table, on which were seen several large folio volumes and some parchments. Between the throne and the assembly-benches, there was a block of wood, covered with black crepe, and near by lay an axe.

No one in this supernatural assembly showed any sign of perceiving the presence of Charles and the three persons that accompanied him. On their entering they heard at

*The nobility, the clergy, the burghers, and the peasants.

My Mother's Grave.

In kneeling, mother, by thy grave,
That spot so dear, so low;
I see thee as I saw thee last,
Not many years ago.
Imagination paints thy face,
With features calm and mild,
And lips half closed as if in prayer,
For blessings on thy child.

'Tis now almost five years ago,
Since earth closed o'er thy head;
I often wish me by thy side,
And numbered with the dead;
For I am alone and friendless now,
Mine is an orphan's doom;
There is no place for me on earth,
No rest but in the tomb.

I'm kneeling, mother, by thy grave,
The flowers are bright and fair,
The breeze is gently waving, too,
The tall grass growing there;
The birds are singing their sweet song
On every bush and tree,
And mother, all seem happy now,
Al! happy are but me.

I wish that thou wert here again
And I were by thy side;
For none has deigned to care for me,
Since thou, dear mother, died.
But now, farewell, my mother dear,
I soon shall come to thee;
I soon shall leave all trouble here,
From sorrow soon be free.

The Ice Voyage.

"Joy! joy! Hurrah, mother! You shall have fine and good things to eat, besides a nice warm dress and stout shoes now!" shouted a chubby, blue-eyed boy, of it may be twelve years, clad in the humble garb of poverty, flinging wide open the door and bounding into a small comfortable apartment on the third floor of a dingy looking old wooden building near the canal in the then village of Cleveland, Ohio. "Come, hurrah, mother, put away that slave work and go and get you a nice good dinner right off," continued the little fellow, approaching a pale, delicate woman scantily clad in a thin dress, her face pinched with hunger, and her hands even then blue with cold.

"Why, what do you mean, my child?" said the woman looking up from her work. "Do you know I have no money to buy anything to eat, and I must finish this vest before I can get even a stick of wood for our fire, which is almost out!"

"Nonsense, mother! let the old vest go to some poor woman that has no stout boy like me to earn money for her. You shall wear this way any longer, mother. Look here!" and the little fellow flung down on the table his two hands full of half dollars, while a crimson smile lit up his handsome face as he beheld his mother's look of wonder.

"Why, Frank! Frank, my son, where have—did you—"

"All right, mother!" interrupted the boy. And down went another handful of bright silver coin. "I'll tell you all about it, mother. You see I went to get my pay of Mr. Denison to-day, for two months' cooking on board the Aurora. Well, he paid me twenty dollars in all these pieces, and then he asked me if I would go for a month in his new schooner for fifteen dollars. I told him I would—and then when he heard me tell how hard you have to work, and how poor and almost sick you are, he gave me ten dollars more, and said you must get another room and stop working so hard; besides he says if I'll stay all winter in the schooner and take care of her, I shall have twelve dollars every month, to be paid weekly to you. So, hurrah, mother, we'll have a big fire and a nice dinner, and—well Mr. Denison is a good man, after all, if he is a rich old bach, as that crab-apple old maid, Aunt Hetty Johnson, calls him."

"Heaven bless you, my noble boy!" sobbed out the widow, as she clasped her arms about her child's neck, bowed her head upon his shoulder and wept like a very child herself, for joy—joy, not so much for the timely aid her son had brought her, although her heart was full of thankfulness for that, as for the noble qualities displayed by the brave little fellow in remembering her and bringing home every shilling of his hard earned wages, instead of spending it foolishly, as too many boys of his age would have done.

A month passed away, and again the handsome sailor boy, Frank Merrill stood beside his mother in a comfortably furnished room, in a more respectable part of the town, while the widow, as she gazed proudly on her boy, looked full ten years younger and much happier than she had once only four short weeks previously.

A cheerful blaze was in the grate, everything about the room was neat and eloquent of comfort, and the widow Merrill was really beautiful in her brown merino dress and black gaiters, with her dark brown hair, so like that of Carlo Dolce's St. Cecilia, parted on her classic brow and falling in wavy masses upon her shoulders.

Frank thought his mother very beautiful, and so did another person present. That person was Mr. Joseph Denison, the boy's employer, a bluff, good-natured, money-making bachelor of forty-five, who, at the boy's request accompanied him home.

"Mrs. Merrill," said Mr. Denison, "your son has been in my employ for the past three months and I am so well pleased with his prudence and general good qualities, that, with your permission, I should be pleased to keep him all winter on board one of my vessels, which sails to-morrow for Buffalo. It is so late in the season that she may not be able to return this winter, in which case you can have Frank's wages paid monthly or weekly, in advance, for such is his wish, and should you need anything further your order on me will be honored always."

The widow could only murmur her thanks and invoke God's blessing on the kind-hearted stranger whom she had never seen before, and who, bidding her good night, left her alone with her darling boy. On the following day the schooner Western Trader left Cleveland with a full cargo of oats and corn, bound for Buffalo. That very night there came on a cold Northeast snowstorm, which finally closed the navigation of Lake Erie for the winter.

A whole month passed without any news

from the schooner, and then when every body had given her up for lost, her captain and crew came back to Cleveland with the report that she was frozen fast in the ice some thirty miles to the Eastward, and full half that distance from the land. They had left her and escaped to the shore on the ice; but all they could say to induce the boy Frank Merrill to abandon her was of no avail.

"No, I will never leave her," he said. "I promised Mr. Denison to stand by and take care of her through the winter, and will if I live."

"God bless the noble boy!" exclaimed Mr. Denison, as the captain told of the little fellow's fidelity, and the exclamation was echoed back by a dozen men of Cleveland, who happened to be in the office at the time. Within two hours a more efficient commander, with eight fearless fellows who agreed to stay by the vessel till they got her into port somewhere, set out from Cleveland to board her; but when they arrived abroad where she had been frozen in, the ice was broken up to within five miles of the land, and the schooner was gone.

Three weeks passed, and all remained uncertain with regard to the fate of the Western Trader or her brave boy commander, when she was heard from again on the Canada side, some fifty miles to the Westward of her former position. But before relief could be sent to her there came on a violent gale from the Westward, which broke up the ice, and she was borne away down the lake embedded in a field of more than a hundred acres.

Next she was seen off Erie, a hundred miles to the Westward of Buffalo, and they could not even see the boy on her deck; but it was almost night—to board her was impossible, and at day light on the following morning she had disappeared.

As there was only a small stock of provisions on board when she left Cleveland, people wondered how the boy had subsisted all that time, and predicted his death by starvation, provided the schooner should live out the fierce winter gales. Several times, after her appearance off Erie, the Western Trader was seen in various parts of the lake, but always too far off to make out anything about her distinctly, only that there was always a smoke coming out of the funnel to the cabin stove.

At last, one Sunday afternoon in the month of April, about a week after the Western part of the lake was clear of ice, a schooner under just the heat of her foresail, was seen ten miles outside the harbor of Cleveland, and as she came bravely in between the piers, thousands of people on the shore ranged along the wharves recognized her as the trusty Western Trader, and the brave little fellow at her helm as Frank Merrill, the winter rover of the lake, returned in safety from his dreary ice-voyage.

Such a welcome as England would have accorded to Sir John Franklin, had he escaped from the ice-ribbed Arctic prison and returned to his native land, was given by the citizens of Cleveland to the young ice-voyager, Frank Merrill.

People wondered at first how he had subsisted, but when they saw his well conditioned face, his liberal supply of boiled and parched corn, and the way in which he had cut away the schooner's rail, windlass, and the joiner work of her cabin, for fuel, they wondered no longer.

The young commander of the winter cruiser got his twelve dollars a month, besides many a handsome present from those who admired his courage and fidelity, and when the Western Trader was completely repaired, a bill of sale for one-half of her was placed in Mrs. Merrill's hands for her son, by Mr. Joseph Denison.

Long before the summer was over, there was no Mrs. Merrill in Cleveland, and those who directed for her at her former residence, were invited to a beautiful mansion on the bank of the lake some two miles from town, where they were sure to find the rich Mrs. Denison, just as courteous and happy to meet them as even the poor Widow Merrill had been.

Frank Merrill is at the present time one of the most gentlemanly as well as popular steamboat captains on Lake Erie. And one of the noblest traits in his character is that he still loves, respects, and makes his home with his mother; while Mr. Denison he calls father, and loves him quite as well as he could do if he really were his father.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER DYING.—"Bring me my knapsack," said a young soldier, who lay sick in one of the hospitals at Washington. "Bring me my knapsack."

"What do you want of your knapsack?" inquired the head lady of the band of nurses. "I want my knapsack," again said the dying young man.

His knapsack was brought to him, and as he took it his eye beamed with pleasure, and his face was covered all over with a smile, as he brought out from it his hidden treasures. "There," said he, "that is a Bible from my mother, and—Washington's farewell address—is the gift of my father. And this,"—his voice faltered.

The nurse then looked down to see what it was—and there was the face of a beautiful maiden.

"Now," said the dying young soldier, "I want you to put all these under my pillow." She did as she was requested, and the poor young man laid him down on them to die, requesting that they should be sent to his parents when he was gone. Calm and joyful was he in dying. It was only going from night to endless day—from death to eternal glory. So the young soldier died.

Dubbs, the portrait painter, says that everything should be in character. For instance, search warrants should always be printed on "tracing paper," and wedding notices on "foolscap."

"Peter," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of good boys. Come here and sit by me, sir!"

Persian Ladies.

The dress of a Persian female consists of a pair of immensely wide trousers, like a couple of petticoats tacked together, made of silk or cotton, and fastening round the middle by a running string—a very short chemise of gauze, reaching only to the waist—a jacket reaching to the hips, having open sleeves, which may be buttoned close if required—a small skull-cap on the head—and sometimes a handkerchief, thrown over the head, and descending to the shoulders and back. A variety of ornaments are worn, but not in the profusion which Indian women are partial to; these consist of rings, bracelets, and ear-rings of different sorts; and usually an aigrette springing from a band encircling the head. Their hair is arranged in long, side-locks, and long plaited tresses hanging down behind. They paint their eyelids at the edges with a kind of collyrium, made of ore of antimony; and smear the eyebrows with a kind of black paint.

The life led by the Persian ladies is listless and indolent, and to any civilized woman would be insipid to a degree. Their duties consist in the superintendence of household affairs and the attendance to the care of their children; and their amusements consist in visiting their female acquaintances, and receiving their visits in return; witnessing the performance of female dancers, singers, and story-tellers; playing in the gardens of their houses, riding in their *tahltarion* or horse-litters, smoking, or eating sweetmeats. They visit the public baths on certain days of the week when men do not go thither; and perhaps their greatest enjoyment is to meet at these resorts, to bathe together, smoke, and talk scandal.

The eyes of a Persian beauty should be like those of an antelope, large and dark; her eyebrows rather close together and nearly resembling in shape an unburnt bow; her figure should be erect, tall, and stately as the "cypress tree;" for Persians hate a "dumpy woman" as much as Lord Byron did.

Europeans are mistaken in entertaining the general notion that Oriental wives are mere slaves or pieces of furniture; that they are ill-treated by their liege lords; cooped up in prison-like harems, and denied every luxury and enjoyment. On the contrary, the husband is usually very indulgent to his wife; consults and takes her advice on matters of every description; and is not unfrequently completely ruled by her; for, no doubt, the noble arts of henpecking, coaxing, and worrying, are fully as well understood, and as often practised, by ladies in this country, as by their fair sisters in any quarter of the globe. Out of doors the lady enjoys the most unlimited liberty. She may attend the baths and mosques, at times when the men are not there, whenever she pleases; she may go and visit her parents and female acquaintances, staying at their houses for some days if she chooses, without giving her husband any previous warning of her intentions; and she may have her own visitors at home, and entertain them in any way she likes, while her better half cannot interfere or even show himself.

In point of education, women of this country are very far behind those of civilized lands; but it is a mistake to suppose that none of them can read or write, for many can do both. They are mostly terrible intrigantes, and having no small share of evil passions, pride, and ambition, they incite their lords to every kind of mischief, but rarely exert any really beneficial sway over them. That the most creditable and honorable qualities of men are greatly promoted and fostered by the humanizing influence which well-educated women maintain in society—as exemplified in Christian lands—is an argument which a Persian has not learned to comprehend or appreciate.

Waterloo Day after the Slaughter.

Though many a brave spirit fell on Sunday last, the slaughter was not quite equal to that in which Napoleon was deprived of his prestige. We read that on the surface of two square miles at the battle of Waterloo, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying!

The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and ferried over by the cannon, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and penons; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty, and the confusion of the corpses—friend and foe intermingled, as they were—often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and sometimes impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and chasseur were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in countless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Further on you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; and the heavy Norman horses of the imperial guard were interspersed with the gay charger that had carried Athlone's chivalry. Here the Highlander and the Irish lay, side by side, together, and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

"Peter," said a teacher to one of his pupils, "you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of good boys. Come here and sit by me, sir!"

trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore by the frequent rush of cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the imperial guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the guard was traceable to a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the old guard attempted to meet the British and afford time to their disorganized companions to rally.

Cards Spiritualized.

Giving account of Richard Lee, a private soldier, who had been taken before the magistrate of the town of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.

The sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither cards nor common prayer-book; but, pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card, and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said—

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over, the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor.

"Well," says the Mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor common prayer-book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to be able to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

"Very good," said the Mayor. Then spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace, it reminds me there is only one God."

"When I see the deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the tray, it reminds me of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise Virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise, and five were foolish, and were shut out."

"When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the work which he had made, and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives."

"When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine Lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of the ten that never returned thanks."

"When I see the ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone."

"When I see the King, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man."

She brought with her fifty girls and fifty boys, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon told to which were boys, and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"Which is that?" asked the soldier.

"The knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give you your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me to be the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "whether he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find 365—as many days as there are in the year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are 52—the number of weeks there are in the year; and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in the pack, representing the number of months in the year; and on counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So you see, sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer-book."

LARKINESS.—One warm day, a farmer went forth to his mowing lot, where he had hired half a dozen men to cut down the grass. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all lying down under an apple tree.

"Well!" said the indignant farmer, "I'll give an extra half dollar to the latest fellow among ye!"

All jumped to their feet to claim the donation, but one man, who lay still.

"Ah!" said the farmer, "that fellow has won the money."

To which Indulgence replied, "Went you please put it in my pocket."

WHEREAS IT IS—Whereas the man stabbed?" asked an excited lawyer of a witness who happened to possess a little medical knowledge.

"The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply. "Oh, yes, I understand now; but I thought it was near the town hall."

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPEY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

Return of Woburn Volunteers.

The Woburn Volunteers connected with the 6th Regiment reached home on Wednesday. They were received at the Horn Pond Station by the Selectmen, and other officers of the town, many citizens and Engine Companies Nos. 1, 2 and 4, accompanied by the Stoughton Brass Band. The volunteers were escorted through Warren, Pleasant Main, Franklin and Union streets, to the Common, where a stage was erected, upon which they were invited to be seated. The escort of firemen forming a square in front. On the way thither, each of the soldiers was presented with a bouquet at the hands of a few young ladies who at short notice had them arranged and ready. Capt. Grammer, in behalf of the authorities, welcomed the brave men home in a short and neat address. Dr. Stebbins offered up thanks for the safe return of all from the strife and turmoil of battle. Capt. Brastow of Company I, Somerville, was then called upon, and felt gratified at being present at this "Welcome Home." He had expected to see the Phalanx at the seat of war, and regretted very much that that corps did not join them. The humiliation we now labor under, he thought would be wiped out and that better things would come in the end. Capt. Grammer then introduced that gallant soldier, Capt. George L. Prescott of Co. G, Concord. He said he was here to-day to see that his men were returned in as good order as he received them, and felt gratified at the reception he received. Both Capt. Brastow and Prescott were honored in a becoming manner by the audience. Cheers were then given for Woburn Boys now absent in other Companies. Mr. March then made the "Welcome Home" address. It was heart-felt, and worthy of the man. Mr. Brown, was then introduced as the man who delivered the "fighting sermon," which had inspired the men more than anything else before their departure. Mr. Brown was happy in his remarks, and highly pleased his hearers. Lieuts. Wyer and Glynn, and Corporal Warland were then called upon and spoke briefly, being too tired to say much. Two Woburn Boys, Cyrus B. Richardson and Robert Pemberton, who have been wounded, were called out and received the hearty applause of all present. The band then played "Home, Sweet Home," the congregation joining, and the gathering broke up. The Volunteers were sumptuously entertained at dinner by Capt. Winn and the Firemen had a collation in the Town Hall.

In receiving home the Volunteers, Woburn has done her duty, and the men are well worthy of her homage. And we do not believe there is one who would feel afraid to trust the honor of our town in the keeping of such hardy men, as comprised our volunteers in the 6th. Massachusetts is proud of the old 6th, the whole North is proud of it, and Woburn feels gratified that her sons contributed their share toward gaining this honor. Who could look upon the bronzed features of these men, who still had the sharp ring of the rattling musketry and the booming of the wide-mouthed cannon reverberating in their ears, and feel that the honor which they have won is unworthy of being transmitted to future generations?

SUDDEN DEATH.—It is with extreme regret that we record the death of a worthy citizen of Woburn. On Wednesday morning last, James M. Randall, Esq., was taken suddenly ill at his office in Boston with apoplexy. In the afternoon he was removed to his home in this town, where he lingered until 2 o'clock the next day, when he died. Thus suddenly, has a loving wife been bereft of a kind husband and a young family of a tender and affectionate father. The funeral will take place to-day, from the Congregational Church, at 4 o'clock.

TEMPERANCE.—The Sons of Temperance gave an entertainment at Academy Hall, on Tuesday evening. The program consisted of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and ended with the farce entitled "Dying for Love." All who took part in the exercises, acquitted themselves satisfactorily and pleased their audience.

SECURE.—On Monday morning last, Mrs. Nancy Edgerly, destroyed her life in Horn Pond, by drowning. She has been laboring for some time under insanity. As soon as her position was known, her body was recovered and restoratives applied, but life had become extinct.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL recently said in the House of Commons that the ending of the island of Sardinia to the French, would cause a disruption of the alliance existing between Great Britain and France.

A woman has been detected in drawing pay from the New York volunteer fund for three husbands, another for two, others for men not married, while others have been allowed for five, six and seven children, when they had but one, and in some instances none.

PATENT SECURED.—Samuel W. Chamberlain of Stoughton, has received a patent for improved machine for polishing shoe and boot heels.

Mr. Richardson of Illinois is reported at Washington to be heartily ashamed of his ill-considered public report of the conversation heard at the White House last week. The Washington Republican in alluding to the subject, says that Mr. Richardson forgot to mention a conversation he had with the President on the 19th inst. Having witnessed the action at Bull's Run of July 18, and examined the enemy's position with a military eye, Mr. Richardson was so profoundly impressed with the hazards of a second attack, unless preceded by great preparations, in so doing, that he felt it to be his duty to present his views personally to the President, who replied, in substance, that he must leave it to Gen. Scott to determine the time and place of giving battle to the enemy. The President, adds the Republican, we believe, has held no other language from first to last, or upon any occasion.

EXCHANGING PRISONERS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Post writes: It is rumored here that the Government will soon release on parole the rebel prisoners now held in the old Capitol building. This course has been pursued towards all the prisoners taken in Western Virginia. The friends of Federal prisoners now at Manassas and Richmond demand that there be an exchange of prisoners, or at least that there be no further release of the rebel prisoners while Federal soldiers remain at the Richmond jail. But these persons overlook a great difficulty. The Government cannot well make an exchange of prisoners without a recognition of the "belligerent rights" of the so-called Southern Confederacy. This whole question is at this moment causing the most thorough consideration, and the determination of the Government will be announced at an early day. If an exchange of prisoners is agreed upon, the arrangements will be perfected at once.

PECULIAR EFFECT OF SHOT.—A shot does not make a hole of its own size through wood, but indents it, the fibres springing back after the shock. Generally, the course of shot can only be traced by a wire, sometimes by a hole as large as a man's finger. The damage most often happens inside of a vessel, in splintering and breaking of the wood for the main force of the shot was spent. Forts Hamilton and Richmond, in New York Harbor, which are about a mile apart, with a vessel lying between them, could not, with their guns, throw shot through two feet of its timber. There is scarcely an instance where a ship was sunk by a solid shot. Hat shot and shells do the mischief; the latter will sometimes make apertures of several feet in extent through the sides of vessels.

THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING has cast the literary circles of two hemispheres into the deepest gloom. She was the greatest of English female poets, and in her death Italian freedom and the universal liberation of man have lost their noblest poet-advocate; one young son is motherless; England sees Tennyson sitting alone on the throne of her bardship, and Robert Browning is widowed of a woman who was as nearly one soul with him as ever happens to the married in this life.

A NEW QUESTION TO BE SOLVED.—Learned circles in England are just now agitated by the question whether a rain bow, itself a reflection, is ever seen reflected in water. A distinguished painter, it appears, has put one in his picture, and he critic at once declared it inconsistent with nature. Dr. Herschell says he believes the thing to be possible—that is, a rainbow may be reflected in water, but it is not the same bow seen in the clouds, as the same rainbow cannot be seen at once directly and by reflection, because that seen directly is gathered from rain-drops higher in the air than those which yield the reflected bow. He says he never saw such a bow, and never knew any one who had, but he gives several good reasons why. First, water in rainy day is not (even in the absence of wind) likely to be a perfect mirror-like surface. If the least ruffled by wind, it will effectually mix the colors. Secondly, the rainbow light is a very small fraction of the whole light of the sun on the rain, and reflection in water would enable it to such a degree that one might well doubt its visibility.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE NAPOLEON AND WIFE AT NEW YORK.—The French emperor Napoleon arrived at New York on Saturday afternoon, having as passengers Prince Napoleon, first cousin of the French Emperor, and his consort the Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

After passing a few hours at the New York Hotel, the imperial party returned to the steamship. On Sunday they attended at St. Stephen's Church, and in the afternoon visited Camp Scott. The late engagement at Bull Run having been introduced in the course of conversation, the Prince observed that he could not understand how such a battle could have occurred. Some of his suite said that there was no decisive feeling in regard to the struggle on the other side of the Atlantic; that the question was not yet thoroughly understood, but that there was a general desire to be rightly informed.

The Prince is the second son of Jerome Napoleon, ex-King of Westphalia. He was born at Trieste, Sept. 9th, 1822. He lived afterwards in Rome, in Florence, Geneva, and entered the military college at Louisbourg, Wurtemberg, but at the end of his term refused to bear arms for that government. The next five years he travelled in Germany, England and Spain. In 1845, Guizot offered permission for him to enter France. Before the marriage of the Emperor, he was the next heir to the throne, and was decreed a French Prince. He has served in both branches of the Legislature since the overthrow of Louis Philippe, and as an ambassador, and in the ministry. It was against him that Mrs. Patterson brought her suit for the recognition of her marital rights, in consequence of her marriage with Prince Jerome in this country, without the consent of his family, as required by the French law.

THE BALTIMORE REPUBLICAN says of a body of Northern troops just passed through Baltimore:—"The carcasses of this ungodly host may be strewn upon the soil of Virginia, at some other Big Bethel or Bull Run, but they will never reach Richmond, no matter how often they may change their Generals."

MR. BRIGHT, M.P., recently said in the House of Commons—"There is nothing in any country, depend upon it, so noxious as a great military hero."

Return of the Stoneham Light Infantry and their Reception Home.

This corps was formally received home yesterday afternoon. At half-past twelve the train reached the Stoneham depot, containing the Light Infantry, Capt. Wardwell's Co., of Boston, and several companies of the 17th Regt. from Lynnfield. They were received at the depot by the Home Guard, Firemen, and citizens. A procession was formed under Chief Marshall William Hurd, and Assistant Marshalls Samuel Tild and John Hill, as follows:—Stoneham Brass Band; Home Guard 60 men, Capt. Richardson; Gen. Worth Engine Company, 50 men, with guests from South Reading; Stoneham Light Infantry, Lieut. L. F. Lynde commanding; Co. F, 5th Regt., Boston, Capt. D. K. Wardwell, (in this company there are twenty-three Stoneham men); citizens mounted; ladies in wagons, with the mottoes, "We Welcome You Home Again," and "Company L, of the gallant Sixth—Saviour of the Capitol;" citizens in carriages and on foot. The procession reached the center of the town about half-past one, amidst the ringing of bells and salvoes of artillery, and halted in front of the Post Office, when the Stoneham Co. retired and relieved themselves of their heavy knapsacks, and soon after took up their position in the square, opened ranks and each man, together with that of Capt. Wardwell's Co., was made the recipient of a beautiful bouquet at the hands of the ladies. Before the ranks were closed up, a little daughter of Mr. John Rowe, Miss Pearl A. Rowe, sang the "Star Spangled Banner." The procession then re-formed in the same manner as previously, with the exception of the addition of over one hundred ladies, and proceeded to the grove, in the rear of Mr. Stevens' residence. After spending a few moments in listening to the singing of "Home, Sweet Home" by the Stoneham Musical Association, under the leadership of Mr. Rufus Pierce, and a "Welcome Home" address from Rev. Mr. Barrett, the soldiers and firemen, and others were invited to partake of the sumptuous collation there spread—thanks being first offered by Rev. Mr. Squires for the safe return of so many of the men. It was but a few moments before the tables looked lean and lank and the men full and plump. Shortly after the congregation removed to the stand erected for the speakers, the soldiers forming in front. John Hill, Esq., then, in an appropriate speech, presented the Stoneham Light Infantry with a beautiful silk, national flag, bearing the following inscription:—Presented by past members of the Stoneham Light Infantry for meritorious conduct at Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861. The flag was accepted by Lieut. Lynde, in behalf of the Company, with the promise that it never should be disgraced by them, and nobody present believed that it would. Cheers were then given for the Company, which were returned by the troops, with a regular "vigor." The Musical Association then sang the "Star Spangled Banner," when A. V. Lynde, Esq., President of the day, introduced, in a short address, the first sentiment:

"The Stoneham Light Infantry—Our children, our brothers, our kindred—the first to respond to their country's call. Your bloody baptism at Baltimore, only served you to a more fearless duty, and centered around you brows the clustering laurels of well-earned praise: all hail ye deliverers of our country."

Responded to by Capt. J. H. Dike, in a short and appropriate address.

Company F, 5th Mass.—No truer command, or trod the bloody field of Bull Run. When field officers deserted their post, your command advanced upon their batteries and was the last to leave that stormy field. All honor to that brave soldier. Thank God that Stoneham was there so nobly represented by her sons.

Capt. Wardwell responded to this sentiment. He paid a high compliment to the 6th and especially to the men under his command. Capt. Wardwell was the officer who, when Col. Lawrence ordered a charge and the Major and Lieut. Col. were not to be found to see the command enforced, endeavored to rally the men and was only followed by his own company, and that of Capt. Prescott's of Concord, and a few more from other companies.

Capt. J. W. Locke, Co. B, 5th Regt.—Another noble commander, and brave corps, who have ennobled their names high upon the scrolls of fame upon the battle fields of the Old Dominion.

Capt. Locke replied tersely, but excused himself from any lengthy speech.

The Government of the United States—It shall be maintained, and its authority acknowledged in every State of the Confederacy.

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, responded eloquently and pointedly. He felt a feeling of madness when he thought of the manner in which the traitors had sought the country after enjoying its privileges so long, and how they had trailed our flag in the dust so as to require us to fight as our fathers did of yore. He related incidents, which had come under his immediate notice, of the hardship which our men had displayed when suffering under shattered limbs. Mr. Sweetser's address was short and good.

The Clergy—This war has developed the true friend of our country. "In no profession or calling have there been more sterling patriots or faithful teachers."

Rev. Mr. Haley, chaplain in the 17th Regt., made the response to this sentiment. He said that he was not a New England man, but he felt that whenever he met Massachusetts troops he always thought he had seen gentlemen. He spoke of the 17th as being composed of good men, and that when called to act upon the field, they would not need so poor an interpreter of their doings as he would be. He said that he was called the beggar-master of his regiment, and that people button up their pockets when they see him coming, still he would suggest to the ladies of Stoneham, and other places, not only to furnish the men with hawkeries, but also with shirts, drawers, stockings, handkerchiefs, and many other essential things of minor importance. He called upon them to do these things for the poor fellows who pour out their life's blood upon the battle field for their good.

Their Lady Escort—Their smiling gifts have fallen upon generous hearts, and though the flowers may fade the recollection of their generosity shall ever glow brighter and fairer.

To this Rev. Mr. Whitcomb replied. His reply was worthy and patriotic. Cheers were here given for the gallant Sixth.

The memory of our honored dead—The intrepid and heroic Wardwell, the cool and determined O'Hara, the amiable and beloved Richardson—green shall be the turf above them, bedewed by the tears of the patriotic and loving people.

Dirge by the Band.

The Soldiers of 1812.—Connecting links between the present and the past. They are falling around us like the autumnal leaves—may the children feel for the heroes that shall never come from our presence forever.

Cheers were given for Col. Ira Gerry, Capt. Wright, and Alanson Noble.

The State Administration.—A head unequalled in clearness and efficiency, so large that the rotund form can scarcely contain it.

W. L. Brown, Esq., of South Reading, responded, and paid a worthy compliment to our talented Governor.

Stoneham.—Our native hearth—we her children speak her name with pride. Her liberal contributions of men and money to the republic are unequalled.

G. W. Copeland, Esq., a former resident of Stoneham, but now of Malden, eloquently responded in fitting terms.

Capt. Wardwell then gave the concluding sentiment, which was warmly received, as follows:—

Your Lieutenant commanding in the campaign—he first to tear down and trample upon the black flag of Secession, and to direct the fire upon the assassins in Baltimore—his excellent conduct there is the theme of universal admiration.

The exercises in the grove were then concluded by singing "America."

The procession then formed, and marched to the centre, when all dispersed fully gratified with the day's proceedings.

We cannot refrain from noticing the manly and martial bearing of Lieut. Lynde, and the brave spirits under his command. Every movement was done with such precision and alacrity as to be worthy of all praise. The officers have great reason to be proud of their men, and certainly the men have every cause to feel proud of their officers.

Thus ended, without a marvellous incident, if we except the instantaneous stopping of one of the speakers in the midst of his speech by the sudden falling of one half of the stage, which merely caused some dozen or more people to mingle closer together than they had any desire—one of the pleasantest times that we venture to say, has fallen to the lot of Stoneham for many a day. Everybody in that vast throng looked "as happy, as happy could be."

If any town has done her whole duty toward supporting the government in this war, then Stoneham is that town, for out of a population of three thousand she has furnished two hundred men, and is ready to furnish another hundred if necessary.

Letter from a Mother to her Son.

The following beautiful letter is addressed to a son who was in the engagement on Thursday, the 18th, and at the hour it was being written, he was in the midst of the battle on the following Sunday.

SUNDAY, July 21, 1861.

MY DEAR SON:—We have had thrilling news from your company this week, and are waiting with trembling anxiety for the next that comes. The flags were all at half-mast yesterday, in honor of the brave boys who fell so nobly defending our country.

Your father and I heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Leonard this morning. He spoke of the pleasant Sunday morning in the spring, when he addressed the company, as a proud and sad day for Chelsea; but, as he said, he has, with much feeling, is a prouder and sadder one; and today our Chelsea boys are applauded, and honored, and prayed for in every church in our country. Some of their seats will henceforth be vacant here, but they have been faithful unto death, and have earned themselves to all our hearts, and made their names immortal.

Oh, my dear son! learn to look upward, and remember that the same God who has protected you on your journey for twenty years, will not desert you now. I suppose you remember that last Wednesday, (the 17th) was your twentieth birthday; we did not forget you at home, but little thought then that your new year was opening so roughly. Oh, Charles! I pray constantly that this discipline may bring out all the better part of your nature.

I am very glad you attend divine services; continue to do so, and I hope you will neglect no means of improving your mind and heart.

I am glad you keep up a cheerful correspondence with some of your best friends at home; your letters seem to give a great deal of pleasure to all who receive them. I have written twice before this, but you have not received them. We calculate to write every Sunday, and have done so, so far.

I must now close my letter, and try and summon all the patience I am possessed of, to wait for more news from your camp. God grant it may be good.

Try, Charles, and do all the good you can, to all with whom you come in contact; and here, my dear son, let me remind you that every kind act you ever did for any one at home is remembered now. We seldom meet around the table without talking of you, and wondering how you are situated.

I must now bid you good-bye, and may God bless and protect you, is the constant prayer of your affectionate mother.

ARTIFICIAL HOOPS FOR HORSES.—It is impossible to calculate the various useful purposes to which gutta percha may be applied. One of the most ingenious applications recently made of this valuable substance is that of making artificial hoops for horses' feet. Many ingenious devices have been resorted to, to attain this result, but the adoption of gutta percha will, doubtless, supersede all others, as soon as its efficacy becomes recognized. What is required by the veterinary surgeon is a substance possessing the consistency of horn, to retain the nails of the shoe; that will readily soften by heat, so as to mould itself to the required form; that is indissoluble in water, seeing that the horse's hoof is generally in contact with moisture; and, lastly, that it be capable of uniting perfectly with the hoof. No known substance possesses all these qualities except gutta percha. For the purpose under consideration, it is prepared by being cut into fragments the size of a nut and softened in hot water; the pieces are then mixed with half their weight of powdered sal-ammoniac, and melted together in a tinned saucepan over a gentle fire, keeping the mass well stirred; the mixture should assume a chocolate color. When required for use, it should be melted in a glue-pot; the surface of the hoof must be scraped clean, and the gutta percha applied as required. The application may be facilitated by the use of a glazier's knife, warmed, by which also the surface of the artificial hoof may be smoothed and polished. In this manner a valuable horse may be rendered useful, which, otherwise, would only remain fit for slaughter. On the score of humanity, also, this application of gutta percha is to be welcomed.—*English Paper.*

The London Press on the Message.

The London News of July 19 has two editorial articles based upon the message of Mr. Lincoln, from which we extract the following:

"President Lincoln's Message sets at rest, with the simplicity of an unchangeable resolve, many idle rumors of a compromise between the so-called state rights of a rebellious minority, and the fundamental principles of national union and national sovereignty which Washington bequeathed to the people of the United States as 'sacredly obligatory on all,' as 'the main pillar in the edifice of real independence,' as the support of tranquility at home, of peace abroad, of safety, of prosperity, of liberty itself. Is that good fabric of self-ruling freedom to remain one nation, or to be split up into as many mutually destructive tyrannies as the terrorism of rapacious minorities may establish by virtue of a pretended right of secession? Mr. Lincoln shows that the malignant fallacy of the rebel leaders means nothing more nor less than the complete destruction of the national Union. This was in fact the very fallacy against which Washington prophetically warned his fellow citizens in his farewell message. And if the national Union of thirty-four instead of thirteen States, is now assailed by a fatal combination of internal enemies, so much the more heinous is the sophism. The Message of the President plainly treats the war—which a league of parliaments has provoked—as a struggle for national existence."

How faithfully Mr. Lincoln treads in the footsteps of the founder of the Republic, his argument against the pretended sovereignty of the several States bears witness. It is the corollary of the emphatic and large declarations of Washington himself. 'The very idea,' said Washington of the power and the right of the people to establish government pre-supposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. Nothing less than an 'explicit and authentic act' of the whole people could change the constitution which at any time exists. 'The States,' says Mr. Lincoln, 'have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status.' The Union gave each of them what ever independence and liberty it has. The plea of State sovereignty, that is, of disruption of the Union is sheer rebellion. If it be a principle, it is the principle of disintegration, upon which no government can possibly endure; if it be a right it is the right of a minority to repudiate its obligations, and of every State in turn to secede from all the rest. It is the negotiation not only of all national law, honor and duty, but of all national life."

The American civil war, then, is a question of extending the area of slavery, of revising the slave trade; but it is more than all this for the New World and for the Old; it is a question, indeed, of peace, safety and prosperity, nay, of national existence to that American Union which the genius and good sense of a Washington created for an example, and for all free peoples it is a question of upholding the eternal principles of liberty, morality and justice. War for such a cause, though it be civil war, may perhaps without impurity be called

"God's most perfect instrument, in working out a pure intent."

GEN. PATTERSON MAKES A SPEECH.—When Col. Baller's 21st Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers arrived in Philadelphia, on Monday night, they marched to the residence of Gen. Patterson, their late commander, at 13th and Locust streets, and there halted. Gen. Patterson stepped out in full uniform, accompanied by Col. Frank Patterson and other military celebrities, and made the following remarks:—

Col. Baller, Officers and Men of the 21st Regiment—You are welcome to home, I think I can extend to you, on behalf of your fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, an honest, heartfelt welcome. You have done your duty, and done it nobly. Indeed, your discipline, as directed by your excellent Colonel, has excited my admiration, and proved, beyond a doubt, that American troops are the most eminent in the world. (Applause.)

Some sneers have been thrown upon the army of Shenandoah, but we did our duty there. We were continually threatened with what General Scott disliked so much, a fire in the rear from the rebels in Maryland. The arch traitor King at Richmond, Jeff Davis, boasted that all the Southern men wanted was an open field and a fair fight. Well, my comrades, there were plenty of open fields before us, when we crossed the Potomac, and the enemy ran before us. He made a stand at Hainesville, where he had plenty of open fields, but he could not stand our charges. We in turn again at Falling Waters, but he would not again show strong battle. When we arrived at Martinsburg we found it a strong place, with plenty of stone walls, but the enemy had deserted it. No stand was made either at Big Spring; and at Bunker Hill, where the enemy was certainly going to give battle, we could not find him at all. (Applause.)

People may sneer at the Irish and German soldiers as much as they choose, but they are not afraid to fight (loud cheering). Three cheers were given for the sixty-Ninth.

I had at Martinsburg about eleven thousand men and six guns. Having reconnoitred the enemy, I found his force to be about forty thousand men and sixty-eight guns. I telegraphed for reinforcements, which were sent to me, and I moved from Martinsburg with about seventeen thousand men and twenty-six guns. At Winchester the rebels were strongly entrenched, with numerous earthworks and rifle pits, and had some six-thousand pieces of heavy ordnance mounted in various commanding positions, and they had filled trees over all of the roads.

If I had attacked him there with my force, I would probably have been unsuccessful in dislodging him from his stronghold, and many of the brave men whom I now see before me would have been under the sod. (Applause.) I then marched upon Charlottesville. Under the circumstances, I did the best I could, and you men, did your whole duty, and merit my approbation. Again permit me to bid you welcome.

Three cheers were then given for Gen. Patterson, and three more for Col. Baller; the band played the Star Spangled Banner, and the regiment passed in review of Gen. Patterson.

The Louisville Courier, of the 25th, says that gentlemen direct from Richmond, report that they saw Colonels Woodruff, Neff and Villiers, lately taken prisoners on the Kanawha, in that city. They were in good health, and hard at work stripping tobacco for their board and clothes.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

By the return of the Massachusetts Fifth from the seat of war, Company B, of South Reading, the second Company in that Regiment, have been permitted again to meet their friends at home. From advices from Washington, it appeared quite certain that they would not reach town until the very last of the week, and arrangements for their reception were made in accordance with that expectation. But on Monday it was reported that they left Washington on Sunday, and would be in Boston on Tuesday morning, and at South Reading at noon of the same day. It seemed hardly possible that arrangements could be completed in so short a space of time. But the committee having the matter in charge are equal to any emergency, and on Monday in a powerful rain, Mr. A's tent was procured from Boston and placed upon the common, ready for the tables; cutlery, crockery, &c., also from the city, were placed in the hands of H. B. Dunn, caterer, and his associates; and on Tuesday morning Capt. Geo. O. Carpenter, being detailed by Chief Marshall Dearborn, took the first train for Boston, to take the Richardson Light Guard in charge until they should arrive at South Reading. In the meantime all was hurry and bustle in the village, in the excitement of preparation, and the joyous expectation of so soon meeting friends who had been in close contact with the foe, and had so narrowly escaped from the jaws of death. A good deal of disappointment was experienced during the day as train after train brought dispatches that the company would be delayed until a late hour. At 5 o'clock P. M. a very large procession moved to the depot with confidence of their arrival at that time, but again they were destined to be disappointed. But 6 o'clock arrived and with it a special train from Boston containing the soldiers. The Old Richardson Light Guard, consisting of past members, &c., the Engine Company, the Drill Clubs, of Reading, South Reading and Greenwood, &c., were drawn up in order, and the Light Guard were formed in a line in an open space in front of the depot, where they were received in a welcome address by E. Mansfield, in behalf of the citizens. The procession then moved to the common, preceded by a Boston Band, and entered the tent about half past six o'clock.

The tables were exceedingly inviting, and all things considered, the interest in the pavilion was of no ordinary character. The guests had been for more than three months absent, in privation, sufferings and danger. Their friends were in the tent—companions, children, parents, brothers, sisters and lovers,—to receive and greet them, and their mutual recognitions and greetings presented a pleasant and happy spectacle.

At the table a blessing was invoked by Rev. Dr. Cushman, and after the cloth was removed, address were made or sentiments given by Hon. Lilley Eaton, the President of the Day, Rev. Peter Folsom, Rev. Dr. Cushman and Rev. E. A. Eaton, Dr. S. O. Richardson and Rev. Elam Porter of South Reading, Rev. Mr. Barrows and Dr. H. F. Wakefield, of Reading, and Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Lynnfield. J. S. Eaton, Esq., performed well the duty of toast-master. The sentiment referring to the missing ones was appropriately responded to by Rev. Mr. Barrows. All were good—dinner, sentiments and speeches,—but of none of which have we time to speak in particular. Other addresses would have been made if time had permitted. The large company left the tent about half past 8 o'clock, soon after there was a beautiful display of fireworks on the common, furnished by Mr. Whittemore of this town. Probably between two thousand and three thousand persons were spectators to some part of the reception. Reading was well represented by her town authorities, Clergy, men and other professional men. Three of the company are missing, and may have been taken prisoners: J. H. Gregg and F. L. Tibbets, of Reading, and Sgt. George W. Aborn, of South Reading. J. S. Zestis, wounded, came only as far as New York. Wm. H. Walker and W. E. Ransom, are employed as Clerks in the Commissioner's department at Alexandria, with a flattering compensation.

The returned ones look as though they had seen hard service, but are generally well and in fine spirit.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

In the Journal of July 13th, in the Reading Department, appeared an article which was copied from the Boston Post, entitled "Patriotic Brothers," and as it contains one or more errors, I desire to make the correction at this time. Instead of four it should have been five, the name of the fifth one is George, and he is 18 years old. The article further stated that they were attached to Fletcher Webster's regiment, which must be an error for one of these boys, Benjamin, is reported wounded in the late battle which occurred before Col. Webster's regiment left Boston. I believe they belong to the 1st regiment, Colonel Gordon's.

The Reading boys who went to the seat of war with the Richardson Light Guard, have returned home looking hale and hearty, but bear the impress of having been in a latitude somewhat different from this. The "Welcome Home," at South Reading on Tuesday, was very fine and must have been gratifying to them and their friends. Two of the company who went from this town, Tibbets and Griggs, little can be learned about, and it is not known whether they are living or dead.

Mr. James D. Cook has four sons now in the war service, James, Jeremiah, Warren and John, whose ages are respectively 29, 27, 25, 18. Another son 14 years of age regrets very much that he is not four years older, and feels uneasy that he is thus debared from having a hand in subduing the rebels. While eliciting the above facts, the noble mother of these boys remarked that "was was a dreadful alternative, but four of her boys were enlisted in the service of their country, and sooner than hear that any one of them had turned their back and run from the enemy, she would prefer to hear that they had been shot."

This has the true ring, and a noble spirit it is of true patriotism. The father also evinces the spirit of olden time; he is a thorough musician and would delight to sound the notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" in the ears of the rebels, and says he means to do so if his services will be accepted.

LENO.

The daily coinage at the Mint, which is put in circulation, is a little more than half a million, principally in double eagles.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : No. 45.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Old Couple.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its humble old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's care is falling,
As she looks to the well known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And prides her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bride—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time;
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since clad in old white whiteness,
She crossed the old d. or stone.

Though dimmed her eyes, bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood pined
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with his palm;
And their last breaths floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The moon, myrral road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Where husband and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back;
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,
With bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there.

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell tale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's House in the skies.

Select Literature.

PARSON SURELY'S EXPERIMENT.

A SKETCH FOR WEATHER GRUMBLERS.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they did not have much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise any due return of good. In course of time, it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered, that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to some of the younger people, and also a source of good to all.

"I don't know about that. I've heard tell of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely on the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished for it, and, on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputized to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while the messengers went upon their errand.

When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a low bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request to me, and, strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal; but I can do it only on one condition, and that is, that your request for a change of weather must be unanimous."

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become the pastor, and that he should give the people rain when they wanted it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astonished on learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into; but the pastor smiled, and bade her wait for the result.

"But you know you cannot make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know, too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them. You will be disgraced."

"I will teach them a lesson," returned the pastor.

"Ay, that you cannot be as good as your word; and when you have taught them that, they will turn you off."

"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply, and he took up a book and commenced reading.

This was a signal for the wife to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she obeyed.

Time flew on, and the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people began to think themselves of the promise of their pastor, and hastened to him.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want rain. You remember your promise."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you will call for a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with you this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am sorry you ever undertook to deceive them so!"

"I did not deceive them,"

"Yes, you surely did."

"We shall see."

"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour for the meeting came round, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there; some anxious, the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, arising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," blurted spoke Farmer Sharp; "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Ay—rain—rain!" repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now when do you want to have it?"

"To-night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, to to-night," cried Deacon Smith, "I have six or seven tons of well-made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So I have hay out," added Mr. Peck. "We won't have it to to-night."

"Then let it be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"For," said he, "by that time, all the hay which is now out can be got in, and we need not cut any more."

"Stop, stop," uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It mustn't rain then!"

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then set down.

But this would not do. "If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the church.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day Mr. Sharp was to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in good earnest. Mr. Sharp lost his visit, but he met the disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had passed by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but this time the result was the same as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted it immediately; some in one, some two, and some in three days, while others wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had no occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place, if its inhabitants should govern it.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to take up his connection with the parish; but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him and the meeting, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his now happy wife, "all things above our proper sphere we will leave with God, for 'He doeth all things well.'"

While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affections flow from a pure fountain, and cease only at the ocean of eternity.

"Shying" Men and Women.

A thoroughly self-respecting person will command respect anywhere. A man who carries into the world an unsuspecting, unassuming face, who is polite to everybody, minds his own business, and does not show by his demeanor that he bears about with him a sense of degradation and inferiority, and who gives evidence that he considers himself a man, and expects the treatment due to a man, will secure politeness and respect from every true gentleman and gentlewoman in the world. The man who shies and suspects and envies, and is full of petty jealousies, and is always afraid that he shall not get all that is due to him in the way of polite attention, and manifests a feeling of great uncertainty and anxiety concerning his own social position, is sure to be shunned at last, and he will deserve his fate. No real gentleman and no true gentlewoman ever has feelings like these. It is only those who are neither, and who do not deserve the position of either, that are troubled in this way. I give it as a deliberate judgment that there is far less of contempt for the poor and obscure among what are denominated the higher classes of society than there is of envy and hatred of the rich and the renowned among the poor and humble; and that the principal bar to a more cordial and gentle intercourse between the two classes is the lack of self-respect which pervades the latter, and the mean, degrading humility which they manifest in all their relations with those whom they consider above their level.

American society is mixed—heterogeneous—more so, probably, than that of any other country. There is no such thing as well-defined classification. There is no nobility, no gentry, no aristocracy, no peasantry. The owners of palaces were bred in log cabins; men of learning are the children of boars; and one can never tell by a man's position and relations in society into what style of life he was born. The boy goes into the city from his father's farm, carrying only a hardy frame, a good heart and a suit of homespun, and twenty years frequently suffice to establish him as a man of fortune, and marry him to a woman of fashion. There is no bar to progress in any direction for the ambitious man, except lack of brains and tact. Society erects no barriers of caste which define the bounds of his liberty. Notwithstanding this there is always, in every place, a body of people who assume to be "the best society." The claim to the title is rarely well substantiated, and is based on different ideas in different places. We shall find in some places that society crystallizes around the idea of wealth; in others, around certain religious views; so that, as it may happen, the "best society" is constituted of the Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, or Unitarian, or other sectarian element. In other places, an old family name is the central power, and, in others still, a certain style of family life attracts sympathetic materials which assume the position of "the best society."

Whatever may be the central idea of the self-constituted elite, they are always the objects of the envy of a large number of minds. Silly people "lie awake nights" to get into the best society. Those who are securely in, of course sleep soundly in their safety and self-complacency; and those who are too low to think of rising to it, and those who do not care for it, go through the six or ten hours of their slumber "without landing," as the North river boatmen say. But a middle class, who range along the ragged edges of society, know no rest. They sail along in an uncertain way, like the moon on the border of a cloud—sometimes in and sometimes out—feeling naked and very much exposed among the stars, and rather foggy and confused in the cloud, as if, after all, they did not belong there. It is in this class that we meet with shying men and shying women. It is in this class that we find heart-burnings and jealousies and envious and sensitive misunderstandings. It is a sort of purgatory through which the rising man and woman pass to reach the paradise of their hope, and from which the unhappy soul is never lifted. These people do not stop to enquire whether they have any sympathy or anything in common with the society which they seek—whether they would be lost or whether they would be at home in it. They do not even seem to suspect that much which is called the best society is the last society that a sensible good man should seek.—*Dr. Holland in Springfield Republican.*

THE HISTORY OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."—In the summer of 1798, a young man connected with the theatre at Philadelphia, as a singer, was about to receive a benefit on a certain Monday evening. On the Saturday afternoon previous he called on Joseph Hopkins, a rising young lawyer, twenty-eight years of age, with whom he had gone to school when both were boys. The actor said he had but twenty boxes taken, and his "benefit" would be a loss unless he could get a patriotic song written to the "President's March," then a popular air. The poets of the theatrical corps had tried their hands, but were satisfied that no words could be made to suit that air. Hopkins promised to make the attempt.

At that time there was a great discussion in the country as to the policy of America joining either France or England in the war then waged between those two nations, and party spirit ran very high. Hopkins endeavored to write a song that should get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for American honor and rights. He wrote "Hail Columbia!" It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued during the season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at nights in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress, and has now become a national song.

Let the youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

The Indiana Brigade.

Twelve thousand stanch, undaunted men,
Twelve thousand Hoosiers we—
The rifles on our shoulders,
The sabres at our knees,
From Indiana we come,
Traveling mountains o'er;
And the song we sing is, Carry me back
To Old Virginia shore!

Our harvest fields of golden grain
Are left with those we love;
We're fighting to maintain for aye
The flag that floats above.
There's many a rebel soldier knows,
When wel'ring in his gore,
The reason why we've tramped so far
To Old Virginia shore!

The gray-haired man his blessing pours,
With tears, as we pass by;
The red-checked girl her welcome speaks,
With a brightly sparkling eye.
They're glad we've come; for rebels fly,
Their cannon cease to roar,
Their flag to scent the mountain air,
That wraps Virginia's shore.

Twelve thousand stanch, undaunted men—
Twelve thousand more to come;
And many eyes shall never see
The smiles that welcome home.
But hands as firm, and hearts as true,
Brave deeds ne'er heard before—
The stars and stripes shall float again
O'er all Virginia's shore.

—Harper's Weekly.

Napoleon and the Rothschilds.

A great many anecdotes have been told, illustrating the great comprehensive powers of the Rothschilds; but we recollect no instance more strikingly illustrative of such powers than that related of them in connection with the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and his march on Paris. The story is excellently well told in *Sharpe's Magazine* for September, 1845. Not having the book before us, we shall attempt only the substance as it comes to us in memory.

It was about nine o'clock on the evening of March 18, a number of clerks were busily employed in the rooms of a celebrated banking house in Paris, preparing letters to be forwarded to different parts of Europe by the morning post. Suddenly the head of the house broke in upon the scene and disturbs the monotony of the hour, his swarthy visage more swarthy by some apparent disfigurement. The clerks look up surprised and astonished. (The house is that of Rothschild—the person, the resident French partner.) He abruptly addresses them by stating the startling news just received in Paris, that Napoleon had left Elba and was on his way to Paris; that the Bourbon monarch was packing his crown jewels and other valuables preparatory to a hasty departure as his immense fleet would allow, and ending by exclaiming—"The house of Rothschild is ruined! We have five millions in gold in the vaults. Napoleon will require this as a forced loan. Oh that my brother in London was here. He is the genius of our house. He alone can save us." In such a strain he continued alternately to address his clerks and soliloquize. Presently a modest under-clerk by the name of Wolvenden, a German, ventured to ask—"Why cannot your brother be communicated with before the arrival of Napoleon, or before the news in regular course crosses the channel?" "Impossible!" shouted the excited Israelite, "the gates are closed. No one will be allowed to leave but a courier from the English embassy; and if he gets the news into London before my brother hears of it, the house of R. is ruined."

The clerk, emboldened by his success, ventured still further to inquire—"What time does the courier leave?" "At ten o'clock precisely, and it is now fifteen minutes only to that hour," said he agonizingly, "if I could only get in a message *abroad*, but it is impossible." The clerk asked if the courier's name was not Schmidt. "Yes, the same," replied R. "Why do you ask?" "Trust me. I will go and get to London ahead of him, or lose my life!"

Turning to the head clerk, R. asked—"Who is this young man he has trusted?" "Yes," was the response, "true as steel." "I will run the risk—what do you want, young man?" "Plenty of gold, a letter to your brother, and a token of recognition." "Here is a ruby ring, valued at sixty thousand francs. My brother will recognize it. But, stop; take this," and he scrawled on a slip of paper a few Hebrew characters, the interpretation of which was—"Trust this young man in all things."

Seizing the gold and taking the paper and ring, Wolvenden with one bound cleared the flight of steps into the street, rushed to the Embassy, and found Schmidt seated in a coach with five horses attached. Schmidt recognized him. They were old chess-players, and this was the secret by which Wolvenden hoped to overreach him. Wolvenden was the best player, and the last game had taken the odds. Schmidt knew nothing of the employment of Wolvenden. When the latter approached the carriage, he carelessly inquired—"Where now, friend Schmidt; across the channel, alone?" "Yes," "Do you have lights in your carriage?" "Yes." "What a grand chance to play a game of chess." "Capital!" exclaimed Schmidt. "Come, get in. I shall be so lonesome without company!"

"You had better not ask me a second time," said Wolvenden; "I have got nothing to do for a few days, and the trip would be delightful." "Hop in, then, we are off." Wolvenden rushed to the nearest cafe, purchased a chess board, returned to the carriage, and they were off, passed the gate of Paris. They drove rapidly toward Boulogne. Relays were waiting them along the route; and at Boulogne two conveyances were waiting to take the courier across the channel. From Paris to Boulogne Wolvenden was busy studying out how he should outwit Schmidt. For to do this, and get to London first, he was determined, and even the dark thought swept across his mind of doing murder as the last resort. Arrived at Boulogne, a happy thought struck him, as the courier waited for rest and a change of horses. Wolvenden sauntered into the streets, and found a blacksmith. Taking him to the

carriage, he significantly pointed to a nut fastening one of the joints of the carriage. "Sir," said he, "what would be the result if this nut was moved?" "The carriage would break down," "What if this one was moved?" pointing to another. "The carriage would go about two miles, and then settle upon the axle." "Ah, that is it. I have a fancy for that nut. Remove it, and here are ten Napoleons. The carriage will be returned for repairs. I shall seek you. You will repair it; but, understand, not under two hours. You will understand?"

"Yes," said the shrewd blacksmith. The carriage started. At two miles out the accident happened; the carriage returned, the same blacksmith was on hand. Schmidt retired to a room to study over a move in the game of chess he was playing. Wolvenden slipped out on pretence that he did not wish to disturb his friend, rushed into the street, called for the swiftest horse, announced himself an advance of the English courier, reached the quay, overcame all objections of the coast guard, paid the crew five guineas apiece, crossed the channel to Dover, passed the picket that was waiting for the courier, took post to London, reached the house of R. at five o'clock, rushed into his room, and incoherently broke the news to him, explained all, and handed him the token and the scrip.

R. motioned him into an adjoining room, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, calm and collected. "Young man," said he, "you have done well. Our house is not in danger of being ruined; but its credit may be shaken. I cannot now write; but I list to what I tell you, and repeat it to my brother. Call in all undue bills that are issued with our acceptance. Search Paris till every one is got. If these do not absorb the gold, tell my brother to buy of those acceptance marked A. B. C. in his private memorandum. Marked A. B. C. is paper will do him no good. More than this, people holding our acceptances will gladly exchange them before the time for gold, and pay ten per cent. bonus. More than this, tell my brother to operate through the parties largely in stocks. The Bourbons will be frightened; but I have no confidence in the success of Napoleon. He has reached his climax. France wants nothing else. I give him a hundred days; then he will be defeated, and defeated forever. But tell my brother to appear at the first reception with all the gracious imaginable."

These were all the instructions. Furnished with a passport, of which the R's had always on hand a number of blanks, Wolvenden reached Paris on the morning of the 8th of March. Napoleon could not reach Paris till the 5th. Twelve days was ample time. The five millions gold were exchanged for paper, and a million francs gained by the exchange, Napoleon arrived. A grand fête was given, the Rothschild, according to his brother's instructions, was present. The moment the emperor put his eyes upon him he remarked, "I see there are two Napoleons in Europe." No one but R. read the riddle; and, luckily for him, Napoleon had his hands full. He afterwards laughed over the incident at St. Helena, characterizing it as the most splendid specimen of strategy he had ever known. Waterloo followed. Peace was restored. Bills of remittance to all the capitals of Europe were in demand, and the five millions of gold came rushing back to Rothschild in exchange for such bills, and a premium of five to eight per cent. Every one knows how much this great house made in the rise of stocks. Wolvenden was rewarded; and Hamburg boasts of no wealthier house than Wolvenden & Co., bankers. Thus was Napoleon checked and checkmated.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—Upon the ghastly picture presented by every war, there are always many bright spots that stand out all the more vivid, from the darkness of the background. In the present strife in which our country is unhappily involved, there have already been many interesting incidents, and occasionally one may be recorded here. One occurred at the time the Rhode Island soldiers went into Maryland. While moving westward from Annapolis, a company of men were acting as an advance guard, and becoming hungry and weary, they entered a farmhouse, and asked for food. The woman was greatly frightened, and cried out: "Oh, take all I have; take every thing, but spare my sick husband." "Oh, don't be alarmed," said one of the men; "we ain't going to hurt a hair of your head, but please give us something to eat." The woman could not be pacified, but hurried a meal upon the table. The men gathered around the table, and baring their heads, a tall gaunt soldier raised his hand, offered thanks to God for the food, and invoked His blessing upon the bounties spread before them. At this, the woman broke down with sobbing, and knelt down and thanked God that she was safe. Her fears were at once dispelled, and bidding them wait a few moments, she made good hot coffee in abundance, and brought forth milk, cream, and other luxuries from a well-stored cellar. While they were eating, she emptied their canteens of the muddy water they contained, and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment was still further increased when they insisted upon paying her; and on her refusal, each man left upon his plate half a dollar for his meal. The lieutenant, himself an irreligious man, tells the incident with great expression. Said he: "That asking the blessing knocked out my underpinning; and when I saw this, and the evidently united feeling of the rest of the men in the ceremony, and their kindness to the woman, I felt that I was the officer of good as well as brave soldiers."

The world, though rough, is, after all, the best schoolmaster—better than study, for it makes man his own teacher. As Gibbon said: "Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one which he gives to himself."

The handsomest compliment that you can pay to a woman of sense, is to address her as such.

Too Fast vs. Too Slow.

A DIALOGUE ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

(Enter Mr. Foggy, walking backward and forward in the parlor of the parsonage.)

"Oh, this crazy world! this crazy world! everything goes by steam, except what runs by lightning. Hark! there is a scream, as if a hundred devils screamed at once, and then a roar, and the rattle of wheels, and a train of cars rush by like a comet endowed with life. Everything is on the high pressure system. I verily believe that the earth is a locomotive, with volcanoes for smoke-pipes, and the celestial bodies have built a railroad to 'eternal smash,' and we are all aboard the train, with a crazy devil for engineer, with the brakemen all drunk or asleep! How can a respectable old gentleman live on this planet? Everything is in a whirl. Business men, politicians, lawyers—everybody but clergymen—seem in brain fever, and even a few of the clergy are forever talking about progress! progress! until life has become a great scramble to get ahead. What shall I do? I wish I could get into one of those planets that only turn round once in seven years! Wouldn't that be a fine place for a conservative old gentleman? One year of calm twilight; two years and a half of twilight! Think of the long evenings lasting six long months—then a year and a half of sleep; six months from daylight to sunrise—a month to eat breakfast in; then a year and a half to sundown again, with a six months' siesta on a sofa at noon, and so on to the end! Ah! that would be a life of the sort for me. But if one dies here he cannot rest. The Spiritualists will have him knocking about in no time. He must tip tables, make speeches for Judge Edmonds, and turn one of Professor Hare's spirit-catchers."

"What on earth shall I do?"

"There! ding-dong goes the door-bell, as if the house was on fire. Some man of progress, I'll be bound, with some new idea in his head. Bridget! Bridget! where on earth is the Irish huzzy?"

(Bridget, from the top of the stairs):—"Here! what do you want?"

"Go to the door—the bell's ringing."

"Yes, in a minute. But I've got me hoops on, and can't get down stairs, the way is so narrow. Wait till I get on a chair to climb out of me new dress."

"Wait, you huzzy! there goes the bell again. I must go to the door myself, or if I the bell-wire will be broken."

(Mr. Foggy goes to the door, where a young man of eighteen, with patent-leather boots, with a patent hat on his patent head, turned out by Fowler & Wells, practical phrenologists, stands at the door, looking like a live fashion-plate of Gemo Scott's.)

"Ah, my boy, what do you want?"

"Boy! I am not a boy, sir. (Twirling his patent goatee.) I am a general agent for the Society for Improving the Condition of the Race, and I have come to lay our plans before you, and to solicit your patronage."

"Ah, yes (with a groan), walk in, sir."

"I have just ten minutes and three-quarters to spare before the lightning-train leaves for the city of Go-it-while-you're-young, and I can develop the grandest scheme for regenerating men that has ever been discovered."

"Regenerating men! Why, sir, I have been preaching gospel regeneration these forty years. The only way I know of is for men to repent and live pure lives."

"Oh, that's all out of date. Why, now-a-days a man can become a Christian in thirty seconds by the watch. It don't change his life at all. He can cheat and gamble in politics and lotteries, buy and sell negroes, and lie himself into office, just as well. The parson does up the pious now-a-days, and all that a fashionable sinner has to do is to sign the paper (creeds, I believe, they call them), pay his quarterage, and he can get a free pass on the first-class trains to heaven, where he can pre-empt the first-site for the heavenly mansions, and realize for his lots in three days! That old idea of Pilgrim's Progress is all down in the market, and won't pay ten cents on the dollar. But I want to show you my plan."

(Mr. Foggy stares—too much struck up to speak.)

"You see, sir, man is but a combination of electricity and odic forces, clothed in flesh and blood. If, therefore, you can concentrate and combine these elements in proportions you can make men as fast as you please. By a recent wonderful invention Professor Haglassness, we have got a machine for superseding entirely the necessity of being born. I will bring in my machine and show you how it works. Here, you see, is a generator of electricity, and on this side it is impregnated with magnetism, and runs off in a vat, pure odyle. Now, we fill this vat with due quantities of the kind of food which a man needs to produce the right proportion of bone and muscle, to run it off after it has become fused, into these moulds, for men, women and children, of all sizes, from six months old to forty years—leave it to harden a few minutes, and then insert this pipe into the mouth of subject, turn on a stream of electricity, and the body begins to move—sneezes—and finally shouts: 'Hallo! let me out!' and your man is made, to suit your taste. I can make you a son and heir, who shall be just twenty years old, in fifteen minutes. Or if you prefer a two-year-old baby, it will only take twelve minutes. Would you like a baby? Our charge is reasonable, sir, and ten per cent. discount to clergymen. Will you order a son or daughter?"

(No answer. Mr. Foggy is on the point of swooning.)

"You see, the adaptation of this machine is wonderful. One of them will turn out one hundred full grown men in a day. It was by this process we manufactured the voters to carry the Pennsylvania election for Buchanan. We had several of our machines in full blast, night and day, between the State and Presidential elections in that State. Mr. Buchanan paid for the sourtrot and cotton to feed our machines. Our company would not take Maraposa scrip, and so Fremont lost his election. Atchison and Stringfellow had two of

our machines at work turning out Border Ruffian voters in Kansas, for months. But we were compelled to feed the machine with so much whisky, in order to supply the Border Ruffians with the necessary spirit, that the job did not pay. We don't like such jobs. We prefer finer work. We have now in contemplation a contract with the leading denominations to supply them with clergy. The theological seminaries fail to meet the demand, as you see by the newspapers. There is a great clerical mourning in the land, and we alone can comfort these mourners. You see, our scheme is magnificent. We can make a Calvinist or Arminian, an orthodox or heterodox man, as you like, by varying the component mental and moral material. To make a Calvinist, we devote Calvin's Institutes and Dr. C.'s Commentaries in our machine. If he is a Baptist we put in a volume or two of Fuller's Works. A Methodist requires a volume of Wesley's Sermons and Fletcher's Checks. In this way, you see, we can vary the article to suit the market. For a nice young preacher, like Mr. Spurgeon, we put in a few novels, a little rose-water, a decoction of moonlight, and 'balm of a thousand flowers.'

"We can make a five hundred or five thousand article to order. We tried once to make a Henry Ward Beecher. But it took so much electricity to dissolve a Bible and Sharp's rifle, that

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. FIPPY, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and no person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 30 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$5.00; three months, \$3.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *founder*, 50 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.
North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & Co.
East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHMONDSON.
Stoughton—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Westchester—JOSEPH HOVEY.
S. M. PETERINGILL & Co., Boston and New York, S. R. NICHOLS, Worcester and Lowell, and Scott's Building, Court Street, Boston, and JOHN STILES, Boston, are authorized to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 10, 1861

During the past few weeks we have read with some concern the editorials of the *Boston Herald*. For months previous to this time everything went on, apparently, to the best satisfaction of this journal, and its sudden change at first struck us with surprise, but upon second thought we remembered that the time for the nominations for the fall elections was fast approaching, and that among the many axes which would be in the market for grinding, the *Herald* might possibly have a very dull one. This was at first only supposition with us, but nearly every subsequent issue of that paper has served only to impress us more and more with the reality of the case. Now, whatever reason actuates the *Herald* in its endeavors to bring up party politics at this critical juncture of our national affairs, we are at a loss to perceive. Its course is so different from that of the *Post*, that the contrast is as "Hyperion to a Satyr." While the one is striving to allay all party feelings and foster a sound union sentiment, thereby uniting the two great political powers of our country in a solid phalanx that would be capable of defying every foe whether domestic or foreign, the other is trying by every means to engender the rankest discord by sowing broadcast the bitter seeds of extreme party politics. The principal annoyance which the *Herald* assumes to feel, and by which it has worked itself up to fever heat, seems to come from the doings of Gov. Andrew in his army appointments, which, it says, are made with an eye to the advancement of party alone—nothing else, judging from that paper, influencing the Governor in this department of his work. Now the facts, let them be turned and twisted in any conceivable shape possible, will refuse to substantiate this statement. If the *Herald* has a particular person whom it wishes to see succeed Gov. Andrew, why does it not come out boldly and name him, instead of attacking the Governor on all sides, with masked batteries? If the person thought of by this paper, is a better and more competent man than the present incumbent of the gubernatorial chair, one that the whole people can rally around and support, and have perfect confidence in, we have no doubt but that he would receive good support. As soon as the proper time comes, the people would honestly weigh his qualities, and if nothing he found wanting, would place him at the head of the Executive; for once, we venture to say, not stopping to inquire the source whence his name originated. Come, Mr. *Herald*, name your "coming man"; delays are dangerous, and there is nothing to be gained by keeping longer quiet, as the people have already begun to understand the motives which impel you to your present course.

We look upon the endeavors of any one who attempts to harrow up political rancor in this our country's emergency, with mingled scorn and contempt, and as one without a spark of true patriotism. If men become opposed to each other on comparatively trifling matters of State policy, how can they, with a full degree of unanimity, work together on National matters? At a time like this, every man should give himself up to the good of his country, never for a moment turning to the right or the left to observe any measure or personal matter that the politicians, or their tools, may put forth for the purpose of diverting his attention and adding to their own aggrandizement. When the time comes for the election of State officers, let each voter examine minutely the character and standing of the men who seek his suffrage, and vote according to the honest dictates of his judgment, keeping ever in view the advancement of his country's good. It is not just, because a man in his official capacity happens to displease a certain few by not granting all their requests, to condemn him in every action, but on the other hand we should remember that "no err is human, to forgive divine." It is useless for those in power to attempt to please everybody, so all that should be required of them is a conscientious discharge of their multifarious duties.

Before concluding, we would advise the *Herald* to remember the fate of the *Tribune*—"On to Richmond," and take warning thereby, because small people are as liable to err as big.

TO OUR READERS.—Next week we will reduce the size of the *Journal*. The change, however, will not make the quantity of new matter which our readers have heretofore received, much less, if any; as our advertising patronage, like that of our brethren all over the country, has, since the commencement of our national troubles, become "fine by degrees, and beautifully less." We presume to say that there are not a dozen papers in the country, at this moment, which are paying their running expenses. The mortality in newspaperdom during the past four months has been awful to contemplate; and while many papers around us are foundering, on by one, all we propose to do is to take in sail, keep a good look-out ahead and go on in the even tenor of our course, with the full assurance that we shall weather the storm and come out with flying colors. We will endeavor, as we have always done, to make our paper acceptable to our readers, and trust that it will prove worthy of their continued support.

Death of Dr. Truman Rickard.

It is with feelings of mingled sorrow and regret that we this week record the death of Dr. TRUMAN RICKARD. He died on Thursday morning, at half-past six o'clock, after being confined to his bed but a little over one week. Dr. Rickard was born at Cornish, N. H., February 12th, 1814, and accordingly was 47 years and 6 months old at the time of his death. He was married at Uxbridge, Mass., April 26th, 1848, to Miss Elizabeth Reed Capen who survives him, and leaves two young sons to mourn their irreparable loss. He entered Dartmouth College in 1838, and graduated with honor in the Class of 1842. He received the degree of M. D. in 1847, and settled in Woburn the same year. During his residence here, he has filled several important town offices, the duties of which he discharged ably, faithfully and conscientiously. He was one of the School Committee for several years, and the cause of education in him ever found an earnest and lively supporter. Our Town Library owes much of its present efficiency and great popularity, to his zealous and indefatigable exertions in its behalf—no man in town taking more pains to make it worthy of the support of our citizens, and a credit to the place. In musical matters he had few equals or superiors, much of his attention, for many years of his life, being given to the close study of that science. As a bonafide, he was an adept in, and very thing he undertook was learned with minuteness that showed clearly the great breadth of mind he possessed. Nothing that passed through his hands was done in a careless manner, but in such a way as would task the abilities of far greater men to improve. As a physician he was kind, affectionate and exceedingly attentive—of this we speak from dear experience—and the presence of his cheerful countenance in the chamber of the sick was almost as good a balm as the medicine which he dispensed. Long will it be, ere Woburn finds another man possessing all the qualities of him whose death we mourn.

A fortnight ago last Monday, Dr. Rickard visited Plymouth for the purpose of recruiting his health, which had not been good for some time previous. During his stay there, he was almost, in fact he was, sick enough to keep his bed, but with his usual hardihood he bore up until he reached his home on Tuesday last week. He was then nearly exhausted from fatigue and weakness, and on Wednesday he was thoroughly prostrated. Dysentery then set in, and he gradually sank away until Thursday morning, when he quietly passed from this world of trouble and turmoil to the better land above. He was attended by Drs. Ingalls of Winchester, and Stevens of Stoneham, but all exertions to ward off the dread destroyer proved fruitless and unavailing. It appears but as yesterday, as we sit here in our little room, penning these few lines, that he confronted us with his pleasant smile, and talked upon the various matters of the day. It seems like a dream when we attempt to realize the truth that never again on earth can we enjoy his genial presence, and that his form is stilled in the cold embrace of death. We feel that we have lost a good and true friend, one that has been tried in the balance and not found wanting.

"Friend after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?"

Dr. Rickard has been connected with this paper in the editorial department, for several years past, and ever felt a lively interest for its welfare. At various periods throughout the last two years of the life of the late proprietor, Dr. Rickard relieved him of much of the duty which otherwise would have fallen upon his shoulders when they were least able to bear the burden; and the friendship that was then, and for years previous, engendered between them, did not wane until death's portals were reached, where all the ties we hold in love and tenderness on earth are ruthlessly torn asunder, never to be reunited until we tread the roads of the New Jerusalem.

With the family of the deceased we sympathize feelingly, and with a full understanding of the trying ordeal through which they have passed, and hope that they will find consolation adequate to their necessities when the great loss which they have sustained, and the utter loneliness of their position, burst with all their force upon them.

Since writing the above a post mortem examination of the body has been made, and a friend who was present has kindly furnished us with the following facts:—
"There was present at the examination Drs. Chapin, Ingalls, Stevens, Drew, and Wakelid.
Upon opening the chest, extensive pleuritic adhesions were found upon both sides, the left lung being so closely adherent as to be removed with much difficulty. This lung was found to be considerably diseased, the upper portion being hardened, while the lower was much softened. The substance of the right lung appeared healthy. The heart-case contained about two fluid-ounces of water, but the heart itself presented no signs of organic disease. The stomach was found to be slightly congested at its upper extremity, so also were the small intestines at different points throughout their length. At the junction of the small with the large intestines, the inflammation appeared much more marked, giving to all the coats of the organ a deep red hue, this appearance extended throughout much of the length of the colon, although no ulceration had yet taken place. The liver was found perfectly normal. The spleen also was healthy in appearance. The kidneys externally presented a singular coarse granulated surface, but internally appeared healthy, with the exception of considerable adipose tissue, which seemed to pervade many of the organs to an unusual extent."

A Young lady was found in a company at Lafayette, Indiana, on the 29th ult., enlisted for the war, but as the proclamation of the Governor called for able bodied men, she was invited to leave the ranks and return her regimentals to the quartermaster.

GEN. SCOTT'S PROPERTY.—By the ordinance of Virginia the property of General Scott, in that State, has been confiscated to the public treasury. As a cotemporary well observes, before the State can realize it General Scott will probably make good his title with his sword.

A letter from Harper's Ferry states that Col. T. J. Porter, of this town, is very busily engaged in the inspection of the army, he being one of the Inspectors General.

Union of the Democratic and Republican Parties.

Efforts are being strenuously made in several States to effect an alliance between the two predominant bodies, and we look upon it as "a consummation devoutly to be wished for," especially at this time. Combined, and working harmoniously, they are equal to every emergency; apart, and pulling in opposition directions, they become a non-entity as far as any desired end is concerned. We hope that the leaders of both parties will not rest satisfied until a great Union Party crowns their exertions and becomes a settled reality; for we must, to come out of this struggle a strong and united nation, banish every party feeling, stop splitting hairs, and each one must put his shoulder to the wheel and work as though the destiny of the land hung up on his individual exertions. The struggle that commenced at Sumter, and will end nobody knows, will prove to be no child's play, but one of gigantic proportions and magnitude, and consequently will demand all the available resources of the people to bring it to a successful and honorable termination. We must work with the resolution that nothing shall be left undone on our part that can prevent General Scott's grey hairs from going down with sorrow and disappointment to the grave. It is useless for any one to cry peace, when there is no peace. What propositions can our government make to the rebels, without compromising the honor of the nation? Would it be just for them to surrender the rights of the country, when the cause for which we are fighting is as true and as sacred, as ever sword was bared to defend? And further, looking upon the case as one of honor, would it serve the reputation of our dignity to surrender, at this juncture, the stand we have taken, when we have a third of a million of brave men armed and equipped in the most approved manner, and a treasury almost inexhaustible? The moment we offer peace, that moment we acknowledge the legality and the justice of the course adopted by the South, and strike a deep blow at Republican institutions wherever founded. We must have a united North, if we would call our birthright our own and hand it down untarnished to coming generations. It is useless for men to say, as we have heard some say within a short time, that it is immaterial whether we have two parties or not. The utterance of sentiments like this, shows great blindness and want of thought. If men are not for us they are against us; and one masked battery is more dangerous than a dozen open ones. Men may say that we have had two parties at home in all our former wars, but these were not civil wars. We were then fighting foreign foes, we are now contending with our brothers and kinsmen, and consequently men's minds will be much easier swayed and led captive to sympathy. The sooner the objects of this war are attained the better will it be for the stability of our institutions. We must not allow time for questions of doubtful policy to arise, but on the reverse, we must strike when the irons are hot, and while our people are willing to carry on the war until our army shall reach the Gulf of Mexico, unless an honorable peace is sooner secured.

Let the Democrats and Republicans, and all others by whatever name known, unite in every loyal State and adopt Union principles and Union tickets, burying party feelings so low that they shall be beyond resurrection; and thus we shall have but one voice and one object throughout the land.

WOBURN UNION GUARD.—This company of men has gone into camp at Lyndfield, entering the 19th Regiment as Company K. They received orders on Monday morning to present themselves at headquarters. On the same evening they voted to accept that command, and answer it on Wednesday by their presence. The number that left town on Wednesday was not over thirty, but we are told that ere long many men will be added to the company, and most likely the ranks will be swelled to the requisite number. The company is officered as follows:—Capt. S. I. Thompson; First Lieut. John P. Crane. We are glad that there is a prospect that Woburn will be represented in this war by a company of her citizens. Woburn now has quite a number of her sons in the army, but she receives no credit for their presence, as they have joined companies from other places. We wish the Guard the best of success in their endeavors to fill their ranks, and nothing will give us more pleasure than to hear of their prosperity in every laudable undertaking.

GENERAL PIERCE AND BIG BETHEL.—Brigadier General Pierce, gave to the public in last Monday's *Boston Journal*, a statement relative to the recent battle at Big Bethel. General Pierce's statement is one of considerable importance, as he refutes the many reports which have been put in circulation derogatory to his standing as a military man. It will be remembered that upon Gen. Pierce's shoulders was placed, by correspondents of the press, the sad result of that battle. All this Gen. Pierce successfully, as far as his account of the affair goes, removes from himself and places gracefully upon his superiors. The reason he gives, why the Court of Inquiry which he demanded was not granted, is "that the court would reveal too many facts derogatory to the service." This was the answer he received to his demand. Gen. Pierce's statement will remain good unless some one competent denies it. It is undoubtedly true, that the sensation newspaper correspondents, were the means, to a great extent, of General Pierce being made the scapegoat that was to bear the odium of our failure at Big Bethel. We are exceedingly pleased to know, that those wielders of the quill are to receive their just deserts from Gen. McClellan for the non-observance of plighted vows, and that they will no longer be able to give "aid and comfort" to the enemy by publishing the particular position and number of our men at certain points, and such other important information as should be known only to our own commanders.

Mrs. Col. Richardson, of Michigan, is spending her honeymoon in camp. The wedding took place just before the regiment left home. She was in the late battle, distributing water and other comforts to the weary. She will do for a soldier's wife.

INEFFICIENCY OF OUR BLOCKADE.—A letter received in this city from a firm in Havana, dated August 3d, says: "A vessel arrived yesterday from Savannah with a cargo of rice which will pay a great profit. So much for your blockade, which we don't think much of."

Omitted Records.

During the publication of the Records of Woburn, in this paper, some years ago, the following names were accidentally omitted. We now give them a place in our columns, and thereby make the list, as published, complete:

1714.
Cleveland, Isabelle, d. of Aaron and Dorcas, d. Dec. 8th.
Simonds, Susanah, wife of James, d. Feb. 9th.
Winn, Eusebius Joseph, d. Feb. 22d.
Cleveland, Dorcas, wife of Aaron, d. Nov. 29th.
Symmes, Mary, d. of William and Ruth, d. Aug. 27th, aged 3 months.
1715.
Baker, Thomas, son of Samuel and Hannah, d. March 17th.
Richardson, John, sen., d. March 18th.
Converse, Lieut. James, d. May 10th, aged 95 years.
Locke, Mary, wife of Dea. William, sen., d. July 18th.
Butterfield, Benjamin, of Chelmsford, d. July 27th, from a fall from his cart.
Perry, Elizabeth, wife of James, d. Oct. 16th.
Wyman, Lieut. Seth, d. Oct. 20th.
Knight, Johannah, d. of Edward and Johannah, d. Nov. 27th.
Snow, Jabez, son of Zerubbabel and Jennima, d. Dec. 9th.
Wyman, Nathaniel, son of Nathaniel and Mary, d. Dec. 13th.
Carter, Anna, wife of Timothy, d. Jan. 27th.
Snow, Rachel, wife of Daniel, d. Dec. 10th, aged 30 years.
1716.
Walker, Ann, d. March 21st.
Richardson, James, son of Jacob and Hannah, d. July 12th.
Johnson, Martha, wife of Josiah, d. Aug. 25th, aged 30 years.
Baldwin, Widow Phebe, d. Sept. 13th.
Cleveland, Aaron, d. Sept. 14th, aged 62 yrs.

One or two trifling errors crept into the report of the Reception Home of the Stoneham Light Infantry, published in our last. That report was set up hastily without any full copy—which is the case with most of our editorial, and at a time when our readers were quietly resting in bed. Under these circumstances we feel that our friends will willingly forgive the inaccuracies referred to. We say this much on account of the fact that much of the editorial portion of the *Journal* is weekly put in type at midnight on Friday, and often after that time, which does not give us sufficient time for proof reading, and we feel satisfied that frequently errors must creep in from these circumstances alone. We hope our readers, from time to time, "will pass our imperfections by," remembering that the life of a printer is not the easiest in the world.

THE LATE COL. JAMES CAMERON.—Col. Hestand, of the Lancaster (Pa.) *Examiner*, who was present at the recent battle at Bull Run, thus speaks of the late Col. Cameron:

"When we met him the tide of victory was with us, and he spoke with confidence that the result of the battle would be a glorious victory for our gallant army. We separated with the farewell hope that we would meet again; he to the head of his regiment to lead them into the fight; we to our dreary wanderings among the living, the wounded, the dying and the dead. He to die at the head of his regiment, calling upon his 'brave Scots' to follow—we to return, humiliated at the disgraceful stampede of over thirty thousand men."

It is not our purpose to give any elaborate sketch of his life. It is the same that marks the history of most men of distinction under our republican form of government, who work their own way up from orphanage and poverty. Industry, energy and enterprise carry them forward. That Col. Cameron had the courage and bravery of a true soldier is undoubted. He was endowed with the full share of generosity and that goodness of heart which at all times will exhibit true manliness. An instance of this kind came to our knowledge a few days ago. A few weeks before Col. Cameron's regiment left Washington, he met on the streets an old political opponent, who at one time came near taking Col. Cameron's life in this very city, which incident many of the readers of the *Examiner* will recollect, and between whom the hand of friendship had not since passed. Forgetful of the great wrong done him, he extended his hand in friendship to one who had come near destroying his life, and the old feud, in the mutual congratulations, was forgiven, as we know, to the great pleasure of him who expected not forgiveness from Col. Cameron.

Col. Cameron was a native of Lancaster county, being born in the village of Maytown, East Donegal township.

For the Middlesex Journal.

After the late battle at Bull Run our whole Northern community was horrified by the reports of barbarities practiced by the rebels on our wounded soldiers. Later and more reliable information assures us that our wounded are cared for in the rebel hospitals at Manassas with the same tender care as their own. This fact was brought to view in the *Journal* of last week. It is quite proper and indeed very important that such errors should be corrected. The horrors and atrocities of war are great and bitter enough, without falsely exaggerating them. As a counterpart to the enemy's treatment of our men, is the following account from the *Cincinnati Commercial*, of the treatment of the enemy's wounded by our men, after the battle at Rich Mountain, in western Virginia:

"Here was no difference in the treatment of the sufferers. The severely wounded of the enemy were attended to before the slightly wounded of our own army. * * * Now and then a wounded rebel would stare sullenly at our people, but the majority appeared greatly surprised at the kindness with which they were treated. Indeed, everything possible was done to mitigate their sufferings."

Such examples of kindness and humanity are not only pleasant and gratifying in themselves, but they serve greatly to mitigate and assuage the cruelties and sufferings in war, and hostile feelings of the adverse parties. There is, too, reason,—urgent reason,—why the bitterness of the North and the South should not be unnecessarily increased and intensified. We hope that there is sometime to be an end to this war. If union is to be re-established, it will come the sooner and be the more harmonious, the less the feelings in the two sections are exasperated. If a separation must be the result, there is equal reason why an amicable feeling should be cultivated. At any rate, in being just, we lose nothing, but gain much.

AMERICUS.

Can we have Honorable Peace.

Amid the roar of cannon, the measured tramp of soldiers, and the clang of the pickaxe and spade, throwing up vast fortifications, there comes up a voice in Congress, asking for peace, and asserting that "it is the part of rational men to terminate difficulties by rational means." If both the belligerent parties in this contest were rational, there would be no difficulty in bringing about a pacification; but the Southern rebellion is a madness on the part of its leaders, and a frenzy on the part of its rank and file. We find no proposals for peace coming from those by whose aggressions the war was commenced; we hear of no apologies offered for the long catalogue of robberies, plunder, confiscations, and treason, which inaugurated the hostilities. The defiant tone of the Confederates is not lowered, and Jeff. Davis, in his recent speeches at Richmond, joins the character of the manducator braggart to that of the spotted traitor. The United States Government has not invited this war; but, on the contrary, exercised a forbearance which has brought forth taunts against it of imbecility and pusillanimity. It did not crush the treason in the egg, but allowed it to fledge to a full-grown bird of prey. Must we now be persuaded to make the gross mistake and fatal blunder of proposing terms to the rebels which they are certain to refuse? What can we offer them in honor which they will accept? They want a recognition of their bastard republic as a first article in a treaty for peace, and that would be virtually the first step toward the total disintegration of our government. Recognition is disunion, and disunion is death to the United States of America. We must have, then, a full and free submission to the federal authority, and a perfect restoration of the powers of the government, before we can talk of peace. Eternal infamy would light upon the face of that statesman who dared to council a parity while there is a single armed traitor in the field.

We desire peace, and would pray for it as any sacrifice but that of national honor. As it is better for an individual to die than to be subjected to contumely and disgrace, so it is nobler for a nation to sink into the tide of time and drown rather than listen to dishonoring terms of peace. Give impunity to the present rebellion and absolutism to the traitors, and it invites malcontents in the future, upon the occurrence of any fancied wrong, to set up an authority paramount to the government and insist upon the right of peaceful secession. Conclude a peace upon the only terms which would be listened to by the Confederates, and we subject the hundreds of thousands of loyal Union men in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, to all the dangers of the infuriated secessionists, who would seize their property and imperil their person, if not sacrifice their lives. The honor of the true States and the personal safety of the true men in the rebel States, alike demand that war should be prosecuted with the utmost vigor until the crushed and coerced people of the South are able to be heard, and until they are armed and prepared to drive from their soil every traitor's foot which now pollutes it. There is danger that the North may allow its business interests to direct its sympathies. The fear of losing the debts due at the South operates powerfully upon some men, and perhaps they are unconsciously advising the government to take a dishonorable step. Let us pause and deliberate with the utmost caution before we are allured by these phantom hopes of peace, to a rigid scrutiny. We shall then convince ourselves that there can be no present mitigation of the war uncoupled with dishonor, and that the surest, safest, and most direct method to restore the authority of the government, as the first great step toward pacification, is to levy men and vote money to the full extent of the country's capacity, until rebellion is crushed, its leaders brought to terms, and those who have been broken down under their despotism are restored to all their constitutional rights, and the seceded States brought back to the enjoyment of their constitutional guaranty of a republican form of government.—*Chronicle, Washington.*

PROLIFEROUS SOLDIERS.—Raymond writes from Fairfax to the *New York Times*:—"It is not possible, when 30,000 or 40,000 men are marching through an enemy's country, to prevent them from supplying their necessities and gratifying their lawless propensities by depredations upon the foe. The English understand this, and as a matter of necessity permit it. A good deal of this, in the case of our troops, is due to the spirit of frolic, which characterizes the progress thus far of this war. They act as if the whole expedition was a gigantic picnic excursion. After we were fairly in town, to-day, two of the troops dressed themselves in woman's clothes and promenaded the town, amid the shouts and not over delicate attentions of the surrounding troops. Others paraded the streets under the shade of tattered umbrellas, which they had found in camp—and one donning a gown and broad bands, marched solemnly down the principal street, with an open book before him, reading the funeral service of 'that accursed scoundrel, Jeff Davis.' All these humors of the camp help to pass the time; and are pursued with just as much reckless abandon, now that they are on the eve of battle which may send half of them into eternity, as if they were simply on a holiday excursion. Perhaps it is well they do not take the matter any more seriously to heart—for it is one which will scarcely bear serious reflection."

A WEALTHY YVANDERBILT.—Company K, (Dan County Ferry Rifles), of the 5th Wisconsin volunteers, that passed through here yesterday, is composed wholly of men who were in the employ of an extensive mill owner of Dan county, named William Wilson. Wilson is immensely rich—worth several millions, in fact—and fitted out the company himself. The men have been in his employ from boyhood up, and he appears to them almost in a fraternal light. His daughter, Miss Eliza Wilson, a young lady of rare beauty and accomplishments, was exceedingly active in forming the company, and when they went to camp, she accompanied them, and has been with them ever since. She was with the regiment when they passed through here yesterday, and declares her intention to remain with them through the war. She has been chosen "Daughter of the Regiment," and besides being nearly worshipped by the rough soldiers from her father's vast "pincies," she is held in great esteem by all the officers and soldiers of the regiment. She is a great enthusiast on the war question.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

MURDER.—On Saturday afternoon, of last week, while a man named Francis Hemenway was gathering berries and herbs, on the road side, about two miles from the center of this town on the road to Lowell, Bernard Lynch, who lives close by, undertook to take away the berries, when a fight ensued, in which Lynch was killed. Hemenway then went to the house of a Mr. Corliss and told him he had murdered a man and wanted help to throw his body into the river, Corliss thereupon took him to Lowell and had him lodged in jail. He is said to be partially insane at times, Lynch had the name of being a quarrelsome person.
[Hemenway has been discharged on investigation of the case from the fact that he acted in self defence.]—Ed.

FIRE.—On Friday last the house of Mr. Thomas Talbot of North Billerica, was found to be on fire, caused by hot ashes. The fire was discovered in season to prevent the house from being much damaged.

Albert Farmer one of the soldiers who went from this town, was badly injured at the battle of Bull Run, and while being carried to a piece of woods, was again badly wounded in the thigh.

Last week Mr. Herzklich, Kettridge passed from this world to we hope a better one. He has suffered much for the past few years.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Aid for the Families of Volunteers.

MR. EDITION.—It is certainly important that the recent act passed by the Legislature in aid of the families of Volunteers, should be well understood, so that the city and town authorities generally, may be governed by the same principle in discharging their duties. There is a great misapprehension in the community is very evident from cases which daily occur. My object is to refer to one point, because I am satisfied that persons are continually enlisting in the different regiments with the conviction, that under any pecuniary circumstances whatever, they are entitled from the State to one dollar each, for wife and child, not exceeding twelve dollars per month, which sum they expect, as a matter of course, the selectmen will weekly pay over to their families without further order. While the different boards, having the matter in charge, may be disposed to give to the law the most liberal construction, the question arises if it is such a construction as will be given to it by the authorities at the State House, when next January the cities and towns present their claims to the State for reimbursement? Section 1st of Chapter 222 of the Statutes, approved May 23, 1861, says: "The money may be raised and applied if necessary, &c."; so that families not really in need of assistance, and those of officers, whose compensation is abundant for the supply of those they leave behind, are not included in the act. This is the common sense view of the law as it reads, and the view taken of it by the Attorney General, obtained from him by the Selectmen of South Reading, as a rule to control their action. It should not be understood however, that in order to create a necessity, the families must be reduced to pauperism, but the law is not intended to deprive volunteers of the privilege of supporting their own families if they have the means so to do; and if they cannot do it wholly, it is expected that they will contribute to that end according to their ability. And I am happy to know that numbers who have enlisted from this town will arrange so as to make monthly remittances to their families, from \$8 to \$12 at a time—the laws of the United States being such that friends at home cannot draw any part of the wages of soldiers by virtue of orders. If by some suggestions there can be a uniformity of action throughout the Commonwealth, there will be the less liability to complaint from those, and the families of those, who have nobly taken up arms in the defence of their country.

WICKED EXAGGERATION.—The American is not a truth-loving or a truth-telling nation. The habit of highly colored, or grossly exaggerating circumstances and objects is acquired in childhood, and clings and grows upon the people through life. The absurd way in which slight events and insignificant individuals are sometimes made ridiculous by being described in highfalutin language, has received a merited rebuke at the hands of every foreigner who has visited and written about us. Only the strongest adjectives and high-flown epithets are considered worthy of being employed, and they are pressed into use, however small may be the occasion.

This national tendency has had full opportunities for display in the present crisis of our affairs, and seems likely not only to work endless mischief at home, but expose us to the sneers and ridicule of nations abroad. Every little skirmish in which we have been engaged has been a great battle; every loss we have experienced, whether of five or 500 has been terrific. Shameful misstatements, have been made, and infinite suffering occasioned thereby, to excuse ignorance, cowardice, or stupidity. A Massachusetts colonel, flying from terror-stricken, declares that two out of every three of his regiment were cut down, when there were not certainly five per cent. lost of the whole number. Even grave dispatches were sent, stating that only two hundred Fire Zouaves remained of the entire corps, striking dismay and terror into hundreds of households, when the facts were that seven hundred of the brave fellows were spared to fight again for their country and their homes.

Of course it is impossible to cure at once a national failing or idiosyncrasy, but we may at least expect that it shall not be allowed to enter into official reports and dispatches, in matters which are of grave importance, and which subject whole communities to needless suffering and anxiety, besides destroying any reputation we may have gained for dignity and manliness abroad. Let us, for God's sake, come back to simple truth. Lying and exaggeration have done much to get us into our present difficulty, and will not help to get us out of it.

When we look at the regiments which pass up the Avenue, and examine closely the men who compose them, we realize so much truth in the assertion of President Lincoln, that this war was really a war of the people. The men, in their warm coarse uniforms, who trudge along buoyantly and boldly with gun and knapsack, are the men who give stability to a Government, till its soil, erect its buildings, carry on its commerce, build its railroads, dig its canals, and contribute to its wealth and influence. They are the men who have really the most interest in the perpetuity of the Government. They have no capital, but they have themselves and those they love to protect, and that protection a Government only can give them. They have children coming after them, and to those children they desire to leave the legacy of an honored and powerful Government. It may cost them life and money, but they feel that life would not be worth breathing for, nor money its possession, if they could only be maintained by a sacrifice of every sentiment of honor and self-respect.—*Washington Chronicle.*

BILLERICA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MURDER.—On Saturday afternoon, of last week, while a man named Francis Hemenway was gathering berries and herbs, on the road side, about two miles from the center of this town on the road to Lowell, Bernard Lynch, who lives close by, undertook to take away the berries, when a fight ensued, in which Lynch was killed. Hemenway then went to the house of a Mr. Corliss and told him he had murdered a man and wanted help to throw his body into the river, Corliss thereupon took him to Lowell and had him lodged in jail. He is said to be partially insane at times, Lynch had the name of being a quarrelsome person.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 46.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

The Greeks' Return from Battle.

To! they come! they come! garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home! bring roses, pour ye wine!
Swell, swell the Dorian flute, through the blue, triumphant sky!
Let the Cithara's tone salute the sons of victory.
With the offering of bright blood, they have ranomed hearts and tomb,
Vineyard, field and flood!—to! they come, they come!
Sing it where olives wave, and by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave,—sing, sing, the land is free!
Mark ye the flashing oars, and the spears that light the deep!
How the festal sunshine pours, where the lords of battle sweep!
Each bath brought back his shield;—maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field,—to! thy son is come!
Who murmured of the dead? Hush, boding voice!
We know
That many a shining helm lies in its glory low.
Breathe not those names to-day! They shall have their praise ere long,
And a power all hearts to sway, in ever-burning song.
But now shed flowers, pour wine, to hail the conquerors home!
Bring wreaths for every shrine!—to! they come, they come!
—Mrs. Hemans.

Select Literature.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

—An Engineer's Story.

I had spent a night in a stage, a day in the saddle, a night in a sleeping car, half a day doing business, half a day in bed, and after supper enjoyed a cigar and a newspaper, in the reading room of the Revere House, in Franklin, Indiana. The newspaper was uninteresting, or else I was rather sleepy—and I guess it was a little of both—so that I soon neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of the smoke from my fine flavored cigar. I didn't feel much like talking, and felt still less like reading; but I did feel as if I would like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion, and commenced wishing for some one of my acquaintances to amuse me until the time was up for the train, which was to take me to Georgetown, when I recognized in the person who sat next to me, a fellow traveler in the sleeping car of the night before.

He was a very agreeable looking little man, with a clear grey eye, light hair, sandy whiskers, and smiling mouth. Indeed he had so much the appearance of the man that I would like to hear tell a story, that I thought Dame Fortune had smiled upon me, when he recognized me with a genial:

"How d'ye do, stranger?"

I returned the salutation, and asked him some common place questions about how he had enjoyed the ride we took together.

He said something about the running being too fast for the poor track; and from this the conversation turned upon fast traveling, for some time. At last I remarked that sixty miles an hour was the most speedy traveling I had ever done. Whereupon my friend informed me with a pleasant and knowing smile, that he had traveled considerably faster than that, and, in fact, faster than he had ever heard of beside. Of course I was anxious to know where, how and when he had done it, and, after the modest assurance that he feared the tale would not be interesting, my friend relieved my anxiety by relating the following story:

I am a railroad engineer. In fifty-seven, during the great panic, I was running on the F. & C. R. R. The railroad companies were growing tender, in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures: and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any great fear that it would fail to survive the general smash up. But yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down; arrears collected, and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into rather deeper water than was agreeable all round. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first-quality Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations made to cut down the time and put the train through quicker than was ever known before, when the new engine came.

Well, but one of the engines came. I said there was but one engine came, and she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out of the Taunton works, and that is saying as much as could be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine.

It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y. The train was to carry up the President and several of the other officers of the road, to meet some officers of another road, which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them.

I had no trouble at all making my forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just

holding up at Y., when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the break on, slipped and fell. As we were yet under good headway, he was very much injured, and was carried off to the hotel insensible.

According to the President's directions, I switched off my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C. at a moment's notice.

Aldrich's presence was of so much importance that the business could not be transacted without him; so all those I had brought out, except the President and Aldrich, went back to C. on the three o'clock express train. This was the last regular train that was to pass over the road until the next Monday.

Early in the evening I left the machine in charge of my fireman and went over to an eating house, to see if I couldn't spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was taking a game of dominoes with the station agent, when in came Roberts, the President, in a state of great excitement.

"Harry," said he to me, "I want you to put me down in C. at twelve o'clock."

It was nearly eleven o'clock then, and the distance was seventy-five miles. I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door, he caught me by the arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"Harry," said he, "if you don't set me down in C. by twelve o'clock, I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead, but he told me before he died that he had embezzled, from time to time, five hundred thousand of our money; and his clerk is to start with on the twelve o'clock boat from C. to Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands, and if you put me down there in C. at the right time, so that I save the money, you shall have five thousand dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thousand dollars."

Of course I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down; I understood it all and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry!" he replied, as he climbed up the steps of the car which was coupled to my engine.

I sprang up to the foot-board, got up the switch tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and, just as she commenced moving, looked at my watch—it was just eleven o'clock so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in.

From Y. to C. there were few curves in the road; but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it; so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter; and when I saw how the engine moved, I felt very little fear of the result.

The road, for the first few miles, was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy, posting myself up, as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we dined by the first station before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out, and having five miles accomplished.

"You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the car. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with watch in hand.

I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means, if we carried out our plans of reaching C. by midnight, and looked anxiously around, to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at one hundred and ten pounds; so I turned down the valve to two hundred, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C.

It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed to be a long curve, at the station, but which was, at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch; and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"Gaining," I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing on the platform of the car.

"Look out for the heavy grades," he replied, and went inside the car.

The next six miles rose gradually from a level, the first, to ten and a half feet grade, the last which lay between us and the next station. My fireman kept her full; and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually, so that she kept her speed, and passed the station, like a streak of light, in five minutes.

Now came nine miles like the last; over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven minutes.

Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the car with wood, which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me.

I believe we would have made this ten miles at the same speed as before; but through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain-valve, on the left hand side of the engine, got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so far as to run the steam down to one hundred pounds, before I discovered where the difficulty lay.

At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as if for dear life. But, presently, he looked up, and seeing that the speed had de-

creased, he shouted: "Harry, we are stopping!" And then, coming over to where I was, he said: "Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand, if something is not done. The speed is continually slackening. What is the matter?"

I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety-valve, he climbed back over the tender, exhorting me to "put her through, for God's sake, or we are beggars together!"

Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road; but we had lost nearly ten minutes time, and had left only twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-four miles in.

I had shut the water off from both my pumps a little back, where I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than one hundred, with which we started over that ten-mile stretch, she had two hundred pounds before we finished it; and as the gage indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much over two hundred pounds she carried, but she certainly carried none less the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such an enormous head of steam; for, after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of a five feet up-grade, and fourteen miles of twenty-to-the-mile depression between us and C., and it was now eleven o'clock and forty-seven minutes.

Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke-arch, and chimney, all were red; while she seemed to fly onward, as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery.

Six minutes carried us over that ten miles; and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C. Now we had four miles to go; and my time showed eleven o'clock and fifty-three minutes.

"If I live," said I to myself, "I will make it!" And we plunged down that twenty feet grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run, said it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked like a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its traveling died away in distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they had seen anything. It seemed more like a creature of wild dream, than a sober reality.

And now let me tell you, that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, eleven feet in diameter, spun round so swift that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine would hold together, if crowded to a greater speed.

Well, just as I came to a stand in the depot at C., the big clock boomed out twelve, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time, and nothing to spare.

"And he saved the money, did he?" I asked, when I saw that my friend had finished his story.

"Yes; he found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldrich had directed him."

"And that is the way I made seventy-five miles an hour," my companion concluded, "and five thousand dollars for doing it."

A REMARKABLE MEMORY.—John Franklin was a native of Canaan, Litchfield county, Connecticut. An instance of his remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was no ordinary boy. Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting-house being enclosed, but neither ceiled nor plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view. John said that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not define the cause.

On returning home, "John," said his father, "it is my duty to give you a severe thrashing, (common in olden times and ought to be in modern,) and you shall have it presently; so prepare yourself."

"But you wont whip me, father, without telling me what for?"

"No, certainly—your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were all the time gaping about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting-house."

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Sermon! no. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"I'll tell you all the minister said, if you wont whip me."

"No, John, no; but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went through every head of it with surprising accuracy.

"Upon my word," said the delighted parent, "I should not have thought it."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting-house."—History of Woburn.

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

For the Middlesex Journal.

To Louisa.

BY MATTY MAY.

I dream of thee, and in my visions bright,
I'm with thee, sister, all the long, long night;
I know 'tis wrong to wish thee here again,
And thou so free from earthly care and pain.

I think of thee! I would that thou wert here,
To check the sigh, and wipe away the tear;
I know 'tis wrong to wish thee here again,
And thou so free from earthly care and pain.

Oh, dear Louisa, in this world of ours
You know there's thorns concealed among the flowers
But tell me, loved one, tell me it is true,
That Heaven has flowers such as in dreams I view?

Oh, spirit world! all radiant with light,
Unsuited streams and flowers of hue so bright!
Oh, spirit friends! when you in dreams I view—
Tell me ye loved ones, shall I live with you?
WOBURN, 1861.

Seventy-five Dollars for a Dinner.

Among the many anecdotes told of "Billy Gibbons," the New Jersey millionaire, is one of his high priced dinners in the country. It seems he was on a visit to a country village in which he owned some real estate, and after transacting his business he came to the village hotel about three, P. M., tired, dusty, and hungry, and applied for a hot dinner. A smart clerk in attendance, glancing at his rather rusty habiliments, told him "They didn't have hot dinners for travelers at that time of day, but to wait till the Committee on the New Town House were attended to, and if there was any chance then he would see."

"But," remarked the old gentleman, whose olfactories were saluted with a grateful incense of certain roasts and broils, "there seems to be something very new."

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, "the Committee of Selectmen for purchasing a new Town House Lot have a dinner here to-day,"—and he bustled off in one direction, the landlord in another, and two white jacketed waiters flew hither and thither, impressed with the vast importance of providing for the magnates who were to honor the house by dining there.

"Why can't I have dinner with the Committee?" said the old gentleman, arresting the clerk once more as he passed by him; "I'm perfectly willing to pay for all that I have."

"You! Well, my old fellow, that is cool," said the clerk; "why, do you think that the Selectmen would let you in to their table?"

"Stranger things have happened," was the reply; "at any rate I should like to try!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the clerk, "couldn't think of such a thing."

The old man at this moment, however, as the clerk turned away, caught sight, through a half-opened door, of a well-spread table, evidently all in readiness for the Committee, who were assembled in a room above, and would soon be summoned to discuss the viands that were already smoking upon the board. Without any ado, therefore, he passed in, took a seat, and commenced a vigorous attack upon the dish nearest to him, which happened to be an excellent pair of roast chickens. It happened that there was no person in the room when the uninvited guest took his seat, and two or three servants who came in within the next few minutes to place upon the table the remaining articles which were necessary, only honored him with a curious stare as they performed their duties, while he plied his knife and fork with a vigor that betokened a sharpened appetite and a proper appreciation of the excellence of the fare before him.

The clerk, who entered a short time after to take a final glance and see that all was right, was horrified at the spectacle. "Why, you old sinner!" said he, rushing up to the object of his wrath, who was enjoying the savory viands before him with great gusto, "didn't I tell you that this dinner was for the committee? What are you doing here?"

"Can't you see yourself?" said the old man, cutting into a huge decorated ham, "I'm having a good dinner."

"Having a good dinner! Why, you are spoiling everything," said the clerk, aghast at the frightful gap made by the onslaught upon the ham.

"That's very true, young man," was the reply; "I'm spoiling my appetite also, and if matters proceed in this manner, it will soon be gone altogether."

The clerk, in dismay, hurried off for the landlord, while the cause of his trouble continued to eat away as industriously and quietly as though nothing had happened. In a few minutes the landlord rushed in boiling with wrath.

"How dare you, sir?" exclaimed the worthy, "how dare you?" said he, advancing with hostile intent.

"Keep perfectly cool," said the old man with a dangerous look in his eye, as he suspended operations with a large carving knife upon a roast turkey he was dismembering; "remember, I'll pay for all I have."

"Pay for all you have!" said the landlord, eyeing the carving knife, "why, you will have to pay for the whole dinner!"

"Very glad to do that," said the other, resuming his knife and fork, and finishing his repast with a few choice morsels.

"Yes, you shall pay for all you've destroyed," said the landlord, almost choking with rage, as his visitor coolly poured out a glass of wine from a decanter, and nodding to him, drank it off.

"Agreed," said the other, as he wiped his mouth and fingers upon a napkin and drew a long breath of satisfaction, "and, landlord, you say I shall pay for all I destroy?"

"That I do, and roundly, too," said Boniface.

"Well, then, let's have the bill for the sum total?" said the old man as he rose, bringing up one side of the table with him at the same time, and precipitating, with a crash, the whole contents in one common pile upon the floor.

The landlord started back with horror and dismay at the sight, while his customer, coolly drawing a tooth-pick from his vest pocket, exclaimed—

"Let's have the bill, landlord! Don't be frightened at a little broken crockery. Let's know the price of the dinner?"

The landlord giving the wink to his clerk, to keep an eye on the old fellow, and see that he did not escape, proceeded to the office, followed by his customer. The score was soon figured up and passed over to the old man, who stood quietly waiting for it, with the clerk and two waiters behind him ready to seize him at a signal from their employer.

"There's the amount, sir," said the landlord, with a grin of triumph, "Seventy-five dollars! Now where's your money?"

"Cheap enough!" said the expensive diner eater, as he drew a portentous calf-skin wallet from his pocket, and opening it, commenced turning over the bank notes therein, when the host ascertained that they were of such large denomination, that he had not money enough in his house to make change with his customer.

The clerk, who had been gaping over the old man's shoulder during the operation, slipped round to the landlord and whispered: "It must be the president of a bank, for he has ten thousand dollars in his wallet."

Finally the stranger managed to find a one hundred dollar note among the pile in his wallet, which he passed over to the astonished landlord, received the change, carefully counted it, placed it in his wallet and walked away, saying as he did so—

"Good day, landlord, I always pay for what I have."

"Do you know that old chap is that just went out?" asked the landlord of one of the Selectmen, who came in at that moment.

"That man! why yes, that's old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State. We bought five thousand dollars worth of real estate from him to day, and paid him the cash for it."

"Five thousand dollars!" said the host.

"Why, how much is he worth?"

"Oh, a million or so," was the reply.

"Where—w?" said the landlord. "No wonder he can afford a seventy-five dollar dinner!"

Worry.

Don't you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don't you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat where you may rest and refit yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and impudence of your boys; unless, indeed, it be the suspicious bow with which Mrs. Snooks that afternoon passed your wife, and the fact that the pleasant dinner-party at which you assisted the evening before at Mrs. Smith's, has been ascertained to have been one of a second-rate character, his more honored guests having dined on the previous day. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour or less of this discipline, brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind. And instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody silence over your books—books which you are not likely for this evening to much appreciate or enjoy. Now, I put it to every reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case, and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot is all its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pigsty.—Country Parson.

If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably soon be so too.

A Thrilling Sketch.

The following narrative is asserted to be entirely true, by its author:

It was a night of pitchy darkness. At four bells in the first watch, not a breath of air was moving, and the drenched sails, wet by the afternoon and evening rains, hung heavily from the yards, or flapping against the masts and rigging, as the ship rolled lazily on the long laden swells of the Pacific Ocean. A number of days passed without an observation of the sun or stars, and they had to run by dead reckoning, and were not, therefore, sure of their latitude or longitude. They might be nearer danger than they thought.

The captain had gone below at eight, but, feeling troubled about the portentous appearance of the weather, was unable to sleep, and was on deck again, walking nervously forward and aft, now looking on this side and then on the other side of the quarter-deck, looking anxiously out into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass, and then at the barometer which hung in the cabin gangway.

Round and round went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told hours before. In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness; only inky blackness met their straining gaze everywhere. Thus matters stood till six bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick, jerking voice of the captain was then heard—

"Mr Smalley, you may take in the light sail."

"Ay, ay, sir," and, stepping to the mainmast, he called out:

"Forward, forward, sir. Stand by the top gallant and jib halyards."

In a moment he heard the report, "Ready, sir."

"Let go the halyards, and clew down; let go the sheets and clew up; that'll do; belay all! now jump up and furl them; be lively, lads."

While this was going on, the captain took another look at the barometer, and found the mercury still going down fast. Now thoroughly aroused, he caught his speaking-trumpet from the becket, and sang out:

"Hold on, there! down from aloft, every man of you; call all hands."

Down came the men again.

"All hands, ahoy!" was called with great strength of voice, at both the cabin and fore-castle gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which defy such description as would make it intelligible to a landsman, but which any sailor understands. The topsails were close reefed, a reef taken in the main-sails, the jib and flying jib, and all the light sails, were furled, and the ship made ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving, while an unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere was observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a dim, purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship, and called out—

"Here it comes, sir."

"Where," asked the captain.

"Right ahead, sir."

"Hard-a-port your helm."

"Hard-a-port it is, sir."

"Brace round the yards."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The yards were braced around, and the ship was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard side. That dreadful streak of cloud grew almost crimson; and there was heard what was thought was a heavy roar of the coming gale, and every man seemed to hold his breath awaiting the shock. Good men and courageous sailors were on that ship's deck, but they shrank from the onslaught like frightened children. When God speaks in those storms his voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man is quailed before it. And the storm itself is scarcely less trying to one's nerves than just before it strikes, while men wait in dreadful suspense.

Thus those men waited till the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening color of that lowering cloud of crimson light. At length eight bells told that four o'clock had arrived, and daylight was looked for as those men with Paul looked for it when they "wished for day."

But the struggling light of the day seemed only to reveal the thickness of the wandering vision. Just after daylight their ears were stunned with successive, quick reports, louder than whole broadsides from a hundred-gun ship, the whole heavens were lighted up with a fiery red light—the ocean was stirred from her profound depths—great waves without any visible cause, ran in the most awful commotion, now striking together and throwing the white foam and spray high in the air, then parting to meet again in fearful embrace as before; a school of sperm whales ran athwart the ship's bows, making every exertion to escape the strangely-troubled waters; within a few cable-lengths of the ship, an immense column of water was thrown mast head high, and fell back again with a roar like Niagara; a deep, mournful noise, like the echo of thunder among the mountains caverns, was constantly heard, and none could tell from whence it came; the noble ship was tossed and shattered like a plaything.

"Great God, have mercy upon us!" cried the officers and men. "What is this? What is coming next? Is it the day of judgment?" The royal Psalmist describes them accurately: "They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." Soon the mystery was solved, when, right before their eyes, about one league from them,

then arose the rough sides of a mountain out of the yielding water, and reared its high head in the air; then from its summit flames burst forth, and melted lava ran like a river down the declivity, and fell like a cascade of flame into the seething ocean. It was a birth-throe of nature, and an island was born which was miles in circumference.

Two years afterwards I sailed right over the place, but the placid water gave no intimation that an island had been there, yet no man has said that he saw the death and burial of that land whose birth I have just chronicled. "They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters; those seek the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

A Ten Mile Army of Ants, and their Exploits.

We take the following description of the "Bashikouay"—or reddish-brown African ant—from Du Chaillu's account of his African travels:

It is their habit to march through the forest in a long and regular line, about two inches broad and often ten miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build under-ground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet under ground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

When they get hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and devours all it comes to with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredible short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Roaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kill a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense roaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march, the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR.
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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1861.

We have entered upon the fifth month of this deplorable and melancholy civil war. Men peer into the darkness of the future with unrequited scrutiny. Their power of foretelling events by ominous signs is gone, and the first knowledge they receive of things often proves to be the last. Thus are we drifting and battling about, we know not where—it may be upon a sea shore, and the tremendous roar of the engulfing breakers may burst upon our unwilling ears ere we have time to "about ship." We are all looking forward to a speedy and triumphant conclusion of the war. God grant that we may not be disappointed. But it is impossible to blind our eyes to certain propitious facts. At every move our army makes, blunders of some kind occur. We know that it is hard to expect perfection in that which has been in existence but a few weeks, and knowledge where there has been no experience; still we think advantage should be taken of every known fact. Our generals have twice given the enemy battle, choosing their own time and opportunity; and twice have they been defeated and compelled to fall back with great loss of life and material. It can be said, and doubtless with great truth, though our opponents deny the statement, that we have been overwhelmed by superior numbers each time. And whose fault is that? Certainly it is not the enemy's, as it is their business to win if they can, even though they have to accomplish the victory by means of men. It is the business of our generals to become acquainted, as far as may be, before they offer battle, with the numbers that can be arrayed against them, instead of marching their troops headlong to destruction, and perhaps, in the end, demoralization; for men, whose lives hang upon their leaders, cannot long hold confidence where they have no real or decided assurance of its existence.

Our battle cry, four months ago, was "a short war and a successful one," and the resources by which we intended to attain these ends, were—a large army; a powerful navy, and prompt and decided action by qualified officers. Well, we have carried out this programme in part. We have raised a large army in an incredible short space of time; we have increased and remodelled our navy—sifting the chaff from the grain as far as possible,—but yet this arm of the nation's strength is sadly deficient, and only provokes the contempt and ire of other nations; we have offered our forces, in most instances, as ably as we could, displacing or promoting as the qualities of each one became known. But with all this preparation we daily find that the force which we have gathered is inadequate to accomplish our purpose. We find, as the contest thickens, that what we at first considered a weak and suicidal rebellion, is in reality a struggle of gigantic proportions and power, far beyond our utmost calculations. What we once thought would be the work of but a few weeks, we now find will take months, and perhaps years, to achieve; and that the cost may be greater in the long run than even this prodigious age will care to incur or bare. Already have the people begun to look at the debt and credit side of the question; at the many households wherein will be weeping and wailing ere the trouble ends. And is it not perfectly natural for them to do so, when the grief will come to their doors, and the cost fall upon their shoulders?

Looking at the question in the light of gain, we find that when the Southern States are brought back, their treasures will be empty and their debts tremendous. In this condition they will return only to meet another trouble in the liquidation of their share of the expense incurred in forcing them back to the allegiance which they so wantonly deserted; because if we have one law obeyed, we must have all, indiscriminately, thereby imparting a lesson that shall never be forgotten.—And when these States are reunited with us, it will take a large standing army to keep them in their place and make them submissive to the laws which they themselves helped to enact; and then where will we find the true principles of our Republican Government? Will it not be amid the glittering bayonets of our serried masses, instead of in the hearts of a contented people?

Let us, for a moment, reverse the subject, and look upon it as one of principle,—which it really is. We find in the first place that originally thirteen States separated from the parent country by force of arms and entered into solemn compact with each other for protection and prosperity, under distinct and separate constitutions. As the world rolled on these thirteen States began to swell and multiply in population; new States were taken in, until the number reached thirty-four, and the consequence was that a mighty

and powerful nation sprung into existence, as it were, in a night. For eighty-five years those States worked together in unity and peace, without any exceedingly unhappy local event transpiring. But toward the end of this time, elements, that had been coming to a focus for months in the Southern States, suddenly burst and scattered the blood-bought heritage left us by Revolutionary sires to the four winds of heaven. Throughout the largest portion of those eighty-five years, these same States controlled the whole machinery of our government, passing laws, voting money and making treaties as best subserved their peculiar interests. But finally the veil was lifted, and the States which depended on commerce and manufactures for their support and advancement, saw that the country was fast going to destruction, and that a saving hand must be outstretched ere it was too late. They saw pilfering and fraud going on by wholesale, both in property and money. They saw every office in the government overflowing with corruption. They saw that our name was fast becoming a by-word among the nations of the earth, and that with all our wealth and resources our power was gradually waning. But how did they propose to apply the remedy? Did they first provide a large army, and attempt to get the places of power under their control by force and violence, and by disregard of every social, moral and constitutional law in the land? No, not by any means. They went to the ballot box like men, citizens of a great, christian nation, and there, under the privileges granted them by the Constitution, they took possession of the reins of government in a peaceable and becoming manner. How different is this proceeding, to that of the South. While the one acted with justice, the other tore asunder with ruthless hand every sacred obligation and compact they had ever sworn to acknowledge, and hurled defiance at the very government they were in duty bound to uphold. In such a state of things as this, what other course was open to the administration than to endeavor by every lawful means to reinstall the majesty of the law wherever it had been annihilated or disregarded? Would it have been their duty to stand with folded arms and watch the growing greatness of this base power, without attempting to crush the monster before his coils had encircled our fair domain? Men may call this war by whatever opprobrious name they please, but look at it as you may, you cannot help seeing that it is waged only in defence of right, justice and humanity.

Aggravated Assault.

Yesterday afternoon, Charles Boutwell, beer manufacturer, of this town, was brought before Mr. Justice Converse, on complaint of Officer Dooliver, for cruelly beating a boy named Mark A. P. Parker, who has been in his employ for some time. It appeared on evidence that Boutwell used a bow whip for the consumption of his purpose, and from the lightness of it and the severity of the wounds inflicted, some of them being ten inches in length, we are led to suppose that he wielded his instrument of torture with herculean power. The boy's back and abdomen was almost a mass of sores from the punishment he had received, and no man who had a spark of human nature left would ever have used a fellow being so shamefully. We heard one of our citizens say in the Court Room that he had seen negroes whipped, but never in his life had he witnessed anything that would compare in brutality to the case in question. The boy is evidently not the best in town, and has given Boutwell at different times much annoyance, yet all his wickedness could never have merited so great a punishment as he received. For days, he said in giving his testimony, he was unable to use his body with any degree of freedom or pleasure, and that he was compelled to carry his arms extended from his sides. Such is the brief statement of a proceeding that makes our blood run cold when we think of it. That any man could sink himself so low in feeling as Boutwell did, we never before believed. We attended the Court in the hope of finding some palliating circumstance, but none appeared. We trust that the feeling which this case has caused in the community, will serve as a warning to all persons who are in the habit of allowing their passions to sway their better judgment, as we verily believe that another occurrence of a similar outrage would severely test the powers of endurance of our citizens.

The fine imposed upon Boutwell—\$10 and costs—was as large as the law allows a Justice's Court to impose; he was also ordered to recognize in the sum of \$200, to keep the peace for six months. This sentence was considered extremely light, and many persons felt disappointed that it could not be made any severer.

We think the community owes much to Mr. Dooliver for bringing this case to light, so that justice might be meted out.

Fire.—On Thursday morning last, about 2 o'clock, a new house in course of erection in North Woburn, by Mr. James McFeeley, was totally consumed by fire. It was lathed and ready for the plasterers to begin their work. The building was worth as it stood, about \$2500. This casualty is a severe one to Mr. McFeeley, as he had no insurance upon the building. His carpenter's tools were also totally destroyed. We understand that it was only the day previous to the fire that a policy of insurance on the stock used, was received in town. Thus narrowly was a total loss saved.

On Monday last, the farm situated in the westerly part of Woburn owned by John B. Steele, was sold at auction for \$2700, Mrs. Elizabeth Hettinger of Charlestown, was the purchaser.

IMPORTANT TO OWNERS OF DOGS.—Two persons were fined \$10 and costs, amounting in all to \$14, yesterday morning, for having in their possession unlicensed dogs. Delays are dangerous.

MEDICAL MEETING.—At an informal meeting of the Middlesex East Medical Society, held in Woburn, August 10th 1861.—Drs. William F. Stevens, William Ingalls, and Alonzo Chapin, were chosen a committee to prepare resolutions in relation to the death of Dr. Truman Rickard, and to present the same to his family, and also to cause them to be published in the *Middlesex Journal*, *Woburn Budget* and *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. The following are the resolutions as reported by the Committee and adopted by the meeting:

Resolved, That we regard with deep emotion the sudden decease of our associate and friend Dr. TRUMAN RICKARD.

Resolved, That we recognized in him high professional attainments, an ardent love of science, and systematic effort to faithfully and conscientiously perform all the duties incident to his profession.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

DRAWING.—We have been shown an exceedingly fine sketch of Horn Pond and surrounding scenery, taken from Rag Rock, by Mr. F. Richardson. It is his intention to have it lithographed, so that our citizens can grace their parlors with a life-like view of this picturesque and interesting spot. Mr. Richardson intends opening a class in Woburn for private instruction in Free Hand Drawing, Landscape, and Sketching from nature, with inflexible rules and principles that may be comprehended by all. During the course the eye will be thoroughly educated for the representation of complicated objects and scenes. Specimens of the progress of his pupils may be seen at the Woburn Book Store.

THE WEATHER.—Old Robert B. Thomas' Almanac, in prognosticating the weather says: On the 10th and 11th "Sultry weather;" 13th and 14th, "Rain in many places." Now this was a pretty good "hit" for the old gentleman, especially when we consider that he spoke a year ago. The cold easterly rain of Tuesday and Wednesday last was exceedingly disagreeable, and made cheerful fires in great demand. According to the water gauge at the Merrimack Works in Lowell 3.22 inches of water fell. This is an exceedingly large supply, and our streams and ponds give evident signs of increased depth.

WE this week present the *Journal* to our patrons in a reduced shape. It is now about the same size that it was two years ago, and contains more reading matter than any other paper published in any town in Middlesex County. This change benefits us much in these times of dull business, and does not deprive our readers of their accustomed quantity of news, and other matter, as we stated last week.

WOBURN UNION GUARD.—We understand that this corps have almost doubled their number since they left home. They now have nearly sixty enrolled members. This is well, and we hope to be able to state next week that their ranks are full.

WE would like to impart a little of the Grotto Mercury's spare Guernsey "impression" to our "Adams," we think it would save considerable wear and tare of muscle.—What say you, Mr. Editor, to this little bit of "mutual accommodation?"

WE dislike dunning our patrons publicly, but we can assure those in arrears for amounts due previous to the 1st of January, that if they will "settle up" at once they will confer upon us a great favor and enable us to prevent being dunned. No one can pay his debts unless his debtors pay him.

For the Middlesex Journal.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A young man by the name of G. W. Richardson, of Billerica, enlisted in the N. H. 24 regt. Co. I, and was engaged in the battle of the 21st ult., bravely fighting for the stars and stripes, until orders were given for the regiment to retreat. That order, Companies I and B, seemed to be in no great haste to obey; as they had made up their minds not to run. They still kept in the field exchanging shots with the enemy to their utmost ability. After nearly a half hour's hard fighting, they discharged their pieces at the rebels as a last fire, and turned to leave the field; at that moment they were flanked on the left by rebel cavalry and infantry, by which their retreat came near being cut off. Private R. being very lame from rheumatism, with which he has suffered much for nearly a year past, fell slightly in the rear in retreating, when a rebel cavalry officer rode up by his side, and raised his sabre to strike him down; he dropped, quick as thought, to escape the fatal thrust, and only received a severe cut on the left leg, making a wound 6 inches in length. Then springing to his feet he plunged his bayonet in the officer's chest, who fell instantly from his horse, with a wild death scream. Private R. then seized the officer's sword, still clenched in his hand, and carried it from the battle field in triumph. As their officer fell, six of the cavalry rushed up to his rescue, while 6 of Co. I, and B. came bravely back to the aid of our hero. He says, "for a short time there was hot work, cutting and slashing." Two of our brave party fell, but only one of the rebels believed to have escaped. Afterward the party made a safe retreat to Centerville with their regiment, which they overtook on the way, though Richardson can now show a mark on his head nearly two inches in length made by a shot from a rebel pistol during his retreat. After resting an hour or two at the camp at Centerville the N. H. 24 took up their line of march, and private R. walked to Alexandria, and is now at his home in Billerica, laid up of his wounds and Rheumatism.

He has a paper signed by several members of Co. I, certifying to his having killed the rebel officer after he had received a severe wound. MEDICUS.
Wilmington, August 16.

Letter from the "Stoneham Grey Eagles."

SHARPSBURG, MD., August 6th.

Editor of the *Journal*—Here we are at last, after more than a week's hard travelling. How long we shall remain here, I know not. We have a very pleasant place for an encampment in an oak grove, about ten rods from the Potomac river. About half of the regiment are to leave to-day, to guard the river, but I don't know which half. The weather here is quite hot, but we are getting used to it. Allow me to give you a running description of our journey. We started, as you well know, from Boston at 5 o'clock in the evening, on Monday, July 29th. We arrived at Worcester at 8 o'clock, and marched through the streets and partook of a collation. We then returned to the cars and started for New York via Norwich, which we reached about 11 o'clock the next day. We then marched to the Park, where we received another collation. We left here about 5, upon the steamboat, for Annapolis, N. J., where we took the cars (though you could hardly call them such) for Philadelphia, and took an early breakfast there about 2 o'clock—the best meal we received on the route. We then marched 6 miles to the other side of the city. On the way, we passed the Sixth on their return home, and gave them three hearty cheers. While stopping here, I visited the Fairmount Waterworks, and the sight was beautiful to behold. At 8, we started for Harrisburg. On the way, one of the Westboro' men, named Morris, was thrown off the cars on the baggage train, by striking his head on a bridge, and very badly hurt. The country along here is beautiful, with some of the best farms that I ever saw. I observed corn on the route over 7 feet high, with ears on it large enough to cook. We arrived in Harrisburg about 5 o'clock. It looks like a nice place, though not very large. When the cars stopped you ought to have seen the men scamper for food. Every place around was soon drained of victuals. The women here treated us well, and in fact every one we went; had it not been for the women, many of us must have fared hard. We stopped here a few minutes and then started for Hagerstown, Md.—the extent of our railway travelling. We crossed the Susquehanna—a very shallow stream, not over two feet deep here, if I recollect right—upon the longest bridge in the United States. On the way, one of our company fell between the cars in his sleep, and we all expected that he was killed, but just as we had stopped the train and was going after him, he entered the car unharmed. At Hagerstown we stopped two days, and then started for Harper's Ferry. The first night we marched about twelve miles and stopped till morning, and then we marched fifteen miles with the thermometer at 90 in the shade and not a breath of air, over a very rough road. I guess this is the largest regiment that ever passed here—extending for about ten miles. The rear did not come in for five hours after the front. We moved the place where we stopped "Camp Starvation," as a remembrance of the past week. We tarried here till Monday, when we were ordered to Sharpsburg, our present position. This was a very hard march over the mountains, with the thermometer over 100, and no breeze at all. On the way we scoured up a large flock of buzzards, the first I ever saw. We have had about as hard a week's work as we shall probably see for some time. We have been treated very badly by those having charge of our provision department, and have not received but two good meals since we left Boston, except those furnished by private individuals.

I saw Major Burlank on Sunday. He says he likes this place very much. Major Gould has won himself many friends since we left, by his various kindnesses. We have a rebel prisoner under guard—a young man suspected as a spy. We are sadly in want of reading, especially papers, as we have considerable leisure. But I must stop to go and be a washer-woman. Yours, truly,

[The above letter did not come to hand in time for last week's paper.]

For the Middlesex Journal.

Died in Stoneham, Aug. 5, Mrs. REBECCA GEARY, aged 88 years. She knew in whom she believed; and departed this life in the triumph of faith.

The above might perhaps suffice for an obituary of a dear and venerated saint, but we cannot help thinking that few additional words ought to be said.

Mrs. Geary was truly a "mother in Israel," a consistent member of the church of God, and one of the most "excellent of the earth."

Having lived the useful life she died the happy death of the righteous. And verily "the memory of the just is blessed."

The funeral sermon was preached by her former pastor, Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, from the text, "At evening time it shall be light." Zeck. 14: 7. After a brief introduction, explanatory of the context, and descriptive of the experiences of the Jewish nation, he proceeded to show that light might be expected to break forth—1, in the evening of perplexing mysteries; 2, of personal afflictions; 3, of financial embarrassments; 4, of the church's trials; 5, of our country's calamities; 6, of a virtuous old age; and 7, of the Christian's death. Under the 6th and 7th head of discourse, the speaker spoke substantially as follows:

In the evening of our national calamities it should be light. However keen our private griefs, or great our family losses, we "would not live so long, as she couldn't do any more good and her usefulness was at an end." "You are doing a great deal of good, madam, you help me to preach every Sunday." She was greatly surprised, and wished to be informed how it could be. "In the first place," he said, "you are usually in your seat on the Sabbath, and that helps me; in the second place, you are always wide awake, and you look right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, I often see the tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me very much indeed."

patriotic soldiery of your town, and the solemnities of funeral scenes, like that of to-day in this house of the Lord.

My response is, with Isaiah of old "The morning cometh, the morning cometh! and also the night;" and with Zeck., "At evening time it shall be light." Do you understand those significant words? Not in all their far-reaching import can either speaker or hearer comprehend the meaning thereof. But "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter," probably in time, certainly in eternity.

Although "no prophet, nor the son of a prophet," of this let me assure you, that as friends of Liberty and Union, as lovers of a Republican form of Government, and the free institutions of this dear native land of ours, our principles are righteous, and must prevail. Occasional reverses, and defeats even, with nights of darkness like the present, will doubtless occur; but thank God! the nation is yet to be saved, and our armies prove triumphant!

Yes, conquer we must
Since our cause is but just."

Hence, in the language of the divine Jesus, "When ye hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled; for the end is not yet. And when there shall be distress of nations, in patience possess ye your souls;" for "it shall come to pass," saith the Lord through his servant the prophet, that "at evening time it shall be light."

We have passed through shadows deep and dense of late; and they still throw a somber coloring upon our pathway. Yet we need not be gloomy or despondent in regard to final success.

"Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers!"

Well may we retain unshaken confidence, through storm as well as sunshine, in the stability and perpetuity of our loved Republic, sweetly assured that he who hath been with us in laying broad the foundations thereof, will not fail to be with us in uprearing its massive superstructure, until the capstone is laid thereon amid millennial glories, and the year of Jubilee has come!

"The Lord reigneth! therefore, therefore let the earth rejoice." Above and over all it is extended that arm which rules the world in righteousness and love, against whose holiness no weapon formed shall ever prosper; that omnipotent arm is just as strong and mighty to-day as when it divided the Red Sea before the Israelites; protected David against his bitterest enemies, and delivered Daniel from the lion's den. That infinite Heart of Love also, whose judgments are a great deep, whose purposes of mercy are unfailing, and in the midst of all the turnings and overturnings of the nationalities of our globe, whispers in the ear of his confiding and trustful ones: "Fear not; neither be dismayed; for I am with you always. And it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

Again, in the evening of a virtuous old age all shall be light. Life, with those who attain unto the allotted term-time of human existence, the Scriptural period referred to by Moses in the 90th Psalm, hath its Morning, its Noon, and its Evening; its Spring, Summer and Autumn, ere the Winter of death.

And when our friends are permitted to enjoy these three important periods of an earthly probation, and are brought peacefully down to the grave, like a stock of corn fully ripe in its season, it is easier to be reconciled to the afflictive stroke, than if they were prematurely cut down in the early morning or bright meridian of their days.

Then there seems to be a complete, symmetrical, well-rounded whole, especially if the loved and lost were virtuous and good with a finished character and perfected life. In such an evening of life there is light, mild and serene if not brilliant and radiant. And it is one of the pleasantest sights to be seen this side the regions of immortality in the Paradise of God.

Ever since my first acquaintance with the deceased in 1849, she has been an aged saint, then one of the grandmothers of the place. Her venerable husband, a superannuated Deacon and supporting pillar of the church, whose grey hairs were a crown of glory, being found in the ways of righteousness, was nearly fourscore when he died, leaving our bereaved sister a mourning yet submissive widow, and well do I remember, as though it were yesterday, attending his funeral here January 6th, 1853.

For David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, in the language of the funeral text made use of on that occasion, "fell on sleep and was laid unto his fathers." And now she is "laid unto" her husband, or rather hath fallen asleep in the arms of her Jesus and found her long ago wedded companion, with whom she lived in yonder ancient habitation about half a century, in the sinless clime. Notwithstanding our tears and griefs to-day, let us rejoice with them in that glorious re-union, in the immediate presence of angelic associates and the infinite Lord of all.

I might indulge in various affecting reminiscences of the unburied past connected with the departed dead. But I will not consume the precious moments of your time by doing. Allow me to say, however, that Mrs. Geary was a great help and comfort to the pastor and his family, not so much by active co-operation and laborious exertions as by her generous sympathy and words of kindly cheer.

Dr. Beecher once said to an elderly lady, who expressed wonder that she was permitted to live so long, as she couldn't do any more good and her usefulness was at an end. "You are doing a great deal of good, madam, you help me to preach every Sunday." She was greatly surprised, and wished to be informed how it could be. "In the first place," he said, "you are usually in your seat on the Sabbath, and that helps me; in the second place, you are always wide awake, and you look right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, I often see the tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me very much indeed."

Well our aged sister and mother was a valuable aid to her minister, not only by her constancy and attention in this house of worship, before and after its enlargement, in her own hospitable dwelling and at the parsonage, but whenever we chanced to meet by cordial greetings and sympathizing looks. And when following to-day, for the 130th time, in a Stoneham funeral procession to the grave, I shall feel that I have lost a personal and much-endured friend, who will be held in everlasting remembrance.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit; and they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

For the Middlesex Journal.

My Bower of Prayer.

BY MATTY MAY.

'Tis evening. The cares of the day are ended. The merry voices of children and the sweet songs of the birds are alike silent. 'Tis a calm and holy hour; fit season to worship the Most High, and commune with spirits eternal. And now while all is safe at home, I'll wend my way to yonder world, where I have a temple not made with hands, wherein I nightly pray. I will enter now the mossy aisle, shaded with fragrant birch, and passing on I'll reach my bower of prayer. 'Tis a sweet spot, and I love it well, for here alone I worship Him I love to serve. Tall cedars rise on either side to guard the entrance, and the drooping pines throw their green arms around me, thus forming as safe and grand a covering as ever the architecture of man reared. 'Tis quiet here. No rude sound breaks the stillness of all around. In branches green above my head, the forest warblers sit with head behind the wing; and when my temple is unoccupied by me, the tiny birds collect their mates and make a loud resound with praise to Him who sitteth upon the throne and watches the fall of every sparrow. But now the moon has reached the top of yonder cedar on the rock, which gives me warning of my hour for prayer. Yes, I must kneel in humble prayer on this cold stone; kneel and pour out my soul to God my Father. The eyes of all that's Holy may now behold my rite. There's none in this, my bower of prayer, that's unconcerned and careless. No ignorant remarks, or low reports, go forth from those who enter here. I alone am all the sinner present. There's none to sit and scan, with low delight, the fashions of those who enter here to pray. My purple wrapper, wet with the dew from innocent flowers, is just as acceptable a covering as any worn by the most favored prince of earth. God is here; angels are up in yonder world of light and beauty, and by them the heart is scanned and earthly habitations sink into nothingness before their holy eyes. Oh, sweet enough, solitary grove! here I am all alone with God; worldly vanity must sink into the abyss of dark oblivion.

And now I'll chant my little psalm, and thus awake the upper spheres, that answers may come down. God who art never out of hearing, I pray that here I may unfold the map of the past, and in this my forest temple let me discover all the errors. Thou, oh God, shall see upon my scroll. Here will I resolve to be, as I have been, a humble child of God.

And now my time is almost up for me to go to those I love. The moon has reached the top of yonder elm, and the hour for me to leave my bower has almost come. With the smile of my Heavenly Father upon me, and the promises of His Holy Son, my Saviour, to cheer me; the assurance of the Holy Spirit to guide me; I will again go down the mossy aisle, and reach my cottage home where loved ones wait my coming.

WOBURN, 1861.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ACCIDENT.—As Dr Ingalls was returning home at a late hour a few nights since from a visit which he had been called to make, the vehicle which he was driving struck a wood pile, which on account of the darkness of the night was not seen and which extended beyond the proper limits, throwing out the Dr. and doing considerable damage to the vehicle. The Dr. fortunately escaped with a little scraping of the skin from his arm. Our citizens should be more careful about leaving anything near their premises which would be likely to be in the way of a horse and vehicle at such a time. Of a dark night it is hard work enough to pick the way along our streets with the road clear, but with any obstructions lying round, it is very dangerous travelling. The owner of the premises, who is responsible for this accident, may congratulate himself that no more injury was done to our worthy physician whose services we could ill spare, and strive to be more careful in future.

WAR ITEMS.—The meeting of the subscribers to the fund for the benefit of the volunteers from this town, mentioned in my last, was appointed for Tuesday Evening last, but on account of the severe rain storm which prevailed, whereby only some seven or eight persons were present, the meeting was adjourned to Tuesday Evening next at the Lower Lyceum Hall. It is desirable that there should be a full attendance, so that no one can complain afterwards of not having had a voice or vote in the matter. In this connection I would venture to suggest for the consideration of that meeting that our town would look a little more patriotic, if the stars and stripes were displayed from some conspicuous place in the centre of the town. There has been, thanks to somebody, until recently, a small flag waving from the top of the Union building but it has probably been worn out in service, and now no flag is to be seen in that vicinity. Let the Committee in charge of the Volunteer Fund be authorized to purchase a large American flag, have a suitable staff erected near the railroad track

or in some other prominent locality, the flag hoisted and put under the charge of a competent person who shall take it in only whenever there is a severe wind or rain. There can be no impropriety in using the funds for such a purpose, and there ought not to be any objection to it. There are several flags belonging to individuals and associations which I seem to be kept very choice, lest they should be harmed. In these times let every one show his colors, if he has them and not be fair weather patriots. Let the star spangled banner be seen waving in our town as an evidence of our loyalty and patriotism.

It is currently reported that there are several secessionists or those who sympathize with them, in our community, some of whom take pains to express their views openly. If this be true as I have no reason to doubt it is, it would be advisable for such persons to take warning from the reception which has been given to those holding similar doctrines, in other places. There is a point, where "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and when we see or hear persons who owe all that they are or have been to these institutions, which they by action would overthrow and annihilate, and who would raise in their place a despotism more tyrannical than ever was enforced by the Austrian layons, it becomes the duty of every lover of his country and of his race to see to it, that in this time of trial such traitors are looked after, who would if possible aid and succor the enemy in carrying out their nefarious plans.

The Government is at last awakening to the importance of taking care of the spies and traitors in the loyal States, and is indicating by its recent acts its determination to prevent any further collusion between the rebels of the South and the loyal States. This will lead those in the latter to be much less boastful of their complicity with rebellion than they have heretofore been.

EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Last week, the following named persons were drawn and appointed to serve on a Sheriff's Jury to be empaneled to inquire into the amount of damage to Otis Herson of Stoneham, by reason of laying out a new town way over his land, viz: John Purington, John A. Tyler, Henry B. Dunn, and William H. Atwell.

After so long a time, Chemut street is open for travel the whole distance. The Boston and Maine Railroad Corporation have removed the obstructions, and planked the Railroad at the crossing. This has given great pleasure to those who live in the vicinity of the crossing, as well as to all who have occasion to pass that way. There is one regret however, which is, that a plank should be placed there so inferior in appearance and fitness, to the accommodations usually furnished by that thrifty and enterprising corporation.

Many of our citizens will remember Mr. Emory, who resided in town some two or three years ago, but went away to make a fortune in the daguerotype business. When the war broke out he was in the vicinity of Washington, and being a smart Yankee, he thought he could make it pay well to follow the army into Virginia, and consequently he packed up his trinkets and sent them on before him. But he was destined to lose his baggage, it being taken by the rebels. When he learned that fact, he swore that as they had stolen his property and taken away his means of subsistence, he would fight them. So saying he procured a gun and went forward, and either with some company or on his own hook, he fought desperately at Bull Run, and returned to Washington with a sword which he took from a rebel officer. As a reward for his valor he was appointed 1st Lieut. in a Kansas Company and is now in the war.

There are women in our times with as patriotic hearts as those in the days of the Revolution. In conversation the other day with a young lady in town, whose husband had enlisted, and was soon to proceed to Washington, she remarked that it was a terrible necessity which took him from his home, but the war was upon us and somebody must fight, and that it was no worse for her to sacrifice her husband than for others to sacrifice theirs. She would hope for his safe return, but if he fell on the field of battle, he would die in a noble cause, "and," added she, "I would prefer that my bone also, should bleach upon the field, than that the South should gain a victory over the North."

We are informed by a Marblehead gentleman, a resident of this town, who is now a member of Company E. 16th Regiment, that his native town is represented in every regiment and that it has also furnished officers and privates for some of the regiments in New Hampshire. Four hundred and Ninety-six persons have already enlisted from Marblehead, making one for every nineteen inhabitants.

The printed Reports of the Valuation Committee of South Reading for 1860, have just been received from the press, and are for distribution at the Post Office, at the office of the Town Clerk, and at the office of the Selectmen. The subject of printing them did not come before the town until their meeting in April 1861, and this is one great cause of the delay.

Direct information has been received from Sergeant George W. Aborn one of the missing members of the Richardson Light Guard. On the 27th of July he was a prisoner at Richmond, with good treatment from the people so far as food is concerned. Others were with him from towns in this County, and other Counties, who have been reported as dead.

Miscellaneous.

The Pesky Fly.

I have, each day, a bitter pest
That leaves me not a moment's rest.
When just as busy as I can be,
Or dreamy or dull it troubles me;
My life's machinery runs every
Because of a little pesky fly.

I sit in my chair in a dream of bliss
In realms that are brighter far than this,
I sport in fancy in angel bowers
Attended by smiling and radiant hours.
When I start and jump with a frantic cry,
Bit on the cheek by the pesky fly.

As I sit at my desk, with the devil high,
Waiting for copy the merry high,
And the sweat pours down my reeking face
With the effort made each word to trace,
My ears are tickled, my nose, my eye,
With the cursed impudent, pesky fly.

When I'm in church, with my Sunday face,
Listening to words of peace and grace,
Behold, my post before me there,
Cutting queer capers in the air.
I can't be good however I try,
For the Sabbath breaking pesky fly.

When by the side of her I love so well,
I'd fain my admiration tell—
I hear my post at my sinister ear,
With a buzz that gives me fear,
And quite forget her for whom I sigh,
Because of this vexing pesky fly.

Oh, I am worried half to death,
I utter words that stop my breath,
My cheeks are bruised all black and blue,
My knees my delicate nose askew,
I've peddled my chin and blacked my eye,
In battling with the pesky fly.

Exhaustedly I sit and stare
At my pest as he circles here and there.
I clutch at him as he hurries past,
But his eyes are sharp and he travels fast;
'Tis all in vain, Great Heaven! why
Was made this troublesome pesky fly?

—Frederic Gazette.

FORMER DAYS.—The degeneracy of our times, especially in the matter of honesty and integrity in public affairs, is most sadly marked. A gentleman in middle life furnishes to one of the papers the following incident in his boyish days:

Having occasion to write, he thought to supply himself with a sheet of letter paper from the desk of his grandfather, who at the time had an office under the Federal Government.

"What are you doing there?" said the old gentleman.

"Getting a sheet of paper, sir."

"Put it back, sir, put it back; that paper belongs to the Government of the United States."

In these days of wholesale speculation, fraud, robbery, and plunder! Well may we sigh for the return of "Auld Lang Syne."

Lately, a gentleman waiting for a friend in Third Street, Philadelphia, observed a party of newboys who were waiting for the afternoon papers. A well-dressed lad walked up to them. They eagerly saluted him, and examined him on every side, and seemed to admire him very much. Soon a little fellow, with a coat reaching to the ground, and elbows out, began to question him thus:

"What are ye at now?"

"I'm in a store."

"What d'ye do?"

"I sweep out the store and run errands."

"Do ye? Ye don't feel as good now as ye did when in business for yourself, do ye?"

CRUEL.—(Scene, a barber's shop.) Young swell: "I say, B—, do you think I shall ever have whiskers?" B—, (after a careful examination): "Well, sir, I really don't think you will—leastwise not to speak of your young swell: 'That's rather hard, for my pa—I mean governor—has plenty.' B—, factiously, "Yes, sir, but perhaps you can take after your ma." Young swell collapsed.

The ladies of Boston having made some shirts for the soldiers, from four to five inches too short, one of the soldiers perpetrated the following:

Like a man without a wife,
Like a ship without a sail,
The most useless thing in life,
Is a shirt without a proper length.

PROVINCETOWN.—There is always a good reason for everything; and the good reason why Provincetown flourishes, is because there is no place there were men in sold; the jail is to let, and the hotel keeper is a temperance man, and worthy Patriarch of the division of the Sons of Temperance.

A young lawyer who had long paid his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love.

"It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney."

"Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are 'solicitors.'"

A young girl was introduced to James I., who excelled even learned men in classical acquirements. "Well," said the monarch, "now tell me what this prodigy can do."

He was informed that she could read and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. "Ah!" replied the king, "these are rare attainments for a maid—can she spin also?"

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking him to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jennie, it is a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal solemnier not to."

Milton, when blind, married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton, "but I dare say you are right, for I feel thorns daily."

WOBURN BOOK STORE

A LARGE SUPPLY OF NEW BOOKS
STATIONERY, WRITING PAPER,
LEAD, INKS, HOUSE PAPERS, FINE
GOODS, &c., has just been added to the former
stock, making a large and well-selected

VARIETY OF GOODS,

Consisting of works in History, Theology, Poetry,
Fiction, Agriculture, the Arts, and general
Literature. A constant supply of all the

SCHOOL BOOKS,

used in Academies, High Schools, Grammar, Inter-
mediate and Primary Schools,
American and English
Family, Pocket and School
Bibles and Testaments, a very
large stock; Palmar, Watts and
Select, Plymouth Collection, and Chris-
tian Hymns; Barnes' Notes and Question
Books. Note, Bill, Letter, Cap, Bank-Post,
Political and Ornamental Writing Papers. White,
Colored, Ornamental and Wedding Envelopes—
Gillott's and Commercial Pens and Holders of
various kinds. Black, Blue, Red and In-
delible Ink. Covered, Plain, Trans-
parent, and Porcelain Slates, Car-
tridge, Drawing, Blotting and
Tissue Paper. Whitney's
Patent, Portable, Fan-
cy and Office Ink
Stands.

EXTRA ADHESIVE MUCILAGE!

Playing Cards, Portfolios, Ink Erasers, Ivory
Tablets, Tape Measures, Transparent Slates, Pencil
Leads, Superior, Common and Perfected Sealing
Waxes, Water and Stamps, Paper, Carpenters, and
Common Lead Pencils, Crayons and Holders,
Drawing Boards, Stamps, Rubber, Boxes Paints and
Brushes, Pen Holders, Paper Towels, Bill Files,
Date Cases, Rubbers, Ivory Folders, Sand
Boxes, Thermometers, Mathematical Instruments, &c., &c.

JUVENILE BOOKS,

In Cloth, Morocco, and paper covers.
Blank Books and Memoranda of all kinds in
general use, Full and Half-Bound Ledgers, Jour-
nals, Day Books, and Letter Books. Tablet Paper
and Ivory Memoranda, Writing and Exercise
Books, School Journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.

A good supply of House Papers, Borders, Win-
dow Blinds, &c., of the latest and most fashionable
patterns at LOW PRICES, always on hand, and
supplied to order.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

A large variety of Work Boxes, Reticles; Puff
Ball, Round, Fine, Pocket and Dressing Combs;
Hair, Tooth, Nail, Clothes and Shaving Brushes;
Crochet Needles, Embroidery Cushions, Port Monnaies,
Wallets, Ladies' Money Bags, Visiting, Playing,
Plain and Ornamental Cards; Dolls in variety, and
Toys of all kinds.

BININGER'S
Cognac Brandy

The infamous practice of adulterating
Brandy having become so common that
genuine article is the exception; it is of vital im-
portance to those requiring it for Family use and
medicinal purposes, to be able to distinguish the
genuine from the spurious.

With a view to meeting the popular demand for a
reliable Brandy in its natural state, free from al-
coholic favor and impurities, and fully appreciating
the fact that it is often recommended by the Medi-
cal Faculty, as a sustaining stimulant, when all
other remedies fail, we have been endeavoring to
obtain from the most responsible houses in France
a supply of the most pure and genuine Cognac Brandy.

"Bininger's Genuine Cognac Brandy,"

is a mild, delicate and fruity, and is designed to
be used in small quantities, in cases containing two
and a half pints, in cases containing two and a half
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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 47.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

"Under the Cloud and through the Sea."

So moved they, when false Pharaoh's legion pressed,
Charlotts and horsemen following furiously,—
Sons of Israel, at their God's behest,
Under the cloud and through the swelling sea.

So passed they, fearless, where the parted wave,
With cloven crest uprearing from the sand,—
A solemn aisle before,—behind, a grave,—
Rolled to the beckoning of Jehovah's hand.

So led He them, in desert marches grand,
By toils sublime, with test of long delay,
On, to the borders of that Promised Land
Wherein their heritage of glory lay.

And Jordan raged along his rocky bed,
And Amorites spears flashed keen and fearfully:
Still the same pathway must their footsteps tread,—
Under the cloud and through the threatening sea.

God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
But comes by throes of mortal agony;
No man-child among nations of the earth
But findeth baptism in a stormy sea.

Sons of the Saints who faced their Jordan flood
In fierce Atlantic's unrelenting wave,—
Who by the Red Sea of their glorious blood
Reached to the Freedom that your blood shall save!

O Countrymen! God's day is not yet done!
He leaveth not His people utterly!
Count it a covenant, that He leads us on
Beneath the Cloud and through the crimson Sea!
—Atlantic Monthly.

I Love the Old.

I love the old, to lean beside
The antique easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silver hair;
To press my glowing lips upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye, where dwells
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand,
That on your youthful head
Has lain so tenderly the while
The evening prayer was said;
To nuzzle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tones of legendary lore,
The chronicles of old.

Oh! youth, thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love,
So many hopes—age has but one,
The hope of bliss above.
Turn then awhile from these away,
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-strings with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Yes, love the aged, bow before
The venerable form,
So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.
Ay, love them, let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,
As pilgrims yearn to Heaven,
Regard and love the old.

Select Literature.

THE MAN WHO WAS SUSPICIOUS.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

[In a recent number of an English magazine we find the following excellent sketch, written by Alfred Crowquill. Our limits will not permit us to give the long and less interesting introduction; but will simply say, that a moderately wealthy but very happy and contented country gentleman has gathered his family and friends around a bright and ruddy fire on Christmas Eve, and, in accordance with his long-established custom, relates the following story:]

"You all know the sheep-sheds in our lower croft, by Windy Gap," said he. "Before I built those sheds, when it first came in my possession, I had often endeavored to reclaim it; but after many vain attempts I gave the obstinate bit up in despair, and put it to its present use. It is a desolate looking nook, and in its appearance carries out to a miracle the scenes of unhappiness enacted upon its site.

William Mawby was born there, or parents well to do in the world, with everything about their farm in a thriving state. As a mere child, he was of a peevish, solitary nature. This I have heard from good authority; for I only became acquainted with him as I entered my first school, and he was just on the point of leaving it.

Consequently, when I returned home for good to my parent's roof he was a grown man, and I a mere stripling. As so short a distance divided his father's farm from ours, I soon fell in with him, and renewed our acquaintance. His occupation was a foreshadowing of his miserable character; he was diligently inspecting a hedge that divided a close from the main road. He thought that he had discovered evident traces of some one having passed into the field through the said hedge.

I laughed at his wise and serious face, drawn into a look of profound wisdom for so trifling an occasion.

"My young friend," said he, "men are ruined by trifles. It is not the broken hedge I value; but I suspect the trespasser passed through that gap upon some unlawful purpose; but I'll be even with them now my suspicions are aroused."

With that he tapped the side of his nose, and went on his way most suspiciously uncomfortable.

The next day, to the amusement of the village, a large board appeared staring over the hedge, with the announcement of all sorts of penalties and spring-guns to the unwary tres-

passers. His old father was a merry-hearted plain old man, who never put himself under the infliction of doubts; for he believed that men were all pretty considerably honest, as the world went, and he had not the slightest idea that he was better than anybody else; consequently, he smoked his pipe in calm contentment, and let the world wag.

His suspicious son soon disturbed his blissful equanimity; for much to his annoyance, he found padlocks placed upon things that had hitherto been open to all. His neighbor had to wait for his glass of ale while he found his son, and his son found the key; for he, the contriver, was not always sure where he had hidden it.

Poor William's principal torment was his suspicion of his own father. His lynx eyes soon fathomed the soft, easy temper of his parent, and saw a thousand ways wherein his disposition might be turned to account by the cunning dealers on market days, when the ale was uppermost at their simple friendly dinners, in which the old man delighted, and which it would have been difficult to wean him from—as, although yielding and good-natured, he was too tough and independent to be dictated to by anybody. Another painful thorn in his side was an aged aunt, to whom the old man took a well stored weekly basket. She lived on a small stipend in the market. She had two daughters. The old man often took his smothering cup of tea with them on his return. He might leave them something comfortable. The thought was tormenting.

His suspicion carried him every market-day to dodge his father, with the show of the most sincere affection; which the unsuspecting old man, with his heart glad, reported to his plain simple dame, who rejoiced with him over their imagined treachery.

He was at this time about eighty and twenty, and, despite his age, he could not escape a pair of bright eyes and rosy cheeks that caught him in the before mentioned market-town on one of his suspicious visits.

He soon scraped an acquaintance, after having by great assiduity found out that her father was a retired miller, of good fortune, and that she was an only child. He thought this a safe investment. His position and appearance soon gained him permission to continue his visit; which were, in fact, continual, for he was always under the impression that when the cat is away the mouse will play, and that some other might snap up his valuable mouse. He did not feel quite assured as to the old man's positive possessions, so he made it his business in a thousand tortuous ways to make inquiries.

This could not go on so quietly; but it at last reached the old miller's ears, who good-naturedly put it down to the young man's prudent foresight; but, on inquiry, he discovered that it proceeded from a doubt of his responsibility and veracity. The miller was a shrewd old man, and determined, before it was too late, to find out whether the young suitor might not be wanting in some of the qualities he thought necessary for the girl's happiness.

The old banker was a chum of the miller's, through whose instrumentality he had invested large sums in excellent mortgages. He allowed himself to be pumped by Mawby, with the connivance of the miller; and, consequently, by winking replies to his eager inquiries, made out the miller to be little less than insolvent.

William's affection sunk down to zero, although it had for months been burning, according to his own account, like two or three Atnas combined. His suspicions, then, were true. What an escape! thought he. So it was for the fortunate girl. It being dark, he crept over the garden palings, and sneaked up towards the shutter. Here, he attempted to peep through the crevices. Here, while endeavoring to make out a murmured conversation, in which he thought he heard his own name mentioned, he was pummed by the miller's dog, who, poor brute! was cursed with the youth's fault of suspicion, and, suspecting that he was a thief, had seized him accordingly. Here was rather an awkward denouement, and he had no right there; the path to the door lay another way. In his anxiety he had trampled down the flower bed. He stammered out some excuse upon his release, and departed home crest-fallen, hoping that they did not suspect his suspicions.

The next morning he received a polite note from the miller, begging him "not to repeat his visits, as the dog appeared to have taken a sudden dislike to him, in which he was joined by himself and his daughter. At the same time, to ease his mind as to the state of their affairs, he begged to say that any respectable young man who pleased his daughter's taste, might have ten thousand down on the wedding day, and as much more at his death."

For once William suspected right, viz: that he had made a sad fool of himself.

Not many months after this, he lost his simple-minded mother. Her death gave him plenty of exercise for his miserable fault—for he was continually laying traps for the servants, as if they had been so many mice, to catch them in their little pecculations, until his espionage made all around him so uncomfortable that many of the old domestics left the farm in disgust.

Whenever he met me he was full of some deeply laid plan to find some miserable suspected one, and often in the midst of his self-sufficient tale, he would start off on a sudden

without an apology, because a suspicion had flashed across his mind that he had not locked his corn-bin or preserve-cupboard before he left home.

His whole occupation seemed to be to find out things that would make him uncomfortable. The food preserved for his own table he constantly dotted or nicked, that he might see, upon their being brought to table again, whether any one had ventured to pilfer the smallest particle.

He had a habit of leaving straws in key-holes that would be displaced on the slightest attempt to insert a key, and discover the intended thief. I have known him to walk a considerable distance, and then return and push the door, to assure himself that the lock had shut.

He once got in his own trap. One night late he had an engagement to go to some neighboring dance, so he sent all the servants to bed and locked the back and front doors, and to make all secure, hid the ponderous key. On his return he could not for the life of him think of the hiding place; he therefore had some hours to walk up and down in the night air before day dawn, when the imprisoned servants discovered him feeling about in hencecups and under thatches for the missing key. At last his hiding place struck his memory, and he had the mortification of withdrawing it before the tittering servants, who thus discovered his suspicions, and the retribution on himself in his long night watch.

His father, who had now grown too aged to attend to the farm, left it entirely under his control. Here his suspicions had nearly finished him off—for he suspected, during his harvest, that his shocks were pulled and robbed during the night. He therefore hired a clown to sit up as a watchman, armed with an old double-barreled gun, loaded with slugs. The first night his suspicions would not let him sleep. This watchman might be bribed to connivance, and he got laughed at. He was soon dressed and creeping along the hedge where his suspicions were verified by hearing low murmuring voices. He crawled close to their vicinity, and there discovered that it was the poor fellow's wife, who had brought him something comfortable for his supper. He crept back cautiously, but stumbling over the root of a tree, roused the attention of the watchman, who challenged him immediately. He lay still for a moment, hoping he should escape observation in the darkness of the night, but upon his first attempt to raise himself, he received about a dozen slugs in his arm and back, for his watchman was a better shot than he suspected. The picking out of those by the village surgeon was a positive satisfaction to the many to whom his character had become pretty well known.

Thus he went on, until his father's death left him entirely alone, for his suspicious mind never allowed him to form a friendship, which can only be true and valuable where there is a mutual confidence and an openness of character. He, by his suspicious nature, had locked himself within himself, which is the most fearful of imprisonments. His father's wealth enabled him to please his fancy—so to set his mind at ease, he sold the farm, that he might, as he thought, be freed from a host of pilferers. He built himself a house in the croft I mentioned at the beginning of the tale, the very prototype of himself. It had a most suspicious look—it had but one door, but windows were placed so that he could see all that was going on on every side.

He had only one domestic, an old cripple without relation, who was too lame to go out, and of course had no visitors. It was well known in the neighborhood that he had withdrawn large sums from the different country bankers, where it had been invested by his father, and it was strongly believed that he kept it in the house, as he suspected that these speculative gentlemen might one fine morning turn out to be insolvent. His walks were confined to within sight of his solitary mansion, the precincts of which he was never known to leave as age crept on him, but wandered about like an unquiet spirit around his self-imposed tomb.

In the course of time his old domestic was conveyed to the village church-yard, much less solitary than the abode which she had left.

For a moment the old man stood and gazed after the bearers, his white hair blown about by the cold wintry wind, and his shrivelled hand shading his eyes. He turned slowly from the sight and closed the door.

Many were the kind offers from the simple people of the village; but all offers he resolutely declined, as he suspected that his age and wealth were calculated upon to a nicety, and a thumping legacy looked forward to as the reward of some trifling attention. Distant relations began to hover round him, and make tender inquiries. These he always met on the door-steps, which was his only audience-chamber for such callers.

That solitary old man sat, as long as daylight lasted, at a window overlooking the highroad. Here he passed his life in reading and watching. The same window showed a light burning during the hours of darkness, for he always appeared on his guard as upon any person approaching nearer than usual to the premises, his ears were saluted by the deep growl of his dog, which never left the house any more than his master.

About two years after the decease of his house-keeper, the nightly light was missed from the window, for it had become quite a

guide to many coming to the village. This of course caused some of the more curious to approach the house in the daylight and reconnoitre. But there sat the solitary, apparently deeply occupied with his book, and also the dog peering through the glass. This satisfied them and they departed.

A week had elapsed, and the village was alarmed by the appearance of Mawby's dog careering in a wild manner through the village. Upon being noticed he sped back to the croft. Many followed him, and upon approaching the house and looking up at the window, they perceived the old man still sitting unmoved, although the glass frame had been smashed by the dog's exit. After repeated calls, which met with no attention, they forced their way into the house.

Everything in the chamber was neat and comfortable. There sat the poor man in his arm chair, dead and alone. Of what value were those riches now which had closed his heart against all the pleasures of this beautiful world, against the possession of wife, children, kind friends? There was no will, for he suspected the moment he made it in any one's favor, that would be his last moment of security. It therefore spread itself for more evil, and was split up into forty lawsuits, for the benefit of every one but the rightful heirs."

The Soldier's Tear.

Upon the hill he turned
To take a last fond look,
Of the valley and the village church,
And the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword,
And brushed away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch,
A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snow white scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear—
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot;
O, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the forward rank,
In danger's dark array,
Be sure the hand most forward there,
Had wiped away a tear.

—T. H. Bayley.

Bonaparte and Washington.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

A candid and dispassionate review of the life of that gigantic impersonation of military skill, whose victorious armies swept, like a fiery torrent, over Europe in the commencement of this century, inevitably leads to the conclusion, that it illustrates one of the most complete and memorable failures, in the pursuit of individual happiness, within the range of recorded experience. From the siege of Toulon to the fatal field of Waterloo, with different shades of mortification and degrees of development, the modification and development, the main principle of his conduct was the selfish promotion of his own aggrandizement. Power, for its absolute subjugation of the will of others—for its wide possession and martial pomp and glittering insignia—this was the constant and debasing object of his pursuit. Nor was he content with even larger prizes of such a career. His inordinate and reckless ambition, stimulated by the visions of his towering and comprehensive genius, stretched beyond the limits of the rule he had reared over France, to the achievement of a world-wide domination—a colossal despotism, under the shade of whose vast and Upas-like foliage, the nations would have shrunk into abject slaves of his authority and passive instruments of his caprice. And this wild, terrific dream of a nature infatuated by the lust of its overmastering passion, he seriously and methodically attempted to realize. It was this he sought, when returning from Italy to Paris, in one long triumphal procession, after having erected states and created constitutions—with the laurels of Lodi, Milan, Mantua, Ancona, Loreto, Tolentino, Trieste, Venice, and Genoa fresh upon his brow, and seeing, already, in prospect, the crown of France, and of these, its conquered dependencies, within his grasp, insatiable and insatiable still, he planned that fabulous scheme of Oriental sway, of which the colonization of Egypt, the control of the Mediterranean, and the questioning of British occupation in India, were the trifling incidents, and in the actual prosecution of which, he, shortly afterward, crossed the desert and navigated the Nile, and shook their pyramids with the thunder of his arms. It was this he sought, when, rushing impetuously over the great St. Bernard, he fell like a thunderbolt, from its peaks on the Austrians at Marengo. It was this he sought when, rewarded by his countrymen with the distinction of first consul, he intrigued to have this honor extended to the full period of his life, and, yet unsatisfied, made that very concession the immediate stepping-stone, through a cringing senate, to the establishment of a permanent dynasty. It was this he sought when, having attained the kingly office, and founded new orders of nobility, with forms of courtly etiquette, and all the empty shows of regal supremacy, he metamorphosed republican Italy—Italy made so by his previous interposition—into kingdoms and principalities, to be parcelled out among his nearest relatives and favored adherents, and held in feudal subordination to his crown. It was

men gathered on the frontiers of Poland, he marched, through storm and flood and famine, over the snows of Russia, to see her capital consumed in the very moment of his exultant entry into its palaces, and commence that disastrous retreat, whose horrors are unparalleled in the annals of hostile discomfiture. Bonaparte, Rivoli, Austerlitz, Wagram!—what are they all but the bloody charnel-chambers through which his phrensed appetite for personal glory followed the grim and treacherous spectre of universal dominion? Look at him now, at the height of his fancied power!—the wind full in the sails of his vaulting ambition; a crown of crowns upon his head, a sceptre of sceptres in his hand; canopied under trophies from almost every clime—with kings for his vassals, and the earth for his footstool! False vision!—inspired of juggling fiends, "that keep the word of promise to our ear, to break it to our hope!"—look at him yonder! A poor, wretched, disappointed man—stripped of title, power, country, wife, child, everything!—mocking himself in the solitude of confinement with an infantile simulation of his former state; his fleeting splendor vanished like a soap-bubble—like a stupendous wreck, hopelessly cast out on a barren rock of the seas. Without pride enough to endure; without grace enough to repent; wasting his few last days in idle repinings, and finally passing, with feverish dreams of carnage, from the earth he had devastated to the deity he had blasphemed, in the midst of a howling tempest.

Such are the fatal issues of the abuse of power. Let us now turn to an equally prominent, and almost simultaneous instance, of his judicious employment for the ends of right. Our own chronicles supply the theme in their initial page. I speak of him, whom modern civilization hails as the purest spirit that ever drew a nation's sword to vindicate a nation's honor; whose fame is as clear and lustrous as the dawning sun in the heavens; and to whom a grateful country, moved, not by the prurient vanity of martial exploits, but by the deepest homage the heart impulsively renders to illustrious worth, has given, for the first time in the history of mankind, the single title of Father. It is reported of Bonaparte, that, when on the eve of departure for Egypt, being assured in reply to his inquiries, by some American youths, in whose society he chanced to be, that Washington was well, he rejoined, "Ah, gentlemen! Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame is full. Posterity will talk of him, with reverence, as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions." A greater and a more solemn truth was never spoken. Unlike him, the subject of his generous eulogium, uniformly acted on the lofty principle, that the measure of his fame is full. Early trained to that heartfelt acknowledgement of God, and his influence upon human transactions, in which all true religion begins and ends, his whole career is a sublime commentary upon its truth, and a brilliant exposition of its results. It matters not at what stage of his familiar life we regard him, the same lesson, in its germ or maturity, always practically taught, and vindicated in the teaching. Whether as an innocent and artless child, whose mind instinctively recoiled from the utterance of falsehood, or as a man of matured years, whose mind was ever unpermeated by his thoughts, and its personal dignity least. For his genius, let the long line of victories, which commenced with the first fatal collision at Lexington, and ended in the surrender at Yorktown, and his inauguration of the executive office, under circumstances of the gravest and most perplexing complication, speak, as they have spoken, and will continue to speak forever. It is not his genius which concerns us now; but the exalted—the august—the transcendent purity of motive, which guided its inspiration and crowned its schemes. Nor did it go unrewarded. The prime element in what now seems to have been ordained, as the model character of a new and powerful people—the pioneers of a fresh and vigorous civilization, it was distinguished with a measure of worldly glory, which it has never entered the brain of a contriving placeman to conceive. It was ordained, not only that he should be "first in peace, and first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," but that his name should, throughout the habitable globe, wherever man is raised above the level of the brute, become the shining synonyme of Patriotism and Liberty. That pilgrims from every clime, to which the broad sun turns its universal fires, should gather around his grave as a holy shrine; and, challenging our exclusive appropriation of his fame, claim it, in the name of all nations and of all times, as the glorious heritage of a common humanity! Nor did the blessings of an approving Providence stop here; but, in that solemn hour, when earthly distinctions shrank into nothingness, and the pomp and vanity of human power vanish from the view—when the life that has been led is tested by contact with the confines of a world, which mysteriously opens to receive us, for weal or for woe, ministering to our ends at his side, to light his way to

tures with a beatific smile, and to prompt those immortal words, the simplest and yet the most momentous he ever breathed, "I am dying, but, thank God, I am not afraid to die."

Language can add nothing to the persuasive force of such an example. In adducing it, I feel I have exhausted my subject; and that the seeker after the true aims of life, will find them all in that translation of interior goodness and truth into his deeds, whatever they may be, which makes the paths of existence luminous with love, and takes the sting from death.

Non-Resistant.

BY T. AITCHESON.

With Prae, the pretty Quakeress,
I fell in love;—who wouldn't?
I gently pressed her for a kiss,
But Prae thought 'twasn't prudent.
What, if with force I take it then?
I whispered, still persistent:
She sighed 'twill be quite cruel, when
You know I'm non-resistant.

Girls.

"May glides onward into June."

This is the beautiful figure by which Longfellow describes the transition from girlhood to womanhood. But any one who has stood—
"Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

can tell him that the position is far pleasanter in poetry than in reality. She can say with emphasis, "When I was a child, I spake as a child; but now, before I have become a woman I must put away my childish things, and become as much of a young lady in speech and manner as I am in size." A second time she must learn to walk, and she has as little confidence in her first effort as a child has in its first steps, and is doomed to as many failures. Heretofore she has felt and acted upon the feeling that she was a little girl, and could depend upon others; now she is told that she is large enough to act for herself.

Her size is a favorite subject of comment among her acquaintances. "How you grow!" "You'll soon be taller than your mother!" "How you do run up!"—you need topping, are expressions with which she is constantly greeted, until she feels that she must look very like a crane or a giraffe. When she was a little girl, awkwardness was excused;—but now, being supposed to have passed that critical period when she does not know what to do with her hands, she must put on ease and grace with her long dresses, or have their absence apologized for by the explanation that she is at an awkward age—is an overgrown girl. She must endure the humiliation of hearing her older sisters and young lady acquaintances complacently remark that they wear smaller gloves and gaiters than she, forgetful of the time when they suffered a like mortification.

A few months since, also, she could sit in a room all the evening without speaking, and it was not noticed—but now she must be able to discuss with people three times her age, the prominent topics of the day. And she cannot join the conversations without running the risk of a private lecture on the subject of deference to the presence and opinions of elders. So, while endeavoring to avoid the Scylla of silence, she falls into the Charybdis of talking too much.

Everything considered, this is one of the most trying periods in a girl's life. In reference to her toilet, she is constantly halting between two opinions; she is tortured with the fear of getting on something too old, or something too young. I would commend her situation to the manufacturers and ladies of taste, with the suggestion that they provide a remedy. She cannot dispose of that most troublesome piece of property, her hair, by having it cut at her ears, because that would be too childish! It is at such a length that she cannot put it up—or even if she can, she hasn't the courage to do it, for fear of being suspected of aping the lady.

She is considered a child or young lady, according to the convenience of others. Nobody thinks of her when making up a party for a sleigh-ride; she is too old to attend children's parties, and too young to attend those of grown up people. When she does make her appearance at one of the latter, she is sure to be monopolized by some old bachelor or widower, who was invited for what he had been in the days of long ago. Now it is very trying to immature patience to be sacrificed to some man old enough to be her grandfather, because all the young ladies in the room persist in being oblivious to his presence, though he has been trying to bow to them the whole evening. Nor is this worst of it; he has been studying woman-nature so long that he can look into her heart, can flatter her and make her appear ridiculous and then laugh over it at his leisure.

So far as her lessons are concerned, she is treated by her teacher as though her mind was fully matured. Prodigies are expected of her in the way of composition, although the most unpleasant thing about it is that she can no longer write on "Spring," or "Flowers," "Birds," or any of the brute creation. I have no doubt that the honorable Committee—long may they live—are reading this composition with all their critical powers as much on the *qui vive* as though the writer was a mature young lady, instead of

Funeral of a Boy Soldier.

The chaplain of the Nineteenth New York Regiment, relates the following touching incident.

One of our drummers, Joseph Winters, was drowned while bathing. He was a pleasant, good boy, and his sudden death made a deep impression in the encampment. His body was brought up from the creek and laid beneath a new tent pitched to receive it, under the trees on the north side of the parade ground. The men stood in silent rows in front of the tent till sundown, while a guard detailed for the purpose paced slowly back and forth. A letter was found in Joseph's pocket from "cousin Susie," and as his comrades thought he had no parents or brothers or sisters living, his captain wrote to her.

A little barefooted fellow, about eight years old, stood on the land when Joseph's body was recovered by the divers, when the surgeon, promptly on the spot, was vainly endeavoring to start the water-clogged wheels of life; the little barefooted fellow walked in silence up the hillside with the men who carried the body, following close behind; and there he stood before the tent curtains in serious stillness. At last he spoke, with respectful manner and clear, manly enunciation, to one of the field officers—

"Will you be so kind as to tell me, sir, whether he was a good boy?"

"I believe that he was, my little fellow, but I did not know him very well."

"Has he a father or mother, sir?"

"Why do you ask, my boy?"

"Because I hope he did not have a mother, sir, or a father; they would feel so badly to hear that he was drowned."

"The officer cleared his throat, and the little fellow went on. "And if, sir, he has no father or mother, and if he was a good boy, I am glad."

"Why glad, my boy?"

"Because, sir, I think it was the best time for him to be taken away."

"Why the best time?"

"Because, sir, what the Lord does is always best." The funeral sermon was preached, unsurpassed in truth, comprehension, simplicity and beauty; and if you could have heard the utterance of the boy, its purity of wording, spoken in such gentle intonation, and with such unmarred accent, you would have felt that Christ's model presented to his disciples, of a child brought to him by believing parents, was a model for His ministers to this present day.

At the time for the funeral, the band in front of the dead boy's tent gently sounded forth one of the sad melodies which make military funerals peculiarly impressive; the company formed in marching order; the escort stood with muskets reversed; the regiment in the centre of the parade ground in the face of columns, and the procession moved to the slow beat of the muffled drums.

The boy was placed in a coffin, which was wrapped in the stars and stripes, and upon it was laid a large wreath of green leaves and wild flowers, and so we carried him to an old burying ground not far distant, where the tombstones were all moss covered and inclined, where the grass was tall and untrodden, and where the cone shape cedars stood in regular and friendly groups.

When his body was lowered, the chaplain read selections from the Bible and offered prayer, the escort fired the military salute, the soldiers formed again in line and we left the sleeper till the resurrection.

TIT FOR TAT A BAD RULE.—When I was a little girl I learned a good lesson. One frosty morning I was looking out of a window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses, waiting for drink. The morning was very cold; the animals stood meek and quiet till one of the cows wanted to move, and tried to turn round. In trying to do this, she hit against her neighbor; whereupon that one kicked, and hit the one next to her. In five minutes the late peaceful congregation of animals was in great turmoil, furiously kicking and butting each other. My mother laughed, and said—"See what comes of kicking when you are hit; just so have I seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears." Afterward, if my brothers or myself were cross or irritable, she would say—"Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the straw-yard began; never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others much trouble."

THE EARTH.—The hollow ball on which we live contains within itself the elements of its own destruction. Within the outer crust—the cool temperature of which supports animal and vegetable life, and solidifies the stone, coal and metallic ores so important to our well-being—there exists a mass of fluid igneous matter. Some of this occasionally escapes through the mouth of a volcano, or makes its presence felt by an earthquake. But neither the earthquake nor the volcano, are necessary to prove that fire exists in the earth. At the depth of twenty-four hundred and eighty yards, water boils; lead melts at the depth of eight thousand four hundred yards. There is a red heat at the depth of seven miles, and if we adopt the temperature as calculated by Morveau's correct scale of Wadsworth's pyrometer, we find that the earth is fluid at the depth of one hundred miles.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, headed, 50 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.
North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & CO.
East Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTELL.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—JOSIAH HOVES.
S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Boston and New York.
S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Southbury, Conn.
JOHN STILES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUG. 24, 1861.

The news from the Seat of War for the past ten days has been of the most meagre description; and had it not been for the few sensation items furnished us at times through Southern sources our stock would have been wholly minis. The occupation of the war reporters is gone for the time, and unless something soon takes place they will be unable to withstand the clamor of their employers; even the great Russell, who has been refused a pass to cross the Potomac, will have to take up his budget and return from whence he came. Since Gen. McClellan has taken command of the army of the Potomac all things have become new, at least to outward appearances. When our armies now move the fact is not heralded from one end of the land to the other, and placed before Jeff. Davis at Richmond long ere it is concluded, as was the case some few weeks since, Gen. McClellan's renovation has gone so far as even to debar the presence of women in the camp, and all stragglers must be able to give a very good account of themselves or else they will fare hard. We doubt much if he will be troubled at any of the battles he may be called upon to fight, with the presence of Congressmen and others; at any rate we hope not. The battle field is no place for movable hindrances, and if such men desire so very much to see a battle, give them a musket and station them in the front ranks—this we believe was the position assigned visitors by Wellington, and we think it is the only true one. Our young general has so far shown himself a "rump" of the highest worth, and we hope that he will not commence operations until he is sufficiently prepared to sweep his opponents before him like chaff before the wind; and when the rout is commenced let it be made general; let dash after dash take place as quickly as lightning follows thunder. The stain that was left upon our proud escutcheon at Bull Run must be wiped out, or else we must forever hang our heads in shame and disgrace, and receive the buffets and contumelies of the heroic of all lands; and not this alone but we will be compelled to swallow the bitter pill of our own boasting, thus showing that the fiery impetuosity of the South is superior to the firmness and coolness of the North. We do not ask for revenge, far from it; but we do hope that when the next blow is struck it will be with herculean power and force, cleaving in twain every formidable formation that belongs to this wicked rebellion. The South must be made to feel our innate power and greatness, and must be made aware that when this force is used for the attainment of the ends of justice and law it is irresistible. Twenty-three millions of freemen can never bend the supple knee at the footstool of seven millions of tyrants. This would be a spectacle so absurd that the world's history could not produce a parallel. We must conquer, or the patriot heroes of the past will burst the gates of death and brand us as cowards, and traitors to the glorious trust they bequeathed us.

GENERAL WOOL.—At last Gen. Wool has been let out of his cage in New York and put fairly at work at Fortress Monroe. It is strange that this veteran general was allowed to remain so long idle, while the country stood in such great need of his abilities. The New York Times thinks that he should be placed with 30,000 men on the coast of South Carolina for the purpose of attacking the enemy in the rear. This looks like a feasible plan, but civilians are not competent to judge of the difficulties in the way of carrying it out; yet, as the suggestion has been made we have no doubt but it will command the attention of our generals. If 30,000 men were placed at that point, it would be necessary for the South to detail 60,000 to look after them.

PICNIC.—The Sabbath School children of the Methodist Society of this town, held their annual picnic at Wyma's Grove, last Thursday. The weather was not propitious, but the little ones made the best of it and enjoyed themselves sufficiently.

THE WOBURN VOLUNTEERS. In the 6th Regiment, received their pay during the present week. Uncle Sam is slow, but sure, in paying his men.

LOVE AWAY.—Last Wednesday morning, a horse, attached to a wagon, and in charge of B. B. Richardson, run away on Main street, and the vehicle coming in contact with the gas post at the corner of Green and Main streets, broke it off near the bottom.

Attention is called to the advertisement headed "Drawing," in another column.

Mob Violence.

We have had several instances of mob violence in New England during the past few weeks. Several printing offices in New Hampshire and Maine have had their contents emptied into the street and destroyed. In our own State, within the present week, an editor in Haverhill has been tarred and feathered. We have hitherto considered this transaction to be indigenous to the South and one of the peculiar institutions of that portion of our country, but we begin to believe that it will soon be an easy matter to find men at our own doors as ready and willing to do the menial services necessary in such cases as any in the South. The avowed cause for the above proceedings, was the utterance of rank Secession sentiments. This may be all very true, but our people have their remedy without resorting to brutality and outrage. The laws of the land are sufficiently strong for the punishment of all acts of treason; and when this is the case it is heinous to resort to violence. These editors undoubtedly tampered too long with the feelings of the people, and deserved lawful punishment; and if the citizens had come together and quietly, but firmly, warned them to desist from their obnoxious course, they doubtless would, if they were men of sense, have complied. In New York we find that several newspapers, bearing Secession proclivities, have been presented by the Grand Jury as transgressors of the law, in their opinion, and the matter now lies in the hands of the judge for his decision, which probably will be given in October. This we think is a wise and straightforward course, and well worthy of emulation wherever traitorous sheets exist, as it allows justice to work through its proper channels with unlogged wheels. No community can afford to tolerate mob violence in any instance, except where the authorities refuse to execute the functions of their office. We do not believe that there is a good citizen in our State, who does not deprecate the recent proceedings at Haverhill, and who would not strain every end to wipe out this deep blenish. It is a disgraceable sight to see puritanic New England imitating the South in one of her most barbarous practices.

The Blockade.

That great bugbear—the blockade—to the press of this country and that of England, is fast losing its importance; the subject—which has never been anything but a newspaper one—being worn out and almost ready for shelving. We are straining our eyesight in endeavoring to find out what is to be the next sensation and excitable topic that is to be placed upon the tapis, but we cannot find anything of importance as yet, so we have to sit down and quietly wait till it appears, which will probably be before many days. The London Times has thundered itself dry in discussing the matter, receiving nothing in return but the very astounding information from Lord Palmerston that the blockade is void as soon as the blockading force allows one or more vessels to pass in or out of the sealed ports. This we consider very poor pay, for the immense labor that this paper has bestowed upon the subject. The papers at home have also found out that it would have been better had they held their tongues and not followed in the wake of the Times, stirring up so much ill-feeling among the people of the two countries, who do not hold any real antipathy toward each other. It is a pity that the presses of England and America away such a power over the minds of their respective people. The influence of the press for good or bad cannot be gainsayed, but still people should think for themselves and act independently of the newspapers. Until this is done we shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, which have at first no other foundation than the flaming articles to be found in some half dozen papers on either side of the Atlantic. The love of gold and power is as much cherished in the sanctum of the editor as it is in Wall street, or Baring Cross.

GOV. ANDREW'S PARTISANSHIP.—We made some remarks a week or two since upon strictures in the Boston Herald on the alleged partisan course of Gov. Andrew. In Thursday's Journal we find some facts that are very applicable to the case. We find that out of fourteen Colonels appointed by the Governor only five are Republicans, the remainder belonging to the Democratic and Bell-Everett parties. The same article also states that Colonels have been offered to four other persons, also members of other parties than the Republican. And further on in relation to the different three-years regiments, occurs the following:

"All the companies composing these regiments went into camp under officers elected by themselves, and no changes disregarding the wishes of the men have been made, except upon the written recommendations of the Colonels of the regiments, who after spending days and weeks in the several camps, examining the qualifications of the subordinate officers, were presumed to be the best qualified to judge of the fitness of those officers for the positions to which they had been elected, or to which they aspired. The only departure from this rule was in the 16th regiment, in which the Governor commissioned a Democratic Captain and a Democratic Lieutenant against the advice and recommendation of the Colonel."

We do not appear as the Governor's special defender, nor yet with any desire to throw a cloak over any of his doings that may be honestly questioned, but merely for the purpose of showing that he has acted, in the performance of his arduous and delicate duties, with impartiality and firmness toward all parties respectively. The Herald's talk about the many letters which it has received, commendatory of the course pursued, and bearing witness to the truthfulness of the statements it has made, is all bosh, and does not deserve a moment's consideration.

GOOD BUTTER.—For the past few weeks we have been supplied with choice butter from the dairy of Mr. A. G. Sheldon. If there has been any defect in our bread, the goodness of his butter has buried it all, so that we have fared, as far as this excellent is concerned, with the "fattest" in the land.

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Sabbath afternoon last, an accident occurred on Horn Pond, under most deplorable circumstances. Two men, Michael Reagan and Timothy Holland, in the employ of Pierce & Hall, ice dealers, borrowed a boat at the ice house to take a sail and visit some friends in Thompson's village. After concluding their visit they started to return, Reagan working the boat, and when just getting under headway, Holland, who was sitting aft, got up for the purpose of helping Reagan, when by some means he stumbled and fell overboard. Reagan made every endeavor to help him but without avail. He tried to turn the boat round but it was too large to move quickly; he then passed one of the oars toward Holland, who did not, or could not take hold of it, and in a short time sunk never to rise again. The body was soon recovered and placed in a house near by. The news of the accident spread with great rapidity, and it was but a very short time before hundreds of people had visited the place. The excitement was intense, and one woman, Mrs. Ellen D. Mosher, was so much overcome by the scene that convulsions set in and she died the next day. We hope that it will not soon again be our lot to record such melancholy facts as the above.

DRUNKENNESS.—This vice, we are sorry to say, is becoming greater in our town. On the Sabbath drunken men can be seen wandering about the streets at all hours of the day and night. This should not be the case; if men intend to get drunk regularly every Sabbath they should be compelled to remain within doors, and not prove a nuisance to every respectable citizen that walks the streets. At one time last Sabbath afternoon, no less than four persons were seen drunk at one time within half a dozen rods of the Common. The presence of persons in such a state, on the highway, is deplorable, and cannot show the rising generation a very good example. We think this evil might be abated to a great extent, by a stringent enforcement of the laws.

There is one other evil we wish to refer to at this time, and that is the congregating of persons, on Sunday evenings, on our sidewalks, for the purpose of indulging in loud and obscene talk. We have heard language used on our streets on the Sabbath, that we did not suppose could be found outside of the lowest brothels of our cities.

Perhaps those in authority will take these matters in hand, and try what persuasion will do; if that fails let a little force be used. At any rate something ought to be done speedily.

WOBURN, Aug. 20th, 1861.

At a special meeting of the Woburn Natural History Association, held this evening, it was voted to send copies of the following resolutions to the press for publication:

"Whereas, it has pleased God to remove by death Truman Rickard, M.D., a member of this Association, and one to whom more than to any other, we owe its origin, whose accurate scholarship, and fraternal spirit have now our respect, and love, and whose generous instruction in Botany, a science especially captivating to him, has laid us under deep obligations, as illustrating the variety, order, and beauty of this portion of God's works, and the true method of studying them; therefore—

Resolved, that this minute of his death, and our regard for his memory, be entered upon our Records and sent to his family.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September, has been received. The contents are of the very highest order, and must prove of interest to every reader. We endorse the following card from the publisher:

"The Publishers of The Atlantic Monthly feel that no words of theirs are needed respecting the literary character of their Magazine, already so well understood and appreciated by American readers. While they will spare no exertions to maintain the high literary position it has gained, they are sensible that in the presence of the great events now agitating the country and the world, something more than a merely literary character is demanded of a journal like The Atlantic. They will aim, therefore, to give to its future issues a political tone in keeping with its high literary standing, devoting much of its space to the discussion of important aspects of the great questions of the day, and giving to its pages additional freshness, variety, and importance, by the presentation of the best thought, in Prose and Poetry, upon different phases of the nation's great struggle."

GODEY for September is upon our table. As the Ladies cannot do without this boudoir necessity, we will not attempt to extol its merits.

THANKS.—Major J. P. Gould has our thanks for his courtesy in sending us late Washington papers.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This good, family weekly is published in Philadelphia, by Deacon & Peterson, at No. 319 Walnut street. This paper has been a regular visitor to our sanctum for the past year, and none of our exchanges contains better family reading matter. The news of the day is given fully, and any one who wishes to combine amusement with profit, will find the Post competent to fill his wants.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICERS.—The board recently appointed for the examination of volunteer and army officers have resolved upon a standard of qualifications as follows:

"Field officers must understand all that is required of company officers, and also be able to answer questions regarding evolutions of line, proper conjuncture, the elements of military engineering, the circumstances under which the use of field artillery is proper, and other such collateral interrogations as the board of examiners think proper to propose."

"Company officers must answer orally and correctly all questions on the manner of instructing recruits; the use of the manual of arms, the school of the soldiers, the position of commissioned and non-commissioned officers in line, and battalion movements."

IS GEN. BEAUREGARD A CANADIAN?—The *Courier du Canada* of Monday last, contains the following, relative to the commander of the Southern forces. We do not know where our contemporary obtained his information: "The grandfather of General Beauregard, Commander of the Southern army, was a Canadian. His name was Pierre Toutan, and he emigrated to New Orleans, from Batiscan, in the District of Three Rivers. At New Orleans he made a fortune, and rapidly acquired considerable influence among the French population of Louisiana. As a reward for his political services he obtained for his son an admission, as a cadet, into the Military Academy at West Point. The son figures in the books under the name of Pierre G. Toutan. In the meantime he purchased an estate near New Orleans, which he called Beauregard. When his son obtained his commission as an officer in the army, he cast aside the humble name of Toutan, and adopted the more aristocratic one of De Beauregard; and henceforth subscribed himself 'Pierre Toutan de Beauregard.'"

The man who would repudiate the name of his fathers, could not be expected to be true to his country.

There appears to be some mystification in the account above, it makes the valorous General the son of his grandfather. Perhaps he got rid of his father at the same time that he put off his real name for the more euphonious "Beauregard." Whether he is a Canadian or not, we do not know, but we are sure that he is a traitor.

SENATOR'S ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—"I TURNED HIM OUT."—The Cleveland Leader publishes a letter from "a Cleveland," who was in the rout at Manassas, and who went on the ground as a civilian, in company with others, having "baskets of provisions and a heavy armament of navy revolvers, a carriage, driver, &c." The writer is a member of Congress. The following is not creditable to himself, but as he has drawn his own picture in the scene, he can have no objection to its reproduction here. He says:

"Well, the further they (the soldiers) ran the more frightened they grew, and although we moved on as rapidly as we could, the fugitives passed us by scores."

"The heat was awful, although now, about six, the men were exhausted; their mouths gaped, their lips cracked and blackened with the powder of cartridges they had bitten off in battle, their eyes starting in frenzy, no mortal ever saw such a mass of ghastly wretches."

"As we passed the poor, demoralized, exhausted wretches, who could not climb into the high baggage wagons, they made frantic efforts to get on to and into our carriage. They grasped it everywhere, and got on to it, and into it, and over it, and implored us every way to take them on. We had to be rough with them. At first they loaded us down almost to a stand-still, and we had to push them off, and throw them out. Finally, Brown and I with a pistol each, kept them out, although one poor devil got in in spite of us, and we lugged the coward two miles. I finally opened the door and he was tumbled out."

The Cleveland Herald justly and indignantly exclaims: "Great God! one of those men with cracked lips and blackened with powder, eyes starting in frenzy, who had been without food for twenty-four hours, and all day in the most desperate battle of the age, was tumbled out by this member of Congress! And how he stigmatizes the brave men who had been risking their lives to keep him safely in his seat in Congress at Washington! 'Ghastly wretches!' 'Poor, demoralized, exhausted wretches!' 'Poor devils!' 'Cowards!' Why, a slave-owner never talked worse about his slaves than this Abolition member of Congress does about the white freemen who volunteered to defend Washington and the Government, while he stayed at home! 'I finally opened the door and he was tumbled out!' Great God!"

FIVE FIGHTING MINISTERS.—The New York Observer says that a Louisiana clergyman, writing to them under his own name, remarks: "I am one of five ministers of three different denominations, in a single company, armed for the defense of our rights and liberties, three of whom are between 50 and 60 years old. And I tell you in candor, and in the fear of God, that if you or any of the brethren who have urged on this diabolical war, come on with the invading army, I would lay you with as heavy a good will, and as clear a conscience as I would the midnight assassin."

"In the name of God, I conjure you, let us alone. I speak the spontaneous sentiment of every southern heart—man, woman, and child. We will never submit. We will shed the last drop of blood in defense of our rights. You are my enemy and I am yours."

J. F. P.

A WOMAN'S HEART.—The most precious possession that comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart. Why some graceful and most amiable women that I know persist in loving some men whom I also know, is more than I can tell. I will not call their love an exhibition of perverseness, though it looks like it; but why these men, with these rich, sweet hearts in their hands, grow sour and snappish, and early and tyrannical and exacting, is the most unaccountable thing in the world. If a pig will not allow himself to be driven, he will follow a man who offers him corn, and he will eat the corn, even though he put his feet in the trough; but there are men—some of them of Christian professions—who take every tenderness their wives bring them, and every expression of affection, and trample them under their feet without tasting them, and without a look of gratitude in their eyes. Hard, cold, thin-blooded, white-livered, contemptible curmudgeons—they think their wives weak, foolish, and themselves wise and dignified! I beg my readers to assist me in despising them. I do not feel adequate to the task of doing them justice.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

THE "NATIONAL HYMN" FARCE.—The venerable and somewhat musty sons of genius who were appointed by the Union Defense Committee to select a hymn for the nation, announce that *Pegasus Americus* is not the animal to trot out the required National Hymn, and they are, therefore, compelled to refrain from awarding the prize offered. The more endurable of the twelve hundred productions submitted for their inspection are to be issued in book-form by a speculative publishing-house, and will constitute the only volume of poetry we may expect from the press this year. So the whole effect of the silly attempt to purchase a special muse for \$500, has been, to engage twelve hundred bad poets. When the country really needs a new National Hymn, it will be forthcoming without the vulgar inducement of a "prize."

PATE OF THE AUTHOR OF "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."—The following extract is from a work by Charles Hoad, entitled "The Eighth Commandment."

Henry Carey was a man of genius. He wrote for the theatre with immediate and lasting success. Next he handled satire, and Pope took his verses for Swift's and Swift for Pope's. Lastly, he settled down to lyrical art. With a rare combination of two rare talents he invented immortal melodies, and the immortal words to them. He wrote the words and melody of the national anthem; for this last he deserved a pension and a niche in Westminster Abbey.

In a loose age he wrote chastely. He never failed to hit the public. He was of his age yet immortal. No artist can do more. But there was no copyright in songs.

Mark the consequences of that gap in the law. While the theatres and the street rung with his lines and his tunes, while fiddlers fiddled him and were paid, and the songsters sang him and were richly paid, the genius that set all those empty music-pipes a flowing, and a million ears listening with rapture, was fleeced to the bone. All reaped the corn except the sower. For why? The sower was an author, an inventor! And so, in the midst of successes that enriched others and left him bare; in the midst of the poor, unselfish soul's attempt to find a charity for distressed performers, nature suddenly broke down under the double agony of a heart full of wrongs and an empty belly, and the man hanged himself.

They found him cold, with skin on his bones, and a half-penny in his pocket! Think of this; when you next hear "God Save the Queen."

WHAT WE WANT.—Here are the concessions we are in favor of, *seriatim*:

1. We want the Southern States to concede that ours is a government indeed, and not a mere compact between States.
2. We want them to concede that a State cannot dissolve its connection with this Union at its own pleasure.
3. We want them to concede that this government has a right to enforce its laws and protect its property.
4. We want them to concede that it is the duty of this government to retake from Southern traitors its stolen forts and arsenals.
5. We want them to concede that old Abe was constitutionally elected, and had a right to his seat.
6. We want them to concede that the seceded States have violated the Constitution, and, while they are in armed rebellion against its authority, it is the duty of this government to put that rebellion down.
7. We want them to concede that the taking of the federal forts and firing upon our flag are wrongs that should be atoned for.
8. We want them to concede that northern creditors have a right to sue for and collect their demands in southern courts.
9. We want them to concede that they have no right to tar and feather every northern citizen that goes among them.
10. We want them to concede that it is the duty of this government to hang or shoot every traitor scoundrel in it.

And in demanding all these things do we ask the South to make a single concession which the Constitution of the United States does not require of them?

HOW ARE WE TO GET BACK OUR PRISONERS.

"The rebels captured and still hold, probably, 600 men as prisoners at the Bull Run affair. How are they to be released? In no way at present but by exchange. But, although we have captured a great number of rebels since the commencement of hostilities, we have let them all go again with the exception of a few officers and spies. We hardly hold a man of the rank and file. We administer the oath of allegiance and turn them loose to swell again the ranks of the enemy. It is no offence whatever to be found in arms against the United States. Gen. McClellan's command captured nearly 1,000 men, who were permitted to go on taking the everlasting oath. Had they been detained they would have been the means of releasing every soldier captured in the late fight. They would have been so much capital on hand, to be offset against a reverse of our own. Now, before we can get back our lost men, we must make a new haul."

We cannot understand this new mode of proceeding. If we are not to inflict upon traitors the penalty due to treason, why not, for a time, at least, place them on our probation, and put them in a position in which they can do no harm? To administer an oath to a man found in arms, and who may, the moment previous, have taken the life of a loyal citizen or soldier, is one of the greatest farces ever enacted. What do such villains care for an oath? As they have already committed moral perjury, we only deceive ourselves by supposing that they will respect any public declaration of their loyalty. Perhaps our defeats may gradually cure us of many delusions which have rendered this war an anomaly and an exception in the history of military operations.—*New York Times.*

General Butler is on his way home.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.—The meeting of the subscribers to the fund for the benefit of the volunteers, was held on last Tuesday evening in the Town Hall. The Finance Committee which consisted of B. F. Thompson, Henry Cutter and A. D. Weld, submitted the following Report:

"A subscription list was opened at the first meeting, and at that time and since the sum of \$3756.50 was subscribed. At the time of the meeting it was hoped and expected that a whole company of men would be raised in this town, but after an effort it was found to be impossible, as only about thirty-five were ready to volunteer. About this time an effort was being made to raise a company in the town of Lexington, and an invitation was extended to the Winchester soldiers to join them, which was accepted and about thirty of our men enlisted in that company, when they organized, chose their officers and commenced their drills. Your Committee thought it advisable to collect a part of the money subscribed, to uniform and otherwise aid these soldiers, and accordingly an assessment of fifteen per cent, was made on the amount subscribed, amounting to \$563.47, which we supposed would be a sufficient sum for the purpose. After this assessment was made and partly collected, the volunteers from this town owing to causes not fully known by your Committee withdrew from the Lexington Company. Some of them have since joined other companies and gone to the war.

The assessment was responded to promptly by persons representing on the list \$2747.50; the amount collected was \$412.13. After the Lexington Company disbanded, your Committee thought advisable to aid those soldiers from this town who had enlisted in other companies and gone to the war; they thought about four per cent, of the whole subscription would do this and pay some small expenses incurred before the Lexington company disbanded, they therefore made an assessment of four per cent, on those who had not paid the fifteen per cent, so that the expense might bear equally on all. We collected this assessment from persons representing on the list the sum of \$615, amounting to \$24.60. This with the sum previously collected, and \$8 in small amounts from other individuals, makes the whole amount collected \$444.73. Subscribers on the list representing \$386, have paid nothing, most of them refusing on the ground that a whole company was not raised in Winchester. The purposes for which your money has been expended will be seen in the Treasurer's Report."

The Treasurer of the funds reported the amount received \$444.73. Paid out for sundry expenses \$31.37; to the following individuals comprising all who have gone to the war, the sums mentioned, viz: Ira L. Gove and J. Otis Williams, \$15 each; C. H. Hazleton, G. H. Burnham, M. G. Richardson, J. S. Rogers, D. B. Coffin, A. P. Bacon, G. T. Lawrence, A. E. Anson, W. H. Hunnevell, B. H. Davis, \$10 each; balance on hand, \$283.36.

The reports were accepted, and after some discussion it was voted to refund to the subscribers the unexpended balance of the subscription, provided they desire it, and whatever balance is uncalled for shall be expended by the Committee for such purposes as they may deem expedient, no further assessments to be levied upon the subscribers than have been, and the collecting of the unpaid assessments to be discretionary with the Committee.

The course adopted, was thought best in view of the fact that the exigency which gave rise to this movement did not now exist, inasmuch as our volunteer soldiery have good pay from the United States, and their families are aided by the towns or cities to which they belong, while the taxes promise to be so heavy the coming year and the state of business renders the strictest economy necessary at the present time.

CHARITABLE.—The members of the late Rising Star Division of the Sons of Temperance have voted to distribute the balance of their funds on hand among such of their number who were in good and regular standing at its dissolution, who may be in needy circumstances; and to such persons as may be deemed worthy recipients. Although the amount is small, yet it may in the way designated do much good, and carry out in part the object of the institution in whose behalf it was contributed.

HIGHWAYS.—Washington Street is being straightened out and widened in certain parts in accordance with the wish of the abutters. Part of the expense (the amount which would have been necessary to repair the old road) will be paid by the town, the remainder by the abutters. The Adams School House is in process of removal to another lot in pursuance of the proposed plan and is to have a suitable fence put round it which it has never had. Some of the other school house lots would be greatly improved if fences were put round them. EXCELSIOR.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.—The Philosopher's Stone that turned everything into gold was highly esteemed and sought after by the ancients as the grand object of all their desires, and the unfailing source of wealth, health, and happiness. But its attainment could not have been more beneficial, than the use of JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALUBRITY, that every time turns flour into good and wholesome bread, biscuit, and cake, insuring health, from which flow wealth and happiness. It has no impurities, decayed teeth, sore throats, and dyspeptic stomachs. Depot, 345 Washington St., New York.

An unbroken chain of Federal Pickets is now extended on the Potomac from Washington to Harper's Ferry.

General Banks' position is said to be strongly menaced by the rebels.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The South Reading Gazette has not made its appearance for two weeks, and is, as we understand, discontinued.

Business is improving a little, perhaps, in some departments. A few Army Shoes are being manufactured, though a hard seat of work for those who have usually been employed on finer work. The advance in cottons naturally enlivens the Dry Goods trade a little, with or without profit, as purchasers are anxious of making their limited investments before higher prices are fully established. We earnestly hope that there will be something for our people to do during the Fall months.

There has been great activity at and about Camp Schouler during the present week, as it is expected that one of the regiments at least will leave as soon as Saturday, and the other soon after. The wagons for the 17th regiment, fifteen in number, with four noble horses each, passed through town on Tuesday.

The second company from this town, Capt. John Wiley, 2d, left Camp Cameron with the 16th regiment last Saturday. Many of the relatives and friends of the soldiers went down to see them take their departure.

The Second Exhibition of the South Reading Horticultural Society will be given next Wednesday, P. M., in the room over the Post Office. If contributors would bear in mind, and comply with the request to forward articles intended for exhibition, on the forenoon of the same day, the facilities for good arrangement will be much increased.

Miss Ella F. Hay, of Stoneham, has been appointed teacher of the North Senior School in this town, made vacant by the resignation of Miss M. E. Evans. M.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The missing man, Mr. James H. Gregg, who was a member of the Richardson Light Guard was engaged in the battle of Bull Run, has at last been heard from. Mr. Gregg was wounded in the early part of the engagement by a piece of shell in the left elbow, and when the stampede took place among our troops, Mr. G. was taken prisoner at the hospital and was carried to Manassas where he was kept for a time but is now in Richmond and says he receives tolerable treatment. The surgeons insisted upon amputating his arm but he would not submit to it, and writes that he will have a good arm yet and intends to keep it as long as he lives, and says he is worth an acre of dead men. No tidings of Mr. Tibbets who is the only one of said company not heard from.

The startling report last Saturday evening that the 13th regiment had crossed the Potomac and was badly cut up by the rebels, seems to have had no real foundation, but probably arose from the fact that Major Gould sent a detachment of men to capture a noted gentleman of distinction, Mr. Boteller formerly a member of Congress, and when they arrived at his residence, the lady of the house popped her head out of a window and asked what was wanted, the reply was "we want to see the man of the house," to which the lady replied that "he was not at home," the captain then said "we want to come in," but the lady said "not at that time of night," "but we must come in," rejoined the Captain, and Mr. Boteller hearing the last remark appeared at the door without delay and very soon learned what his visitors desired, and very soon left his domicile to accompany them across the river. On the way he offered to give his entire property to any one who would inform him who piloted them to his house, but he did not obtain any satisfaction in regard to it. He is now, probably, where he may grow wiser as he grows older, unless the Government should give him a sugar tit, pat him on the back a little and then let him go where he will, simply admonishing him not to be so naughty any more. LENO.

THE ECONOMY OF HEALTH.—This busy nation of Americans have 12,000,000 working people, whose services may be estimated at \$2 a day, and their annual loss by sickness at an average of ten days each in the year. This gives a total loss of \$240,000,000, a sum three times as large as the whole expenses of the General Government in a time of peace.

A large proportion of this costly suffering might be averted by attention to diet, cleanliness, and above all, by the proper use of the right remedy in season. When a 25 cent box of Ayer's Pills will avert an attack of illness which it would take several days to recover from, or a dollar bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, will expel a lurking disorder that would bring the sufferer to his back for weeks or months, does it take any figures to show the good economy of the investment? When Fever and Ague is rankling in your veins, is it worth the dollar it costs for his Ague Cure to have the villainous disorder expelled? When you have taken a cold is it prudent to wait until it has settled on the lungs, or is it cheaper to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, costing a few shillings, and remove the trouble before it is serious? It takes no wisdom to decide.

Died.

HOLLAND.—In Woburn, 18th inst. Timothy Holland, 35 years.
MOSHER.—19th Ellen D. wife of

Miscellaneous.

The Puzzled Census-Taker.

BY JOHN O. SAGE.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"But some are dead," the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

"Tie—do you have?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her head,
And civilly answered "Nine!"

Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering "Nine?"
"Ich bin nicht reich," civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

Nein, pronounced Nine, is the German for "No!"

The Sunny Side Way.

BY JOHN SWAIN.

Caddy comes from the March wind—
Coldly from the north—
The cottage little ones
Gaily venture forth:
Free from cloud the firmament,
Free from sorrow they,
The playful children choosing
The sunny side the way.

Sally sighs the north wind
Naked blows among them
Like a tale of mournfulness
Told in mournful song!
But the merry little ones
Happy things are they,
Singing like the lark, on
The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop—
Daffodil like gold—
Primroses and crocuses
Cheerfully unfold:
Poor! those little cottage ones
Poor! no—rich are they,
With their shining treasures on
The sunny side the way.

Coldly off the winds blow
On the way of life,
Spreading in the wilderness
Care and pain and strife:
Yet the heart may shelter have,
Cold though be the day,
Choosing like the little ones
The sunny side the way.

A Municipal Recipe.

My friend, Webster Wharton, has a turn
for definitions. The following is one of them.
"An alderman," said he, "is the concentrated
essence of lager-beer and alcohol."
"Concentrated essence!" objected I—"tautology, sir."

Webster considered a moment, and then
substituted "personified" for the other adjective.

"Try it again," said I.
"Solidified," persisted he.
"Might be condensed," was my brief
 rejoinder.

Webster turned himself for a great, compact,
hydraulic-pressed effort.
"An alderman," said he, slowly and
painfully, "is the incarnation of cheap
liquor."

"Webster," observed I, "your definition
is like an unwilling witness. It tells the
truth, nothing but the truth, but not the
whole truth. I think something better might
be made of this business."

"Proceed," said he.
I went on.

"My dear fellow, I shall not try to improve
upon you in your own line, but I shall match
you with a recipe."

"Out with it," he nervously cried; and I
saw a pang of anticipatory jealousy flit across
his contracting brow.

"Silence!" said I, "while I tell you how to
make an alderman."

After a preliminary clearing of the throat
and adjustment of the shirt-collar, I began:
"The constituents of an alderman (of
course I do not mean those voters he is fac-
tiously said to represent, but the qualities
which go to make him up) are the following:

—Take of the braggart, parts 25; the emi-
grant-runner, 7; of the gift of gab, 19;
of covetousness, 31; of the blower, 8; of
the contractor, 10. These dissolve together in
sufficient of the worst of possible liquor to
reduce the whole mass to a thick pulp. Your
materials are now prepared."

"Creation!" ejaculated Webster.
Looking at him sternly and reprovingly—
so much so that he apologized for the inter-
ruption—I continued:

"It is to be observed, however, that in
every ordinary mixture of humanity will be
found a modicum of decency. This must be
eliminated carefully, or you can have no
perfect alderman. To accomplish this object,
put the afore-mentioned combination in the
retort of party, and keep it for thirty days
previous to an election at a cherry heat by
the application of political fires fed by the
daily issues of the opposition press. On the
twenty-ninth evening you will see a pale rosy
vapor exhaled from the retort. Take off, and
cool instantly, lest by some accident a little
of this should get back. The residuum will
be a pasty matter, resembling putty. This
mould to any desired figure, and bake.
Your alderman is now ready."

Webster took up his hat and left.

"Don't rely for success upon empty
praise. The swimmer upon the stream of life
should be able to keep afloat without the aid
of bladders."

"Bob, how is your sweetest getting
along?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I
won't come any more."

The Hole in the Pocket.

Jonas Slack and his wife commenced house-
keeping, as many other young people do, with
little means for defraying the necessary ex-
penses; but as he was a good mechanic, he
could generally find employment in his na-
tive village, and she being an industrious la-
dy, earned considerable in the course of a year,
by doing plain sewing. But still they did
not seem to prosper as did Ned Bowen and
his wife, who commenced housekeeping near
them about the same time, under similar cir-
cumstances. The reason why and the way he
made the discovery, we will let him tell in
his own words:

"My wife said to me one evening,—"Mr.
Slack, I wish to get some thread and needles
at the store, and want a little change."
I felt in my pocket, examined my wallet
thoroughly, but could find nothing that would
pass for currency at the store, and re-
ported the unpleasant fact to her.

"Why," said she, "what has become of
the half-dollar I gave you this morning, that
I got from Mrs. Jones for sewing?" (She
had always made me cashier of the firm.)

After another unsuccessful attempt to find
it, I said:

"My Slack, I think there must be a hole
in one of my pockets, for certainly I have
not got it, and I do not think of anything I
have paid it out for."

"I will look at your pockets this evening,"
said she, mildly, "and will mend them if
they need it."

It was not long after this conversation that
I remembered having treated myself and
three friends to ice cream and oranges at a
confectioner's shop, but concluded to keep
the discovery to myself.

"I couldn't find any hole in your pocket
last night," said my wife, the next morning,
in a gentle tone, and with a look that my
feelings prevented me from scanning closely;
and all the reply I felt willing to make was,
"Ah, couldn't you?"

A few days afterwards she called on me for
twenty-five cents she had lately deposited in
my sub-treasury for safe keeping.

"Really, Mrs. Slack," said I, thinking it
best to show a bold front, "there must be
some corner or seam in my pocket that is
open," though really I could not find one,
any more than I could the missing quarter.

"If there is, it is singular that I did not
find it the other evening," said she, in her
usual quiet way, "but I will be sure to find
it this evening if there is any."

On the way to my work after dinner, while
passing the Arcade Saloon, the fate of my
wife's quarter came distinctly to my mind.
It had vanished in smoke in front of that in-
stitution; i. e., it had paid for five finely fla-
vored cigars which some of my village friends
had helped me to dispose of while discussing
politics there the previous evening.

Mrs. Slack had never told me whether she
found any hole in my pocket or not; and I
did not feel disposed to push the investigation
on the subject any further at the time.

Although I was seldom entirely out of
change, still it was frequently unpleasantly
scarcely. In fact I spent more than I was
aware of, in small items, from day to day,
for the double purpose of maintaining my
reputation of being a "clever fellow," and to
gratify my appetite or fancy for things I could
have done very well without.

The result was that I did without things at
home which my wages would have enabled me
to buy, and left some for charitable pur-
poses.

One day I was presented with a subscrip-
tion paper for the benefit of the Orphan Asy-
lum, which I reluctantly handed back with-
out signing, with the remark that I really
could not afford it.

My wife smiled sadly, as she said to me in
an undertone:

"Ned Bowen subscribed five dollars,"
"I don't see how he can afford it," I re-
plied, "as he does not get any better wages
or work more hours than I do."

A few days after the foregoing event, on
an invitation from Ned Bowen and his wife,
we spent an evening at their house, which
we found much better furnished than our
own, though there was no apparent attempt
to make any needless display of furniture.

The evening passed pleasantly away, but I
could not avoid some unpleasant feelings
whenever I contrasted their home with the
appearance of our own.

"I wonder," said I to my wife, on our way
home, "if Bowen doesn't get a debt for some
of their furniture?"

"He does not," she replied, "for his wife
told me they did not owe a dollar in the
world."

"But how can they live as they are doing
on his wages, if he gives five dollars at a
time for charitable purposes?"

"I think I can tell you," said my wife, in
a hesitating manner.

"Well, do, if you please," I replied, not a
little curious to know what her ideas on the
subject were.

"Well," she continued, "in the first place,
she never buys for herself any unnecessary
finery, and takes good care that nothing is
lost or destroyed that comes into the house—"

"But," said I, interrupting her, "I doubt
amazingly whether she is more careful in that
respect than my own wife!"

"In the second place," said she, "he is as
careful in these respects as she is. He buys
no ice cream, oranges, cigars, &c., neither
for himself nor any of his pretended friends.
In short, my dear Mr. Slack, he has no hole
in his pocket!"

It was the first word of suspicion my wife
ever uttered on the subject, and that fact, to-
gether with the conviction that she clearly
saw, and so unexpectedly, but in so kind a
manner, told me the real cause of the differ-
ence between our home and that of Ned
Bowen and his wife, and me to the quick—or
rather, I should have said, it sewed me up,
and my pockets too; they have never been
in holes since that evening. Her change has
always been safe in them ever since, and our
home now will not suffer by a comparison
with that of our friends, the Howens. With

good books and papers, I can spend my leis-
ure hours more pleasantly and profitably at
home than anywhere else; and the saving of
small expenses more than pays for them, and
is the secret of success.

"Evil thoughts in the soul of any man
or woman, like oil in water, will rise to the
top. No preparation of deceit can amalga-
mate them with virtue so that they will remain
concealed."

HORACE WATERS,

AGENT.

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Dealer in

Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Or-
gan Accordeons, Martin's celebrated and
other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Viols,
Violoncellos, Accordeons, Flutes,
Pianos, Flutes, Clarinets,
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\$45, \$50, \$75, \$100, and up to \$150; Second Hand
Melodeons from \$10 to \$20; Alexandre Organs
with five stops, \$100; nine stops, \$125, and \$225;
thirteen stops, \$225, \$275 and \$300; fifteen stops,
\$250 and \$275. Liberal discount to Clergymen,
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Pianos and Melodeons.

John Hewitt, of Cambridge, New York, who has
had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as
follows:—

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano
for her. She likes the one you sold me in Decem-
ber 1859. My piano is becoming popular in this
place, and I think I can introduce one or two
more; they will be more popular than any other
make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our
Seminary, one of which has been severely tested
for three years, and we can testify to their good
quality and durability. Good and Gregory, Mount
Carroll, Ill.

Mr. Waters, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having used one
of your Piano Portes for two years past, I have
found it a very superior instrument.

"The Piano I received from you continues to
give satisfaction. It is the best of the kind I have
seen in the place."—JAMES L. CLARK, Jr.,
Charlotte, N. C.

"The Piano was duly received. It came in ex-
cellent condition, and is very much admired by my
numerous family. Accept my thanks for your
promptness."—ROBERT COOK, Warrenton,
Bradford County, Pa.

"Our acquaintance is well. It is the best one
in our county."—Thomas A. Latham, Campbell-
ton, Ga.

"We are very much obliged to you for having
sent such a fine instrument for \$250.—Frank, Hild-
burgh, N. Y.

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as a-
mong the very best. We are enabled to speak of
these instruments with confidence, from our ex-
tensive knowledge of their excellent tone and durable
quality."—N. Y. Evangelist.

"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Wa-
ters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of
the very best quality."—Christian Intelligence.

"The Horace Waters Pianos are the best and
most thoroughly seasoned material. We have
no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps bet-
ter, at this time as at any other time."—
Advocate and Journal.

"The Horace Waters Pianos challenge com-
parison with the finest made anywhere in the
country."—Home Journal.

"The Horace Waters Pianos are of full, rich
and even tone, and powerful."—N. Y. Musical
Review.

"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the
very best assortment of Music and Pianos to be
found in the city. He is a dealer in the south-
ern and western States to give him a call when-
ever they go to New York."—Graham's Magazine.

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on the deep discount. Among the many beautiful
tunes and hymns added may be found "I ought
to love my mother," "O, I'll be a good child,
and will," and "The Lord is my Father and
friend." The new edition is a beautiful volume,
and will be found in every family. It is the
best of the kind, and is the best of the kind.
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will be found in every family. It is the best
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Annuals and Sunday School Music Books. Nos.
1, 2, 3, and 4, in order to accommodate the
price \$2 and \$3 per hundred. No. 5 will soon be
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cents each, postage 2 cents. More than 50,000 copies
of the above books have been issued the past six
months, and the demand is rapidly increasing.
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HORACE WATERS, Agent,
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NEW MUSIC
Published by Horace Waters,
No. 333, Broadway, N. Y.

Vocal, "Kind Words can never die," "The An-
gel told me so," "Wade in the Water," "Thoughts
of God," "Give us this day our daily bread," "I
will be a good child," "The Lord is my Father
and friend," "I ought to love my mother," "O,
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and

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

{ TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
{ SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Coming Home.

Select Literature.

CONCERNING A BIRD.

ally against us, as if to beat us back from our
drains of mercy. The heavy drifts clogged
our feet painfully at every step, and more
than once, as we labored slowly through
some heavy bank, I was on the point of sink-
ing down myself. Though we knew the road
perfectly, it seemed strange to us, and getting
confused, stopped for a moment to listen.
Again the cry, and this time so near that we
struggled on again through the driving snow-
clouds, striving to reach them. Now to the
right—now to the left—as the wind blew the
sound into our ears, until, when we were
nearly ready to give up our fruitless search,
we at last caught sight of them.

A man was standing at his horse's head,
holding the plunging and rearing beast from
breaking away altogether; and a little place
in the snow, more level than the rest, told us
plainly they had been overturned, but were
now righted again.

Dimly through the storm we could see
some figures seated in the sleigh. As soon
as they had discerned our little light they all
set up a shout together; and the man cried
out in a voice that with cold,

"For God's sake, friends, lend us a hand
here! We are nearly perished in this cursed
place. My wife and child are nearly perished
with cold, to say nothing of myself and
beast. Lead us out quick! We can't stop to
parley as to terms. Get us under cover as
soon as possible!"

Assuring him that he was in good hands,
and would soon be all right again, we—re-
ceived and inspired, now that we had found
the object of our search—set to work with
alacrity, and soon had the horse, mad with
cold and affright, detached from the sleigh,
it drawn into the road, and all piling in,
were galloping like the wind toward the
house. When we reached there, which we
did in a few minutes, I saw, through the
storm, Patient at the lighted window watch-
ing for us; but for all she could have seen
out she might as well have looked in the cel-
lar. But her good heart so longed for us
that she sent it out through her eyes to wel-
come us in.

We bundled them out pretty quick, Neigh-
bor Holcomb and I—and we were none too
quick, for they had all relapsed into a stupor,
brought on by their cold and exposure, and
stiff and cramped, by sitting so long in one
position, they walked, aided by us, slowly to
the house. Then I returned, and took the
sleigh, and drove around under the shed, leav-
ing Patient to take care of her patients. The
moon cared for the beast; and left my neigh-
bor to find the best of his way home, thank-
ing him for calling on me.

When I got into the house again my guests
—so I considered them—were doing very
well, what with the roaring fire we had, and
a little stimulus which was necessary to thaw
their frozen blood; and I had time, for the
first, to look at them. The father was a man
of fine commanding presence, and the mother
quite, retiring little person, whose manner
and face took the heart at once a captive.
But then the daughter—for there were three
all—how shall I speak of her without be-
coming extravagant in terms? A light, graceful
figure, scarcely fit to stand alone, looking as
though it wanted some one to lean on; beau-
tiful golden hair, and a profusion of it, knot-
ed and twisted around her head, as though
he did not know what to do with it; and an
eye the hue of the wild grape skin, set in a
face as fair, spiritually and physically, as ever
mortal eye looked on.

When I entered the father rose and thank-
ed me in a quiet and sensible way, which be-
spoke the high-bred gentleman; adding, fur-
ther, that I came at the most critical period,
for they were fast giving way to that death-
like torpor which mercifully steals over those
creeping to death; speaking at once in terms
of praise which I must be excused for not
mentioning in this place. I gave my neigh-
bor all the credit of the rescue, as it was in
truth his. It was, in good earnest, a close
shave to life and death. One out on that
lonely road, and ignorant of the way, would
have soon been snowed under and perished.

The first thing they wanted was rest and
quiet; and we soon had the spare bedroom
furnished, with a little room off for the daugh-
ter; had the house shut up, and retired for
the night.

The morning after the storm broke clear
and bright; the sun, as if ashamed of hav-
ing been so long concealed, now dazzled our
eyes with his beams.

We were seated at breakfast with our
guests, and enlivening that pleasant meal
with cheerful converse, when from out the
little parlor which joined our kitchen there
came a peal of music such as I never heard
before. The fork dropped from my hand, and
sat open-mouthed in amazement. It went
on, a flood of song that ran and gurgled clear
and musical, as it were a song of thanks-
giving and praise fresh from the heart. I
loved in wonder from one to another of my
guests. I knew we had no such creature in
our house of our own, whatever it was. My
eye fell on the daughter.

"It's only my bird," she said,
"Only your bird? What do you mean?"
—forgetting myself for the moment—"by
only your bird? If that be a bird which just
now sang, then I never heard bird before!"
"I'll go and fetch him, that you may see
or yourself."

She went and returned bearing in her hand
a little wicker cage—such a one as we see
in the shops—into which the bird, as the
birds imported in—set it down before us, and
then retired awaiting its pleasure.

It was a funny little thing. It had a black crest on its head, which stood up when it sang. It hopped very unconcernedly from perch to perch, and peered curiously at us with its beady eyes, as who should say, "I am very fine; admire me."

"Let us hear him sing, if you can persuade him," I asked.

"Oh! very readily. He is well-trained, is Cherry, and sings at the word of command."

She raised her forefinger, and said to it, "Sing Cherry!"

The little yellow ball of feathers straightened itself, stropped its beak to its satisfaction upon the perch, made three or four very perceptible hums and haws, and let loose again. What a melody it was! It sang of green trees; of meadows fresh with flowers; of waving branches and a mossy nest; of fervent heats; of cooling shades, dells noisy with brooks, and of the waving grain. The song stopped. No one spoke. I filled with the sweet thoughts which crowded on me thick and fast, and the rest, I think, the same.

"Where did you get this priceless bird, my little lady?"

"Carl gave it me," she said.

"And who is Carl, might I ask?"

The father then spoke up and told me.

"This bird," said he, "came into our possession in the following manner: About a year and a half ago a young German was coming to this country. On nearing the land they were cast away on that Scylla of modern mariners, the Jersey shore; and, out of all his effects, only this bird and a few dollars did he save. He prized the bird above all, even with his life; 'for,' as he said himself, 'he is of rare breed and a rarer singer. If he dies, my comrade is gone.' He was of good parentage, was the German, and well brought up; and, like a sensible man, has set out to earn his own living on a farm hard by in a neighboring city—we retaining the bird in our possession at his request. He comes occasionally to see us in our house at Hartford, to teach us the feeding and the education of it."

I should have liked very much to have asked him which bird he came to see; but did not think it altogether polite. I wondered how it escaped the violence of the storm; and supposed it was such a little thing they had it snugly wrapped up.

"Ah," said my little lady, "you should hear him sing when Carl comes to see us!" Her eye lighting as she mentioned the name.

He has a different song then from the one he generally sings. Should you choose to hear it?"

"I should choose," I said.

"Sing, Cherry!" with the finger raised.

He forged a golden chain with his throat, in which my heart ran straight to heaven. We were all the happier and stronger for it; and, in a sweeter train of thought than we had been for many a day, we sat a while calmly; but as we could not sit with folded hands and listening to singing-birds, we soon went about our several businesses—I to the millage, having excused myself to my guests, my duties were urgent, and Patience to her household cares.

The following day my friend—for so his gentlemanly bearing and sound heart had brought me to consider him—thought the birds were so well broken as to warrant his taking out again on his journey. So he took his horse and sleigh and started; but his daughter begged so hard to be allowed to say a week or so that he at last reluctantly consented. We, having no children of our own, were very glad to have her. So Fairy came—she was so like one that I will call her thus—and the bird strid with us. She was a little homesome at first without father or mother; but with the little household cares she was eased to busy with, time never hung heavy on her hands. The week changed to a fortnight, and that to a further respite, until her becoming in a measure reconciled to her absence, and as he was pleased to say he was in good hands, the day for her departure was indefinitely postponed. Little parties and social circles occupied the time pleasantly, and in mutual confidences we strengthened each other's views of life, young though she was, and all were the more benighted by it.

Only a few days after the occurrences narrated above, I noticed one day, while coming to the road, a strange horse and sleigh, coming, and which I never had seen before, standing at the gate. There must be stranger here, I thought; and sure enough, when I reached the house, Fairy came running to meet me, saying, "Uncle!"—she christened me thus—"here is Carl, come for his bird."

And a tall, elegant gentleman stepped forward, apologising for entering my house without invitation in language at once so courteous that one could scarce detect a trace of his native accent. I bade him welcome to my house and all it afforded, of course. The afternoon wore away in pleasant chat. He was full of anecdote, relating scenes of foreign travel, incidents he had passed through, and created life's brief hour of every sharpness.

"You have heard my bird sing?" he said.

"I have, and could never tire of it; but think no song of late equals the one he sang after his deliverance from the storm."

"Hear this one now," he said; for he had a variety, has my little pet!" He drew himself up in military attitude, threw his hair back from his forehead, and said to the bird, which was attentively regarding

him, with his head first on one side and then on the other, "Hiss, sing!"

The crest raised upon its head, its throat swelled, the feathers quivered, and then it rolled forth cheerily, cheerily at first, like a little rattling brook tinkling sweetly over its pebbly bottom; swifter, faster, and more furiously now, like the waterfall plunging head-long over the rocks, until he burst into a magnificent tide of song that eclipsed all I ever heard—harps of *Zelus* played, blue-bells nodded and rang their floral chimes, and humming-birds flitted on glistening winds through gardens of honey-suckles, and only the bird sang. I held my hands over my ears lest it should run down to my heart and break it. The air was sweet with song. A surfeit of music filled and cloyed us, as the breath of new-mown hay doth the senses when too long steeped in it; and then the teacher, no, the master—not the teacher, God was his teacher—bowed his head, though for the thousandth time perhaps he had heard it melody.

"I was afraid," said he, "he had forgotten his cunning. You have taken good care of my treasure, little lady, although I think the eagle is a little too small (half contemplative-ly)." I left them together, wishing to go and sit by my fireside, with Patience, and the memory of that theme within my heart.

As I live the little red men were there again, darting as of old around the andirons, climbing up the smoke and making themselves ridiculous with their antics. "Patience," I said, "how do you think the bird gets on?"

She looked slyly up at me, and seeing the drift of my remark, answered me with a cunning little laugh.

"Mayhap he knows where there is larger eagle, since the other is too small?"

She was provokingly silent and non-committal.

"You are very dull company, dear! Why don't you make one of your brilliant remarks now—it's such a fine chance? Be a little sarcastic, please."

Only the needle flew a little faster and the thread sang in the air. At last she said, looking fairly at me now, without evasion or reservation of any kind.

"I understand it all very plainly. It is more than Canary-birds that brings Carl here, and what the 'more' is you know as well as I do; and sometimes when I think of it, it makes me very sad."

The dear wife almost made me laugh.

"Well, if you aren't funny. What is there to be sad about? Were you not beside yourself when I came to see you? Oh, most comely and thrifty of housewives!"

She threw the pin-cushion at me.

"It is a much more serious matter than you imagine, my dear jester. You should not speak so lightly."

I put on a most lugubrious expression of countenance, as befitted the solemn occasion of a young man's visiting a young woman.

"I demand a full-length explanation," I said.

She brought her chair close to me and began:

"In the first place, you know Fairly is very young, too young to marry, and long engagements I do not approve; that she is sensitive and light-hearted to a fault; that Carl is a miser—"

"—Is it, then, criminal to be a miser?" (hand on my mouth)—"and their ways are so different, both in habit and education, that I fear they will never agree. I have no doubt that he loves her, and she loves him; their every action speaks it; always together when they can be, and unmistakably attached, and that they will marry. I could much rather she would marry one of our own countrymen."

This view of the matter quite startled me. It seemed possible that things would take the course she predicted; but not liking to be defeated on my own hearth, even by the partner of bosom, I defended myself stoutly with the school-boy's argument, "What is it?"

"Simply this, that under the cover of our love, and away from the watchful care of her parents or their supervision, he may use his power of persuasion to such a degree that all his views of things may seem right and clear to her. She is very impressionable; and though doubt not but that he is as honorable as the man, still for all that, I should not wish him to entangle her in any alliance with himself without the full knowledge and consent of her parents, unless they have fair intimation of all his proceedings."

It was getting rather complicated, certainly. I began to regard him as one laying intricate trains of diplomatic saltpetre under us, to sow the confidence and respect of her parents in us to the four corners of the earth. What shall we do?" I asked of the Oracle my hearth.

"Do this," quoth she. "Watch him; when you think matters have gone far enough, deliver to her parents, and we will give her over into their hands. In the mean time, whatever betide, let us not forget the sacredness of their privacy while they are with us, as secret and watchful as a spy, and as careful of detection."

11.

They were having a very happy time of it there. The bird sat in his wicker cage and warbled his wonderful song. The air was warm and golden with it; and when I went in, as I did shortly after to attend the bird, I half expected to see the flashing of the

crimson pomegranate, the waving of tall palms, and breathe odors of Arab)—so did it transport my heart to tropic lands; and then my guests sat at the piano, and sang divinely together.

It is very true that it was a priceless bird and a rare; but it is equally true that his training and discipline were extremely difficult—so much so that it was a long time before Carl could make up his mind to leave it.

I continued meanwhile to watch them. But one day he came to me and told me, in a much more mysterious manner than I thought the occasion required, that he intended leaving the next day and taking his bird with him.

I expressed my regret at parting with him, and hoped he would soon return. Instead of thanking me, as I expected, he walked moodily away to the window. And more, too, when I came to part with Fairy the next morning she kissed me with much more warmth than usual; called me her dear, dear uncle; and putting her hands on each shoulder, held me off at arm's-length, looking mournfully in my face, kissing after with such affection that even good Patience's nose began to wrinkle in a very suspicious manner. Well, I had too much to do to think long about it; so putting my darling away, I went about my duties in the village. They were away drearily enough, and scarcely my one came into the office, so I was not troubled about writing. I was not in the mood for work, clearly. Of a sudden a bright thought seized me: before Carl went away I would run up, get my horse and sleigh, and take both him and Fairy to the place where we found them in the storm. So sooner did the idea present itself than I seized it as a welcome relief from the monotony of my duty. I took my hat and coat and down started for the barn, intending to go first and get the team, and then drive around to the house and take them in; but to my astonishment, when I reached there the cupboard was bare, and never a horse to be found. I began to whistle. This is very alarming, indeed—my beautiful bay horse, for which I have three hundred dollars, spirited away in broad daylight, almost from under my very nose! It is quite a luxurious sensation, but rather too costly; there was the water, and the hair— By Jove! the harness as gone, too! I was quite complacent; I felt extremely grateful to them for leaving me the barn—at any rate the sleigh, expecting of course to see it in its accustomed corner—

"Oh, here! oh, here!" I said; "this is not exactly the thing!" (locking the door when it was too late, of course)—and away ran to the house as fast as I could. "Patience," I said, bursting in out of breath, "our beautiful horse is stolen, and every—What's the matter? What is the matter?"—for she was crying bitterly—the horse, the sleigh, barn, harness, and all, dissolving in nothing before the tears of my wife. "Oh, oh!" as if her heart would break.

I saw at a glance how the case stood. He could have been a dullard indeed that, taking the mysterious disappearance of my horse and equipage, and the departure of my late tests (who were nowhere to be seen), and the distress of my wife, could not but have seen that trouble had entered into us as yet peaceful dwelling.

The birds had flown.

I went gently up to that trembling and shivering form, and taking her hands from her face, rested her head upon my bosom, and let her sob her grief out upon that resting-place, which is hers alone. By degrees she became calmer, until she told me the whole story coherently, that it was as I suspected. Carl had asked for my horse under pretence of taking a ride, and getting in with Fairy at our door, drove like the wind down the road, and scoured out of sight almost in a moment; that she should have thought of this it but for these words, scrawled a rigid hand, and which she found upon the table when she went in—

"We have gone!"

Taking this in connection with the singular manner of Carl the day before, together with the very affectionate manner of Fairy parting with me, I was at a loss to divine what had taken place. There was never a word more, no claw nor hint as to what uses they had taken, or what their intentions were.

I feared the worst; but this was no time for idle fears, for regrets, useless and wicked, was that action was necessary. What should go? Racked by a thousand thoughts and conflicting suggestions, I paced the room in agony of mind I hope never to experience again. I bitterly upbraided myself for my inability to not detecting some signs of their intention before matters had gone so far. Oh, Polish man that I was, as if the most subtle cunning could detect the disguises Cupid reveals himself under! I had another and all more disagreeable duty to perform—to inform her father; so I took my hat and set out, intending to go to the station and telegraph him, bitter and shameful to me as it was. I ran hastily down, for the day was fast waning, and notified him immediately, and then back again to my own desolate home. Not *at all* desolate; for there *my* heart, true and faithful to me as the needle to the pole, in whose gentle breast neither falsity nor deceit ever found resting-place.

During the time until I should hear from Fairy's father, I sat at my fireside lost in re-

lections. The red man seemed turned to demons, who mocked me with their devilish antics, and sputtered sparks of fire out at me fearfully. Hoping in some measure to relieve my breast of its affliction, I took the bird from its place on the mantle, and set it before me bidding it sing after the manner of its master. It never uttered a note.

I could stand it no longer. "Patience," I said, "I can't wait for that confounded telegram; it will never come; every minute is a pain. Let us go and borrow a horse from our neighbor, and run down to Hartford ourselves, where we can tell all, and appear in a much better light to our friends."

She assented.

I went to neighbor Holcomb, and merely telling him that I had lent my horse and wished to borrow his, obtained it readily. We got at the door, and laying on the lash, flew away under the road.

Away over the same road they had fled by. Whither were they fleeing? Whether into the blackness of the night, or into the pure light of home? unto utter despair, or a life of peace, honor, and purity, of good deeds or of evils?

Away, away, never drawing a rein. The boys, stamping along the ridgy road, flew by like shadows; the trees were as netting; he fences straight lines; the woods a blotch; the red sun descending made the west lurid with his glare, seeming to shed a fierce and unholy light o'er all the earth. The speed was no relief; and not until we drew up, the horse panting and out of breath with the run, his door did I breathe freer.

I alighted, helped Patience out, put the beast over the beast, and went in, longing yet reading to meet him.

What an anomaly a man is! He came toward us smiling, and with outstretched arms. "It is all right, good friends; but I am the more grieved (as I see by your faces you are) that matters have taken this course."

We looked blankly at each other.

"I sent you a dispatch," I said, "announcing the affair, but received no answer, so we concluded to come on ourselves."

"But I sent one," he said; "there is some mistake."

I took a long breath. "Then this was all within your knowledge," I found tongue to say at last.

"Not exactly. I have then suspected the attachment of the young people, but was not prepared for the sudden resolution it seems they have taken. To set your minds at rest I will tell you all about it. Fairy (I don't know how she can look you in the face) thought it would be a very romantic affair if Carl and Carl could arrange a sort of runaway match—thought (foolish enough) it could give certain *clat* among her friends, and be altogether a spirited and dashing affair, so what must she and Carl do but arrange the whole thing beforehand. His unscrupulous manner to us was all put on; her extraordinary leave-taking as well; and the most reprehensible part of the whole thing, the words purposely scrawled in a rigid manner, to leave the impression that they were torn by remorse while flying from you—one the nameless follies youth are constantly committing."

The receipt of this piece of information gave me such unbounded joy that I cut a pigeon wing of a very complicated and intricate tangle, when my happiness had in a manner overflooded itself and I was in a measure rational.

Well, the world rolled round, and a week passed away rapidly; we got our house in holiday order as we could for the grand occasion which was to take place. The appointed time brought Carl and Fairy, and their friends, all full of spirits. All were, indeed, welcome. Neighbor Holcomb was present in a bran-new suit presented by Carl, in which he seemed particularly ill at ease, stroking his hand up and down upon his broad-brimmed pants, and making audible remarks upon the quality of the goods: while the father of mother, beautiful in the look of joy and pride with which they gave away their daughters; and Carl, who wore an expression of serene content and perfect joy, made the most charming picture one could wish to see.

Neither was the occupant of the wicker chair at all behindhand in taking part in the proceedings. That prince of songs—silent till he sensed his master's return—he surpassed himself; his top-knot nodded and trembled at the violence of his song, for when the ceremony was ended and we were all laughing, crying, and shouting together, the noise made him break forth again.

It was as if an angel played upon a flute of pearl and the theme were God. It dispelled all doubt and fear, made clear the dearest ways of life, sang sweetly and cheerfully of that other state which is beyond the stars, how purer and yet higher far than they, and left our souls clear and pure for the influence of divine love which passeth all understanding. It soared loftily to the vault of heaven itself, and then it came again, swelling in the air and glorifying the room, until it seemed to rest upon the darling melody of his as the halo round the saint; now only piping, now richly warbling; faintly and deep, like a young mother lulling her babe to sleep; then plashing melodiously upon our ears, like the lapsing of the summer sea on the strand; sweeter, lower, fainter still, till at last it died away altogether, leaving our hearts entranced with its melody.

It was the king of birds, and its name was Jerry.

"Beware of those who flatter you,"
 The following poem by Martin P. Tupper
 was received by one of his American correspond-
 ents by the last steamer, who has furnished it for
 publication.

Freedom.

To blots on the banner of Light!
 No slaves in the land of the Free!
 No wrong to be rampant where all should be Right!
 No sin that is shameful to see!
 No slavery, and the wide world in its strength
 How sternly determined thou art
 To cut from thy soil in its breadth and its length
 The canker that gnaws at thy heart!
 To praise thee and to sweep by thy Might
 This evil no longer shall be;
 For all men are brothers, the black as the white,
 And sons of one Father are we!
 When safety is the serious theme,
 When safety is solely decreed
 On riding the heart of old habits of crime
 And simply repeating indeed

way to the lats and the poles
 With lash and the goad and the chain:
 With way by the buying and selling of souls,
 And slavery tolling in pain!
 America—this is thy chance, now at length,
 To rise—up, wailing, while crouching to the
 The noble and slaveholders, slave to thy strength
 The curse and contempt of the Free!

The Philosophy of Tears.

Young women are full of tears. They will
 weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress,
 for the loss of an old lover. They will
 weep for anything or nothing. They will
 weep to death for accidentally tearing a
 new gown, and weep for spite that they can-
 not be revenged on you. They will play the
 quetto in your presence, and weep when
 you are absent. They will weep because they
 cannot go to a ball or a tea-party, or because
 their parents will not permit them to run
 away with a scamp; and they will weep be-
 cause they cannot have everything their own
 way. Married women weep to conquer.
 Tears are the most potent arms of matrimo-
 nial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused
 his wife, she weeps, and he relents and prom-
 ises better behaviour. How many men have
 gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morn-
 ing, quite subdued with tears and a curtain-
 ere! Women weep to get their husband's
 secrets, and they also weep when their own
 secrets have been revealed. They weep for
 rough pride, through vanity, through folly,
 through cunning and through weakness.
 They will weep for a husband's misfortune,
 while they scold himself. A woman will
 weep over the dead body of her husband,
 while her vanity will ask her neighbors how
 she fitts with her mournings.

Drunkards are much given to weeping.
 They will shed tears of bitter repentance this
 moment, and sin the next. It is no uncon-
 mon thing to hear them cursing the effects of
 temperance, while they are poisoning the cup
 of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its
 contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep
 for livelihood; they can coin their tears
 and make them pass for the current money of
 the realm. The one weeps you into charita-
 humor, and the other makes you pay for
 being forced to weep along with him. Sym-
 pathy bids us relieve the beggar when he pre-
 sents his claim, and we pay the tragedian be-
 liehand. The one weeps whether he will or
 not, but the other weeps only when he is well
 and for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They
 are social in their tears; they would have
 the whole world to weep along with them.
 Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their
 imaginations so fantastic, that they make
 common the material world to sympathize with
 their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of a
 child is compared to tears on the cheek of a
 consolate maiden, when it glitters on the
 cheek at twilight, it is called the tears of
 evening; and when the sun rises and ex-
 poses the dew-drops from the flowers, it is
 said to wipe away the tears of the morning.
 Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping
 night. We have weeping rocks, weeping
 fountains, weeping willows, weeping grottoes,
 weeping skies, weeping climates; and if any
 calamity has befallen a great man, we
 weep, to finish the climax, a weeping world.

A SCENE IN A CHURCH IN TEXAS.—A cor-
 respondent of the *Lynn Weekly Reporter*, who
 resided two years in the South, thus repre-
 sents a scene which he saw in an Episcopal
 bath School in Texas:—"We took our
 seats near the door, and while sitting there
 a young child after another, dressed in gay
 attire, handed in at the door by negro ser-
 vants, until there were a dozen or more ne-
 gresses, most of them young girls from twelve
 sixteen years of age, congregated about
 the door. They waited outside, occa-
 sionally peeping in, as if to penetrate the
 mystery of the proceedings within, until their
 young masses and misses, as they called
 him, had recited their lessons in that gospel
 which declares that 'God is no respecter of
 persons; but in every nation, he that feareth
 him, and doeth rightness, is accepted of
 him.' When the 'young masses and
 misses' within had gone through with their
 religious performances, and had their vanity
 silently flattered by 'rewards of merit,'
 the young heathen without conveyed them
 home. Monthly collections were taken up
 in this and all the other Sabbath schools in
 the city, to establish Sabbath schools for the
 instruction of heathen children in far distant
 deserts, while these heathen children at home
 remained outside, groping in the dark for
 want of a knowledge of those truths which
 could enable them to comprehend their
 spiritual destiny."

Beware of those who flatter you.

Ⓔ Beware of those who flatter you

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 49.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBRE 7, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Massachusetts to Virginia.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! Thy stormy words
And high, swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt
Along our sky;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest
Labor here;
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe
In fear.
Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along Saint
George's bank;
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white
And dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout
Are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of
Cape Ann.
The cold North light and wintry sun glare on their
Ice forms,
Bent grimly over their straining lines, or wrestling
With the storm,
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the
waves they roam.
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against
their rocky home.

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons
Have proved
False to their father's memory, false to that faith
They loved;
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter
Spurn,
Must she of Massachusetts from truth and duty
Turn.

Hold while ye may your struggling slaves, and
burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and man-
hood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the cloaking, that writes upon your
plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land
of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of
old,
By watching round the shambles where human
flesh is sold;
Gloat o'er the new born child, and count its mar-
ket value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the
slaver's den.

Lower than plummet soundeth sink the Virginian
name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rank
weeds of shame.
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe!
We wash our hands forever of your sin, and shame,
and curse.

For ourselves and for our children, the vow which
we have given
For Freedom and Humanity, is registered in
Heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders! No pirate on our
strand!
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon our
land!

Select Literature.

THE CHILD IN THE GRAVE.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

There was sorrow in the house—there was
sorrow in the heart; for the youngest child,
a little boy of four years of age, the only son,
his parents' present joy and future hope,
was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed,
older than their boy—the eldest was almost
old enough to be confirmed—amiable, sweet
girls they both were; but the lost child is al-
ways the dearest, and he was the youngest,
and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters
sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were
much afflicted by their parent's grief; the
father was weighed down by the affliction,
but the mother was quite overwhelmed by
the terrible blow. By night and by day had
she devoted herself to her sick child, watched
him, lifted him up, carried him about, done
everything for him herself. She had felt as
if he were a part of herself. She could not
bring herself to believe that he was dead—
that he should be laid in a coffin and con-
cealed in the grave. God would not take
the child from her. O no! And when he
was taken, and she could no longer refuse to
believe the truth, she exclaimed, in her wild
grief:—“God has not ordained this! He
has heartless agents here on earth. They do
what they list—they hearken not to a moth-
er's prayers!”

She dared, in her woe, to arraign the Most
High; and then came dark thoughts, the
thoughts of death—everlasting death—that
human beings returned as earth to earth, and
then all was over. Amidst thoughts morbid
and impious as these, there could be nothing
to console her, and she sank into the darkest
depth of despair.

In these hours of deepest distress she could
not weep. She thought not of the young
daughters who were left to her; her hus-
band's tears fell on her brow, but she did not
look up at him—her thoughts were with her
dead child; her whole heart and soul were
wrapped up in recalling every reminiscence
of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile
prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not
slept the night before, but, toward morning,
she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a
short time into repose. During that time
the coffin was removed into another apart-
ment, and was screwed down with as little
noise as possible.

When she awoke she arose and wished to
see her child. Then her husband, with tears
in his eyes, told her, “We have closed the
coffin; it had to be done!”

“When the Almighty is so hard on me,”
she exclaimed, “why should human beings
be kinder?” and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave. The
inconsolable mother sat with her young
daughters. She looked at them, but she did
not see them; her thoughts had nothing more
to do with home; she gave herself up to
wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the
sea tosses the ship which has lost its helms-
man and its rudder. Thus passed the day of
the funeral, and several days followed amidst
the same uniform, heavy grief. With tear-
ful eyes and melancholy looks her afflicted
family gazed at her. She did not care for
what comforted them. What could they say
to change the current of her mournful
thoughts?

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her for-
ever; it alone would be her best friend,
strengthen her frame and recall peace to her
mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her
bed, and she lay there as still as if buried in
sleep. One night her husband had listened
to her breathing, and believing from it that
she had at length found repose and relief, he
clasped his hands, prayed for her and for
them all, then sank into peaceful slumber.
While sleeping soundly he did not perceive
that she arose, dressed herself, and softly left
the room and the house, to go—whether her
thoughts wandered by day and by night—to
the grave of her child. She passed quickly
through the garden, out to the fields, beyond
which the road led outside of the town to the
churchyard. No one saw her, and she saw
no one.

It was a fine night; the stars were shining
brightly, and the air was mild, although it
was the first of September. She entered the
churchyard, and went to the little grave; it
looked like one great bouquet of sweet-scent-
ed flowers. She threw herself down, and
bowed her head over the grave, as if she could
through the solid earth behold her boy, whose
smile she remembered so vividly. The affec-
tionate expression of his eyes, even upon his
sick-bed, was never, never to be forgotten.
How speaking had his glance been when
she had bent over him, and taken the little
hand he was himself too weak to raise. As
she had sat by his couch, so now she sat by
his grave; but here her tears might flow free-
ly over the sod that covered him.

“Wouldst thou descend to thy child?”
said a voice close by.

It sounded as clear, so deep, its tones went
to her heart. She looked up, and near her
stood a man wrapped in a large mourning
cloak, with a hood drawn over the head; but
she could see the countenance under this.
It was severe and yet encouraging; his eyes
were bright as those of youth.

“Descend to my child!” she repeated;
and there was the agony of despair in her
voice.

“Darest thou follow me?” asked the fig-
ure. “Am I death?”

She bowed her assent. Then it seemed all
at once as if every star in the heavens above
shone with the light of the moon. She saw
the many colored flowers on the surface of
the grave move like a fluttering garment.
She sank, and the figure threw his dark cloak
round her. It became night—the night of
death. She sank deeper than the spade could
reach. The churchyard lay like a roof above
her head.

The cloak that had enveloped her glided to
one side. She stood in an immense hall,
whose extremities were lost in the distance.
It was dusk around her; but before her
stood, and in one moment was clasped to her
heart, her child, who smiled on her in beauty
far surpassing what he had possessed before.
She uttered a cry, though it was scarcely
audible, for, close by, and then far away,
and afterward near again, came delightful
music. Never before had such glorious, such
blessed sounds, reached her ears. They rang
from the other side of the thick curtain—
black as night—that separated the hall from
the boundless space of eternity.

“My sweet mother! my own mother!”
she heard her child exclaim. It was his
well-known, most beloved voice; and his
followed kiss in rapturous joy. At length
the child pointed to the sable curtain.

“There is nothing so charming up yonder
on earth, mother. Look, mother! look at
them all! That is felicity!”

The mother saw nothing—nothing in the
direction to which the child pointed, except
darkness like that of night. She saw with
earthly eyes. She did not see as did the
child whom God had called to himself. She
heard, indeed, sounds—music; but she did
not understand the words that were convey-
ed in these exquisite tones.

“I can fly, now, mother,” said the child.
“I can fly with other happy children away,
even into the presence of God. I wish so
much to go; but if you cry on as you are
crying now, I cannot leave you, and yet I
should be so glad to go. May I not? You
will come back soon, will you not, dear
mother?”

“Oh, stay! oh, stay!” she cried, “only
one moment more. Let me gaze on you one
moment longer; let me kiss you, and hold
you a moment longer in my arms.”

And she kissed him, and held him fast.
Then her name was called from above—the
tones were those of piercing grief. What
could they be?

“Hark!” said the child; “it is my father
calling on you.”

And again, in a few seconds, deep sob-
s were heard, as of children weeping.

“These are my sisters' voices,” said the
child. “Mother, you have surely not for-
gotten them?”

Then she remembered those who were left
behind. A deep feeling of anxiety pervaded
her mind; she gazed intently before her, and
spectres seemed to hover around her; she
fancied that she knew some of them; they
floated through the Hall of Death, on toward
the dark curtain, and there they vanished.
Would her husband, her daughters, appear
there? No, their lamentations were still to
be heard from above. She had nearly for-
gotten them for the dead.

“Mother, the bells of heaven are ringing,”
said the child. “Now the sun is about to
rise.”

And an overwhelming, blinding light
streamed around her. The child was gone,
and she felt herself lifted up. She raised her
head, and saw that she was lying in the church-
yard, upon the grave of her child. But in
her dream God had become a prop for her
feet and a light for her mind. She threw
herself on her knees and prayed:

“Forgive me, O Lord, my God, that I
wished to detain an everlasting soul from its
flight into eternity, and that I forgot my du-
ties to the living Thou hast graciously spared
me!”

And as she uttered this prayer it appeared
as if her heart felt lightened of the burden
that crushed it. Then the sun broke forth in
all its splendor, and little birds sang over-
head, and all the church bells around began
to ring the matin chimes. All seemed holy
around her; her heart seemed to have drunk
in faith and holiness; she acknowledged the
might and the mercy of God; she remem-
bered her duties and felt a longing to regain
a home. She hurried thither, and, leaning
over her still sleeping husband, she awoke
him with the touch of her warm lips on his
cheek. Her words were those of love and
consolation, and in a tone of mild resigna-
tion, she exclaimed, “God's will is the best!”

Her husband and her daughters were as-
tonished at the change in her, and her hus-
band asked her, “Where did you so sudden-
ly acquire this strength—this pious resigna-
tion?”

And she smiled on him and her daughters
as she replied, “I derived it from God, by
the grave of my child.”

A Story for Boys.

The following affecting narrative purports
to have been given by a father to his son, as
a warning derived from his own bitter experi-
ence of grieving and resisting a mother's
love and counsel:

What agony was visible in my mother's
face when she saw all that she said and suf-
fered failed to move me. She rose to go
home and I followed at a distance. She
spoke no more to me till she reached her own
door.

“It is school time now,” said she. “Go
my son, and once more let me beseech you to
think upon what I have said.”

“I shan't go to school,” said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but
replied firmly—

“Certainly you will go Alfred; I command
you.”

“I will not,” said I, in a tone of defiance.

“One or two things you must do Alfred—
either go to school this morning, or I will
lock you in your room and keep you there
until you are ready to promise implicit obedi-
ence to my wishes in the future.”

“I dare you to do it; you can't get me up
stairs.”

“Alfred, choose now,” said my mother
who laid her hand upon my arm. She trem-
bled violently and was deadly pale.

“If you touch me, I'll kick you,” said I,
in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not
what I said.

“Will you go Alfred?”

“No,” I replied, but I quailed beneath
her eye.

“Then follow me,” she said, as she grasp-
ed my arm firmly.

I raised my foot—oh my son, hear me!—
I raised my foot and kicked my sainted moth-
er! How my head reels as the torrent of
memory rushes over me! I kicked my moth-
er, a feeble woman—my mother! she stag-
gered back a few steps, and leaned against
the wall. She did not look at me—I saw her
heart beat against her breast.

“Oh! Heavenly Father,” said she, “for-
give him—he knows not what he does!”

The gardener just then passed the door,
and seeing my mother pale and almost un-
able to support herself, stopped. She beck-
oned him in.

“Take this boy up stairs and lock him in
his room,” said she, and turned from me.
Looking back as she was entering her room,
she gave such a look of agony mingled with
the most intense love!—It was the last un-
derstandable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in
my own room. I thought for a moment that
I would fling myself from the open window
and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to
do it. I was not penitent. At times, my
heart was subdued; but my stubborn pride
rose in an instant and bade me not to yield.
The pale face of my mother haunted me. I
flung myself on the bed and fell asleep. Just
at twilight I heard a footstep approaching
the door. It was my sister,

“What may I tell my mother for you?”
she asked.

“Nothing,” I replied.

“Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for our sakes,
say that you are sorry. She longs to for-
give you.”

I would not answer. I heard her foot-
steps slowly retreating, and again I threw
myself on the bed to pass a wretched and
fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than
my sister's disturbed me. A voice called my
name. It was my mother.

“Alfred, my son, shall I come?” she ask-
ed. I cannot tell what influence, operating
at that moment, made me speak adversely to
my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother
melted my obdurate heart and thrilled
through me, and I longed to throw myself
upon her neck, but I did not. But my words
gave the lie to my heart when I said I was
not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard
her groan. I longed to call her back, but I
did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber
by hearing my name loudly called, and my
sister stood by my bedside.

“Get up, Alfred, don't wait a minute! I
get up and come with me, mother is dying!”

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up
mechanically and followed my sister. On
her bed, and cold as marble, lay my mother.

She was undressed. She had thrown herself
on the bed to rest! arising to go again to me,
she was seized with palpitation of the heart,
and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you with what agony I looked
upon her; my remorse was tenfold greater
from the fact that she would never know it.
I believed myself to be the murderer. I fell
on the bed beside her. I could not weep.

My heart burned in my bosom; my brain
was on fire. My sister threw her arms
around me and wept in silence. Suddenly
we saw a slight motion of my mother's hand
—her eyes unclosed. She had recovered
consciousness, but not speech. She looked
at me and moved her lips—I could not un-
derstand her words. “Mother! mother!”

I shrieked, “say only that you forgive me!”
She could not say it with her lips, but her
hands pressed mine. She smiled upon me,
and lifting her thin white hand, she clasped
my own within them, and cast her eyes up-
wards. She moved her lips in prayer, and
thus she died.

I remained kneeling near that dear form
till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of
life had gone forever.

Boys that spurn a mother's control, who
are ashamed to own that they are wrong,
who think it manly to resist authority, or to
refuse to yield to her influence, beware. Lay
not up for yourselves bitter memories for fu-
ture years.

My Withered Bouquet.

Beautiful in death! one long, lingering
look I gave to my withered bouquet, once so
blooming and bright. Flowers yet fragrant,
though their petals' relentless touch had seared
their petals. How they bring to mind friends
of other days, Bertie, Ella and Lucy, whose
pictures are as bright in memory's gallery as
the day when first nature's true limner por-
trayed each feature—they have gone from my
gaze now. Bertie was my rose; her sweet
but fragile form drooped, ere yet sixteen sum-
mers had shed their bloom; how oft her dear
hands were clasped in mine, and when I tear-
ed a wreath of white roses to place upon her
coffin, I felt that earth had lost one of its
rarest flowers. Ella was my cedar; her
friendship and constancy endeared her to me.
No new friend could turn her thoughts from
me; often in a playful mood she would say,
“Old friends like old words are trusted
best.” We parted to meet no more on earth;
her fondness for travelling led her to make a
long tour; an epidemic laid its scourging
hand upon her—and lo! Ella was no more.
Lucy was my sensitive plant; a tear fills my
eye when thoughts of her come over me; her
gentle, confiding heart was given to one who
loved money; who was totally unfit to have
the care of sweet Lucy. She dreamt not
that it was her fortune he sought, and after
he had squandered all he would treat her
unkindly. Alas! that matches should be so
ill-assorted, or the rose bear a thorn—but
Lucy was transplanted soon; she could not
withstand the cold, chilling winds of indiffer-
ence. Thank Heaven, Lucy is happy
now. Her little tomb in the church-yard is
never passed by any who knew sweet Lucy
without weeping the true tear—the memory
of the good and pure is ever sacred. * * *

My bouquet teaches me how mutable are all
things—beauty so witching to gaze upon,
vanishes away like my flowers withered be-
fore me now. It points me to the altar of
the Most High, where my heart should bow
in grateful adoration; it tells me of the be-
neficence of the great Architect of the world
who made sweet flowers to please our sight
and teach a lesson. Flowers beautiful even
in death; I turn away from them, and
thoughts flit before me of the time when ye
were so fresh and smiling, when the dewy
gems rested upon your bosom, or a moon-
beam lingered near to court your smiles.

* * * Oh! what would earth be without
the sweet, sweet flowers? what could be the
bearer of love's message? Surely thou dost
“unite upon the hills and dales mysterious
truths.”—*Leisure Moments.*

The number of Southerners (says the
Ohio Statesman), passing through Cincinnati
this season to the North exceeds that of any
preceding summer. Many of the families
are those of officers in the Southern army.
The hotel registers show an average of a hun-
dred Southerners per day.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Fire-Flies.

When night, her sparkling starry veil
O'er tired nature throws,
And gently hushes it to rest,
In calm and sweet repose;

When the pale moon, her silvery light
O'er every object flings—
When the birds cease their joyous songs
And fold their weary wings;

When dewdrops glitter on the flowers—
And silence, deep and still,
With love to man and praise to God,
The human heart doth fill;

The light-winged, fairy fire-flies
Their tiny torches light;
Gilding, with living gems, the dark
And sombre robe of night.

Amid the sleeping flowers, they rove,
Now afar away, now near;
And dance to spirit-music sweet,
Unheard by mortal ear.

How beautiful and bright they look,
Shining amid the gloom;
So shine the cheering rays of hope,
Upon the darkest doom.

So will good thoughts, and words, and deeds,
Shine 'mid the dark world's strife;
Weathe us with bright and fearless crowns
And light our path, through life.

CARRIE.

MEDEBOR, August, 1861.

Shaving a Millionaire.

Let any man become immensely wealthy
by his own exertions, and straightway you
shall hear numerous anecdotes illustrating
the means by which he attained his riches, the
effect they have upon him, his disposition of
them, or his sayings, peculiarities or eccentrici-
ties.

Astor, Girard, and Billy Gray have furnish-
ed illustrations for many a clever sketch.
We heard a good anecdote the other day of
Billy Gibbons, a New Jersey millionaire,
which we will give our readers.

It seems that Billy, while in a country vil-
lage in which he owned some property, step-
ped into a barber's shop to get shaved. The
shop was full of customers, and the old gen-
tleman quietly waited for his turn.

A customer who was under the barber's
hands when the old man came in, asked the
knave of the razor, in an under tone, if he
knew who that was, and on receiving a nega-
tive reply, he informed him, in a whisper, that
it was “Old Billy Gibbons, the richest man
in the State.”

“When?” said the barber, “I’ll charge
him for my shave.”

Accordingly, after the old man had had
that operation performed, he was somewhat
surprised, on asking the price, to be told—

“Seventy-five cents.”

“Seventy-five cents!” said he, quietly,
“isn't that rather a high price?”

“It's my price,” said he of the lather-brush,
independently, “and as this is the only bar-
ber's shop in the place, then as comes into it
must pay what I ask.”

To the old man this was evidently a knock-
down argument, for he drew three quarters
of a dollar from his pocket, and paid them over
to the barber, and left the shop.

A short time after he was in close con-
versation with the landlord of a tavern hard by,
and the topic of conversation was barber's
shops.

“Why is it,” said he, “there's only one
barber's shop in town? There seems to be
nearly work enough for two.”

“Well, there used to be two,” said the
landlord, “till last winter, when this man
came up from the city and opened a new shop,
and as everything was fresh and new, folks
sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which
had been going on half fourteen years.”

“But didn't this Bill do good work. Didn't
he shave well, and—cheap?”

“Well, as for that,” said the landlord,
“Bill did his work well enough, and cheap
enough, but his shop wasn't on the main
street, like the new one, and didn't have so
many pictures and handsome curtains, and
folks got in the way of thinking that the new
shop was more scientific and brought more
city fashions with him, though, to tell the
truth,” said the landlord, stroking a chin
sown with a beard resembling screen wire,
“I never want a lighter touch, or a keener
razor, than Bill Harrington's.”

“City fashions, eh?” growled the old man.
“The nicer our dress, the harder our heart
is, as if when dressed in silk we change our
natures and rise above base, worldly things.
What! our silk dresses to be seen near
assistance, or dabbling into a dirty hut?
No, never! Calico might do it—silk, it's
just impossible! But when, in addition to
all, calico comes in, rory with the exercise of
kitchen duties, which it knows how to do so
well, and loves to do so dearly, and sets down
at the piano or melodeon, and makes the liquid
melody flow sweetly forth; aye, even blend-
ing its own sweet voice with the music of
the instrument, then do we appreciate and
admire calico.”

“When red hot shot is fired, the ordi-
nary used is elevated to the position desired
before the gun is shot. The powder in the
gun is kept from explosion by means of
the wadding. Between the explosive sub-
stance and the heated mass are generally
three layers of wad. That against the ball
is dry, the second is wet, and upon the pow-
der another dry piece rests. The ball is dis-
charged very soon after being placed in the
cannon.

too good; besides, I haven't got twenty dol-
lars in the world to fit it up with.”

“You don't know old Billy Gibbons as
well as I do,” said the other. “Now listen
to me. If you can have that shop all fitted
up, rent free, what will you work in it for by
the month? What is the least you can live
on?”

This proposition somewhat startled the un-
fortunate hair-dresser, who finally found
or fifteen dollars a month would be enough.

“Pshaw!” said the old man, “that won't
do. Now listen to me. I'll give you that
store, rent free, for one year, and engage your
services for six months on these conditions.
You are to shave and cut hair for everybody
that applies to you, and take no pay; just
charge it all to me, and for your services
I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable
in advance—pay to commence now,” contin-
ued he, placing two ten dollar notes on the
table before the astonished barber, who, it is
almost unnecessary to state, accepted the
proposition, and who was still more surprised
to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself
who had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of the village
were astonished by the appearance of a splen-
did new barber's shop, far surpassing the old
one in elegance of appointments, and in which,
with new mugs, soap, razors and perfumes,
stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty
on the heads and beards of the people. Over
the door was inscribed, “William Harrington—
Shaving and Hair-Dressing Saloon.”

The people were not long in ascertaining or
slow in availing themselves of the privileges
of this establishment, and it is not to be won-
dered at that it was crowded, and the other
deserted. The other held out some weeks,
suspecting this free shaving (for Bill kept his
secret well) was but a dodge to entice custom-
ers away, who would soon be charged as
usual; but when at the end of six weeks he
found Billy working away as usual, charging
not a cent for his labor, and still having mon-
ey to spend, he came to the conclusion that
he must have drawn a prize in the lottery, or
stumbled upon a gold mine, and was keeping
a barber's shop in fun; so he closed his shop
in despair, and left the place.

Meanwhile Bill Harrington kept on busy as
a bee, and one fine morning his employer
stepped in, and without a word sat down and
was shaved; on rising from his chair he asked
to see the score for the past six months.

The barber exhibited it, and after a careful
calculation the old man said:

“Plenty of customers, eh?”

“Lots of 'em,” said the barber; “never did
such a business in my life!”

“Well,” replied Money Bags, “you have
kept the account well. I see I've paid you one
hundred and twenty dollars for services. All
right. And there are three hundred and
thirty charged for shaving all that applied.
Now, this furniture cost one hundred and
eight dollars;—balance due you one hundred
and two dollars. Here it is. Now you own
this furniture, and are to have this shop rent
free six months longer, and after to-day you
are to charge the regular price for work; for
your pay from me stops to-day.”

This, of course, the barber gladly assented
to.

“But,” said the old man, on leaving, “take
care you never cheat a man by charging ten
times the usual price for a shave, for it may
be another old Billy Gibbons.”—*Commercial
Bulletin.*

CALICO DRESSES.—Calico dresses are grand
institutions. Delaines, silks, and even satins
are good enough in their place—in the parlor
or band-box, and all such; but after all,
the old “stand-by,” the substantial, is the
shilling calico. Care must be taken not to
soil the silk, nothing must come in contact
with the nice dress that will rumple or stain
it; but the calico is made for work, and, as
the highfalutins say, “nobly does it fulfil its
mission.” Silk rarely finds its way into the
kitchen at home, or the hut of the sufferer
abroad. But calico, O! what rich meals we
get by it; how it cheers the suffering, as with
its bright colors and cheerful

The Middlesex Journal,

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, where previous notice has been given or not.

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One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 30 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.50. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$4.00; three months, \$2.50. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *local*, 50 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1861.

EDWARD EVERETT, ever since the commencement of our present discordant circumstances, has shown himself to be a patriot of the noblest and purest stamp. Possessed, as he is, with unrivaled powers of eloquence and learning, he has used his abilities with immense weight for the good of his country. He has not allowed his mind to become cramped by any mean or sordid personality, but on the other hand he has taken in the whole Union, and the man who is a true friend to his country and holds its best interests near his heart, is his friend. He has shown many who are not prone to look fairly upon the Union cause, an example worthy of their closest imitation. He has shown them, that to be a politician, with intense party propensities, does not debar a man, when occasion requires, from being a patriot and co-worker with other men, though differing with him in politics, for the good of his country, which it is in jeopardy from the designs of wicked and debased men. He has taught—and it is a pity that all will not learn of him—that the continued unity of this nation is worth the total annihilation of every party feeling, and the bestowment of all the blood and treasure we are possessed of; and that unless we check the career of this first great, mad attempt to sunder it, we lay the foundation for future consequences that must end in the total dismemberment of our fair land. And what is there, that would give the craven ambition of the despots of the Old World a keener sense of satisfaction, than such an inglorious end to our free institutions? Why, nothing. Montesquieu, a celebrated French writer, said, "a nation may lose its liberties in a day, and not miss them in a century." This will not be the case with us if we lose ours. We will miss them even before the smoke of battle clears away. We will feel their loss in our jaded consciences most of all, in our homes, in our places of business, in everything. We will even see signs of their loss abroad, in the tightening of the shackles that bind many of the people of Europe. We will see the tyrant's iron heel ground deeper into the throats of his people, and all on account of our proving recreant to the divine trust reposed in us. The tolling and suffering millions of the world will point the finger of scorn and reproach at us, whenever we of America—the land of hope and promise to them—through the selfishness of a few, allow our liberties and privileges to come to naught. Struggling Italy will shun us, and spurn our very name. Austria will hurl back in our teeth, everything we said and done in the Kosta case. Russia will point to the emancipation of her serfs with pride. And England—arrogant England—in our downfall, will feel more than repaid for the humiliation which she received in the war of the Revolution. How can men who are not mad—stark mad—and who are not under the control of the evil one, stand idly by while base usurpers are striving to bring these deplorable events about? They cannot give an excuse for their actions, that they do not see things in the same light as others see them, for the evils are too glaring to admit of such an excuse; and no man who has not blinded himself by nursing party jealousies and hatred, would ever think of such a flimsy plea. What is the value of party progress, party feeling, and party anything, to the stability of the Union? Are they worth the time necessary in striking the difference? We think not. All we have—life and treasure—is not too much nor too sacred to be offered as a sacrifice upon the altar of our country's good, if we wish to remain a nation of freemen; but if we prefer to become aliens and paupers, then all we have to do is to become dummies—that will suffice our end.

What a glorious history is Edward Everett making for himself to-day—a history that will live long after he has gone to rest—in comparison to the one which that other man—we will not disgrace the name of Everett by placing his beside it—is making, who stood side by side with him in political brotherhood a few short months ago. In the one we find pictured the noble patriot and true lover of his country, growing greater and greater, day by day, in the estimation of all good citizens. In the other we see the condemned traitor and avowed foe of his country, growing more despicable every day, and whom all have learned to look upon with loathing and contempt. It takes little wisdom to decide which of these men has chosen the better part, but it does take much to decide how it is possible that the latter can find so many men here in Massachusetts, that are willing to wallow after him in his career of wickedness and corruption. If Edward Everett's position last fall was worthy of

commendation and countenance, how much more so is the position which he holds to-day? Then we saw him robed in party panoply, now we see him stripped of all this, and standing forth upon the great national platform, whose basis is—"Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." It was a gratifying sight to behold, in Boston, a few days ago, Old Kentucky and Old Massachusetts linked together, in the persons of Joseph Holt and Edward Everett, for the perpetuation and preservation of the Union. This scene alone, should have been sufficient to bring a blush of shame to the face of any man—no matter by what party same he was known—who still clung, with unprincipled obstinacy, to the cause of the Southern oligarchy, either inwardly—there are many of this kind, to their shame be it spoken—or outwardly. If the government was bent on a war of conquest or subjugation, those persons would be justified in their opposition, but when it is merely endeavoring to enforce the laws they have not the shadow of a qualification, and they do but allow their party predilections to overawe and subdue their better judgment.

It is high time that many men, who have been sitting rather mysteriously during the past few months, had come out of darkness into light and scattered to the four winds of heaven every miserable jealousy that hides so completely from view their better nature. We cannot all be rulers at one and the same time, and during an emergency like the present every man should strive to strengthen the hands of the Government by every means in his power. If the Government fails in accomplishing the work which it has now on hand—but that it will, we do not believe probable—the loudest howl will come from those men who have inwardly opposed it in every movement and prayed for the success of its enemies. Let all such men, while the lamp holds out to burn, turn from the error of their ways and boldly join the Union ranks, and show by their works that they have purged themselves of all sins, whether of omission or commission. And let them remember that

"A people who cannot find in their own proper force their own protection, are not worth the saving."

And that— "To fight
Is just cause, and for our country's flag,
Is the best office of the best of men;
And to decline it when those motives urge,
Is infamy beneath a coward's baseness."

GENEROUSITY.—Somebody has said, "Generosity is a delectable disposition, a desirable habit, and a choice attainment. It creates cheerful faces, and gladness of heart. All the mean and niggardly vices are repressed and restrained by its presence and prevalence." Through the power of generosity we have experienced, during the present week, great "gladness of heart," and a "cheerful face" has been made to take the place of one elongated by the hardness of the times. We have been made the recipient of as choice a three-bushel basket full of prime vegetables and fruit as ever graced the table of the daintiest epicure, through the goodness of an old friend, who shall be nameless, for he is one of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Kind remembrances, like the one in question, make the passage of life smooth, for they never leave a sting behind, except when they cannot reciprocate and feel "that one good turn deserves another." To our generous donor we present our heartiest thanks, and hope that the day may be far distant when his shadow grows less.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Sunday evening last, two vehicles were brought into contact by careless driving and the inmates narrowly escaped severe injuries. It appears that one Michael Connolly, of Lawrence, with his wife and child, and another person, were visiting some friends in Oakley Court, and had started for home with a horse and buggy. In coming out of the Court they had too much headway on, and were compelled to make a large circuit in turning to prevent upsetting. This brought them directly in front of a horse and chaise driven by—Carroll, of this town, who was on his way home from North Woburn, with his wife. Both men probably saw their danger, and both tried to avert it. In doing this, each turned to the same side of the road, at the same time, and of course came in collision. Connolly's horse ran toward Trull's Drug Store when he struck one of the posts opposite, breaking the buggy shafts and otherwise damaging the vehicle. He then ran toward the Baldwin House, and by the time the buggy reached that place he had freed himself and was running up the Court by the People's Store dragging Connolly on the ground by the reins. The buggy, from the momentum which it received, continued on for a distance of three or four rods, when it stopped. This gave the women a chance to alight without any trouble, though the fright considerably excited her. The horse was soon checked, and all were glad to learn that Connolly had received no severe injury. Carroll's horse, we believe, ran up Union Street, and before he loosed himself from the chaise had broken off both shafts, and stove in the dashboard. In doing this he must have jolted the inmates rather unceremoniously, but none were harmed. Both men, judging from their own reports, were on the right side, and neither were to blame for the accident, and as the cause must lay somewhere, we lay to it a copious use of bad whiskey.

A GOOD CHANGE.—"Gage's Corner" has been greatly improved during the present week, by lessening the extent of the sidewalk, thus obviating the short turn necessary to be made by all teams coming down Main Street, and bound down Park Street. The entrance to the basement is to be closed up.

APPOINTMENT.—Our townsman, Charles Carter, Esq., of North Woburn, has received the appointment of Inspector General of Hops.

LETTER FROM GENERAL BUTLER.—General Butler in a letter to F. A. Hildreth, Esq., concerning political matters, uses the following language:—"But as far as regards the personnel of administration, in the State, I believe Gov. Andrew has endeavored faithfully, zealously and efficiently to put our Commonwealth on the side of the nation and to sustain the Union." This language, coming from Gen. Butler, the man who has ever been opposed to our Governor in politics, is deserving of more than ordinary attention. We all know that Gen. Butler was the candidate for Governor in this State of that portion of the Democratic party which favored the South in the Presidential election of last fall. We know that he has always looked leniently upon the Southern system of slave labor, and that the South, in him, ever found an ardent supporter until they so madly made war upon the Union. Since then he has been one of their bitterest opponents, and has done everything in his power to strengthen the hands of the Government, not stopping to look whether the reins were held by Republican or Democratic hands. The words of a man who can act so independent of party, when occasion requires, must be entitled to respect and must possess no mean degree of power over the minds of many. The quotation we make above, contains a severe rebuke upon the actions of those men who have opposed Gov. Andrew from party prejudice alone, and they cannot but see that it fits them closely. But there are men who cannot, or will not see even through a mill stone and who never suppose that anything is intended for them,—they have such a lofty opinion of themselves,—unless it is pointed directly at them and fired. They hold such an utter contempt for everything that is not done by "our side," that they sometimes go so far as to contemplate an abrupt leaving of the country from sheer disgust. We hope that such persons will feel the necessity of taking pattern after Gen. Butler, and that they will see the advantage of holding their tongues about things they cannot help or make better. When Gov. Andrew needs advice he will probably seek it from men who possess more common sense and knowledge than public orators and those who make a business of fault-finding, because such persons are generally incapable of attending to their own business and consequently are quite unfit to transact the business of the public.

CAPTURE OF HATTERAS.—The news of the capture of the forts on Cape Hatteras, by the expedition under General Butler and Commodore Stringham, gave our citizens no little satisfaction upon its reception. On Sunday last, the facts were mooted about, but no full particulars were received until Monday morning, when our best anticipations were gratified. This is one of the most successful moves that has been made during the war. Everything connected with it passed off as satisfactorily as the most ardent war-man could desire. The capture of those forts will break up the most important rendezvous of the pirates, and cause them to seek shelter elsewhere; and will also afford the Government a good naval station.

WE call attention to the article signed "Interest," in another part of to-day's paper. Our correspondent says that he passes daily the Central Grammar School-house, consequently we do not suppose that he visits other portions of the town as often; for if he did he would also have noticed, especially if he made his visits early in the morning, a similar nuisance to that which he speaks of in the immediate vicinity of almost every door step in the Centre of our town. If young men have a right to indulge their morbid appetites, they certainly have no right to make spittoons of doorsteps.

LYCEUM HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Lyceum Hall Association, was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 3d. The Auditor's report was presented and adopted, and shows the Association to be in a better condition than it was last year. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Directors—Bowen Buckman, Charles Choate, Abijah Thompson, J. B. Winn, Joshua P. Converse, W. T. Grammer, Eli Jones. Secretary and Treasurer—John Johnson. Auditor—Horace Collamore.

POSTAL.—It will be seen by a notice in another column that on and after the 13th instant, the old stamped envelopes "will not be received in payment for postage," at the Woburn Post Office. The old stamps will be used until further notice.

QUICK GROWTH.—We have in our possession an ear of yellow corn, eight inches in length, that was pulled last Saturday—the seed being planted as late as the 6th of June. There is not a kernel wanting, and the ear is as perfect in appearance as any we have ever seen.

THE Committee of the First Congregational Parish, have deemed it prudent to dismiss Mr. Geo. E. Whiting from his situation as Organist, on account of the largeness of his salary, which, in their opinion, was greater than the Parish could afford in times like the present.

EXCEEDINGLY EXTENSIVE PICKEREL.—A pickerel, measuring twenty-four and one-half inches, and weighing three and three-quarter pounds, was caught on Thursday, by Mr. Henry H. Evans, in the pond in front of the residence of T. D. Bond, Esq., in East Woburn. This, to say the least, is "tall fishing."

WE understand that Mr. D. D. Hart, of this town, has a Government contract to supply a large number of horses, for army purposes. He has already sent on the first installment.

THE WOBURN UNION GUARD are steadily filling up their ranks, and will soon be sworn into service.

UNION OF PARTIES IN OHIO.—We see by news received yesterday, that the Republicans and Democrats of Ohio, have united and nominated a State Ticket. The candidate for Governor is a Democrat, and the candidate for Lieut. Governor is a Republican. The other officers are equally divided between the two parties. This is as it should be, and we hope the same parties in other states, will see the policy of doing likewise. The influence of every man is needed, and the more pulling that is done in one direction the sooner will the desired end be reached.

Every true lover of his country, in Massachusetts, cannot but hope that a similar course will be pursued in our State. In this emergency it is immaterial whether a man was in the past, called a Republican or a Democrat, if he is only a firm Union man now—his past antecedents ought to be lost sight of *in toto*. We can, when this war is ended and the Union reunited in tighter bonds than ever, return to our business of splitting hairs; until then let us be as one man, with no other end in view than the glory of our country. If we do our whole duty we will find little time to attend to party affairs. The man who will unite the different parties in our State this fall, will do more good than though he laid down his life on the battle field.

"WE'LL HANG JEFF DAVIS TO A TREE,"—so goes one of the lines of the popular song "Glory Hallelujah." If the reports which have lately been received from Washington are true, this line has been made obsolete. That Jeff Davis is dead we do not believe, and we have hope that he will yet "hang to a tree," a warning to all great scoundrels. The only foundation for the statement of his death, is an indefinite rumor that was received from Richmond, and the fact that he has been sick for some time. Doubtless if he was sick with some violent fever, the great weight of his guilty conscience might help the devil to get his due much sooner than he otherwise would, for if ever there was one man more than allowed himself to be controlled by sin that man was Jeff Davis. His crimes are too great for computation, and it would take more than a death-bed repentance to purge him of all his wicked deeds. Still there is no saying what he may come to, there are instances in history where men have entered upon a course of crime, but in time have repented, and by their good deeds made amends, as far as possible, for the wrongs they had committed,—that such may be the case with Jeff Davis we have no sufficient reason to doubt; a wicked conscience is as lead, and no man can long bear up against its crushing weight.

Since writing the above the telegraph has brought the news that Jeff is in good health.

P. S.—Since the last paragraph was written we understand by telegraph, that he died last Tuesday, and that the Administration have reliable information to that effect. We trust that our readers and the public will soon be able to come to some decision in the matter, but as the case now stands there appears to be little hope for that desideratum.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—The following Resolutions were passed yesterday, at a meeting of the Woburn Library Committee:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Town Library of Woburn, deeply regret the death of Dr. TRUMAN RICHARD, who had been a member of said Committee ever since the establishment of the Library.

Resolved, That Dr. Richard was a faithful and valuable member of the Committee, and agreeable associate, in the discharge of his duties.

Resolved, That to his untiring devotion and interest, the Library owes much of its success.

Resolved, That the present members of the Committee, tender to the family of Dr. Richard, their sincere and hearty sympathy.

THE NATIONAL LOAN.—The Secretary of the Treasury has issued an appeal to the loyal people of the Union in behalf of the National Loan. He says that the earnings per year of the loyal portion of the States amounts, in time of peace, to \$400,000,000, and the fund necessary for the carrying on of the war until next Spring will amount to \$250,000,000. Surely out of all the great wealth we possess we can raise \$250,000,000, and prevent the wheels of government from clogging for want of means. England and France in times of profound peace spend annually this sum, and in time of war they nearly double the amount. Subscription books are to be placed in all the large towns and cities, so that the people can conveniently put down the sums which they propose to loan. Let the people answer nobly to the appeal of the Secretary, and show by their substantial aid that they have hope in the future of our government, and that they will do all that lies in their power to foster its functions. And let them remember that everything they do, they do for themselves alone; no one else will receive the benefit of it. The government is doing their work, and by their aid it either stands or falls. It remains to be seen which they intend to have it do.

GEN. FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.—Many persons are construing this document to suit their peculiar wishes. Some say, in their wickedness, that it is the commencement of the "Emancipation Policy," of the abolitionists. Now any one who desires to read the document aright, cannot cut this meaning from it. Gen. Fremont says, "The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free." Any one can see at a glance that this only refers to traitors, and that the slaves of the loyal people of the State are to be held sacred. It has been the policy of the Administration throughout this war to steer as clear as possible of the slave question, and this they have done; in no case have they interfered with it except where it was extremely necessary. Their object is to uphold the Constitution in all respects, and the slaves of loyal men are as safe to-day as they ever were.

Wendell Phillips on the War.

The following extracts we take from a speech delivered by Wendell Phillips in Boston, on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth day of Theodore Parker. Mr. Phillips sees no good in the administration, and defies the most ardent Republican to state the policy of the President. Of course his theory is the emancipation of the slaves, regardless of every Constitutional right; and we do not suppose he will ever be contented until he can utter, in South Carolina, the same sentiments that he does in Faneuil Hall. Mr. Phillips, like many others, has his peculiar hobby and rides it to desperation. On every occasion that he addresses the public the "irrepressible conflict" shines forth the brightest of all his ideas, until now he has it worn so threadbare, that you can tell just what he is going to say before he says it. Mr. Phillips gives us many good things, but yet he can never make himself popular with the more substantial parts of the community. He enters too much to the wants of a few extremists, who are never satisfied unless their unstable ideas are watered with the choicest idiosyncrasies that the age has produced.

Mr. Phillips thinks that the past "six months should have witnessed the capture of Charleston and New Orleans, and the landing of 6,000 men on Sullivan's Island." Probably, when he made this assertion, he forgot that it was easier said than done, and that the capture of Charleston or New Orleans would take many more men than the Government could well spare, and that every man taken from the vicinity of the Capital only rendered it more liable to attack and capture. We look upon his proposal to arm the blacks, in case of the capture of some of the larger Southern places, with considerable doubt as to the return, which we would receive for the expense that such a proceeding would entail. The African race has never given any very decided proof of the possession of great courage, or prowess on the field, which we suppose can be accounted for by the life of servitude which they have always led for centuries. They have been taught to look upon the white man as their superior in everything, and as he has ever ruled them with a rod of iron they cannot but feel great diffidence in opposing him. At any rate we do not think the negro will be called upon to fight any of our battles during the present war. It is policy to keep him in the background as much as possible.

The following are the extracts from Mr. Phillips speech, which we mentioned above:

"If on the 1st of March next, this country stands as it does now—the North defensive and the South offensive—Washington threatened and the Southern cities free, every one will expect Europe to stretch her hands across the ocean, and acknowledge the Confederacy. Every month therefore, is vastly important; for the conquest of the South is not the business of a day. The question lies between Secession and hasty recognition. I don't believe that there is a Union man at the South who mind, except the blacks. There are hundreds, say, thousands of men who have Union sympathies, but they are like men carved in marble—they have not the courage to make themselves felt. The only men to count on checker-board to-day, are the blacks. Two hundred years of slavery and the violation of every right man holds dear, the hoarded vengeance of six generations, make the blacks inevitably and irrevocably loyal. Whoever fails, they remain true to the banner that promises liberty and justice, if not revenge. Let our regiments penetrate the South with that message. Let Fremont descend the Mississippi, and when he falls on New Orleans, he will have half a million of men under his flag. On the contrary, what voice is it that comes from Washington? Why the inevitable statue of consecration was wrong from the President by half the Senate on their knees. Bull Run might have taught him what was to be done. And the New York Herald, which is always well posted, says, 'one victory, and then offer such terms as the South never dreamed of asking.' Now it seems to be the duty of the hour, to show unmistakably by every channel by which public opinion makes itself felt, that the purpose of the Northern States, if such purpose exists, is to conquer and conquer in the service of freedom. (Cheers.) There are two reasons for that. One is, should the South dream of compromise—that she may see that the Constitution of '87 is at an end, and that there can be no other, except one based upon equal liberty or manhood.

We are willing to accept the challenge now made to us—A Union for slavery, or a Union without it; and we abide the issue, no matter at what cost of fire, and blood, and treasure. We will make no peace but the peace of justice. (Applause.)

Men complain of the London Times. Do you suppose that the writers of that paper took their cues from reporters in these States? Why they obtain their information from their own Government; and when they say that in this war our Government ignores slavery, they only speak the intelligence they receive from Washington, Lancashire and the Bank of England never base their information upon the speculations of a vagabond reporter. (Laughter.) They base their action upon the best information which the ministers give them. And we receive back from the press of London and Paris, the news of what our Government means.

The Cabinet talk of re-constructing this country as it was, but we mean to tell them that it can't be done. (Cheers.) We are to teach them that this war is the most intolerable abuse of the 19th century—the matchless crime of this generation, unless it means the emancipation of four millions of victims. We are to teach the Administration that thirty millions of people are not to be hurled into the hell of civil war, unless they have such a purpose as will make it the holiest crusade which the annals of the world has ever shown. It shall be a war to cut out the eating cancer which is destroying our leading men, and for which the people are ready, needing nothing but leaders. (More Cheers.)

"Let Me Alone."
The courtesies of our grandfathers, worthy to be praised and imitated in many respects, were yet sometimes too ceremonious. In those "good old times" the man who entered another's house as its guest, was from that moment under strict surveillance of some member of the family. Ordinarily he was in custody of the dame of the household. In her necessary absence from the parlor the eldest daughter sat sentry over him. In no case was he permitted to be left in solitude, till he was safely tucked away in his narrow but cosy bedroom. This officious hospitality is a good deal relaxed by the etiquette of our day; but something of it yet remains in many an excellent, but rather old-fashioned household in the New England States. How irksome it often is to all parties, it is easy to guess, when we consider what a pleasure it is to every one, especially to the weary traveller, to be a part of the time alone and unobserved. Not long ago Washington Irving, who by-the-by, though a gentleman of the old school, appears to have taken lessons in the new, received at his house on the Hudson a young gentleman who, at the instance of Mr. Irving, had come to spend several days at Sunnyside. Having shown the visitor his room, with many kind words made him welcome, the host remarked, as he was about to leave the room, "I can only add, what I know you will be glad to hear, that in my house you will be well let alone." An anecdote of Horace Greeley, if it does not present as fine an instance of good manners, is strikingly declaratory of the feeling.

You and I do not often see such a production as Gen. Butler's last letter from Fortress Monroe. It is the noblest document I have seen in this war. Coming from you or me, it would have been called impracticable, fantastic; but the moment it came from a Democratic general—from a general who had led the troops of the North on the sacred soil of Virginia—the whole North cried out, amen. It crystallizes the sentiment of the North into one purpose. It was a speech and an act. What we want of the Administration is an indication of a purpose—not an argument, but a proposition. Why, the ideas of the gunner are infinitely more important than his cannon. You and I are to load the muskets which we saw pass through our streets to-day with the purpose of liberty, otherwise their charge is empty powder."

THE Army Suttler.
The sutler's tent is the same in all camps that I have ever visited. Be it understood, for the benefit of those uninformed, that the sutler is the merchant of the regiment. He sells lemonade—tobacco, in papers and plugs—cigars of cabbage and tobacco—red herrings, crackers, and molasses cakes. He would sell whiskey if he dared. This tent is always lumbered up with barrels and boxes, and at the customer's end of it, a board across two pork barrels does duty for a counter. Here the men come in crowds, every hour in the day, to get some little delicacy, (after salt fat pork and no vegetables, with the sun at 98 deg., even molasses cakes are a delicacy), to eat, or for a glass of cool lemonade to drink and make much of.

As the regiments are mostly supplied with water from muddy springs of their own digging, (to prevent poisoning by our amiable Virginia neighbors), and as the sutler generally has the only ice in camp, a glass of even sutler's lemonade is a most grateful beverage under the torrid circumstances.

The currency used with the sutler is paste-board tickets, representing respectively the value of 5 cents, 10 cents, or 25 cents, payable in goods at the sutler's store. When a soldier desires to enter into commercial negotiations with the sutler, and has no money wherewith to achieve that mercantile desideratum, he naturally concludes to anticipate some portion of his pay. He therefore obtains from his captain a printed order on the paymaster for one dollar or more, as the case may be, which is signed by himself, of course, as the drawer of an order, and is then countersigned by the captain, as a guaranty that the sum of money called for in the order is actually due the man. This document is now negotiable, and the sutler will take it, and give for its "face," not in money, but in tickets, which he binds himself to redeem in goods.

As the goods are sold at his own prices, and as the tickets must eventually all find their way to his establishment, it follows that the office of Regimental Suttler usually pays better than that of Major-General. When pay-days come round, the men, having spent all their "tickets," have, as a general rule, little interest in the paymaster. The sutler presents all the orders for pay which are in his possession, and from the paymaster receives the gold. This whole system is a very objectionable one, and the French plan of paying the soldiers every ten days would be an infinite improvement. As it is, the men do the work, and dare all the danger, while the sutler pockets the lion's or rather the soldier's part of it.

All the sutler's stores, or tents, are alike—are always thronged, and always make money. There is usually a rear entrance for the officers, who are thus admitted behind the counter, and occasionally a sportive Major takes a fancy to ride a frolicsome horse in at the back door, and a smashing sensation is the result.

But the whole sutler arrangement is bad, though it is so intimately connected with the system of army payments, that a reform touching only the sutler's department would only be half-skin deep.

SOUTH READING.
For the Middlesex Journal.

The great fire on State Street Boston last week, interested directly or indirectly several of our townsmen. Mr. Carpenter, of the firm of Banker and Carpenter, is one of our most energetic and enterprising citizens. In his escape through the window, his hand received a cut from the glass, which has proved a serious inconvenience to him. The stock of goods at the time of the fire was very large, which the insurance of \$58,100 did not cover, though it was hoped that when the salvage was allowed the actual loss to the firm will not be great. The impression that the books of the firm were destroyed was not correct, they were all saved.

The communication in the Journal last week in regard to the fire at Mr. Wakefield's Ratan factory was not correct in the statement that the Yale Engine played three streams of water upon the fire. It played but two. The writer, who was busily engaged in other directions in stopping the progress of the flames, was informed by one professing to know the facts in the case, and took note of it accordingly. The Engines from Woburn, were from North and East Woburn.

The third Exhibition of the South Reading Horticultural Society will take place on next Wednesday afternoon. By the kindness of the Richardson Light Guard, their Armory was used without expense to the Association on the last occasion, to the very great convenience of the number of visitors. It is twice as commodious as the rooms in which the first exhibition was held.

"South Reading Gazette."
For the Aggloness Journal.

For the last few weeks we have missed the appearance of this lively little hebdomadal, that was a most welcome visitor on Saturday evenings; and we are sorry to learn that it has been permanently discontinued. For several years it has been a local institution, at once interesting, entertaining and useful. It has ably vindicated the cause of good

manners, is strikingly declaratory of the feeling.

Major Pierce of this town, is now engaged in enrolling a Light Dragoon company.

We understand that measures are on foot to raise another infantry company in Woburn.

"H." Stoneham. Your lines on the death of General Lyon, are hardly passable. Try again.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Mr. Editor:—Much has been written, much has been said, wisely and unwisely, concerning our schools. It is a good maxim to let well enough alone, and it is not my intention to meddle with what I take too little interest in and which I cannot, in some degree, hope to modify. Our schools on the whole, I believe to be in a condition better calculated to fulfill the expectations of the town than ever before, and with the modes of discipline and instruction I do not propose to deal. These things are in able and judicious hands. But I wish to suggest to a few persons who, I trust are readers of your paper, a single thought, which, I think will not only benefit themselves, but also be of lasting good to many scholars who are now daily exposed to the evil influences of their conduct. It is my custom to pass daily, directly by our Central Grammar school, and as it has recently been refitted for the better accommodation of the school, its neat appearance has attracted my attention, but of late my notice has been especially drawn to the stone steps in front of this building. For a number of mornings of late I have observed that they are badly soiled by several large and small pools of tobacco spit; some of which cover a surface of two feet or more, together with a quantity of quids, cigar stumps, and ashes, laying about or near them, for over one hundred and eighty scholars and their teachers to pass over many times a day. We do not wonder that young America so soon takes to the habit of using this weed, when such pains are taken to give it a place in his earliest education. To a stranger passing the house, such a sight might call forth peculiar thoughts concerning the influence of our institutions of learning. More can be done in this manner to destroy a child's interest in what is pure than many hours of faithful instruction within the school-room can regain; and I hope that whoever has been guilty of so defacing our public buildings will kindly seek other quarters in which to indulge their animal appetites.

Woburn, Sept. 6th, 1861. INTEREST.

"Let Me Alone."
The courtesies of our grandfathers, worthy to be praised and imitated in many respects, were yet sometimes too ceremonious. In those "good old times" the man who entered another's house as its guest, was from that moment under strict surveillance of some member of the family. Ordinarily he was in custody of the dame of the household. In her necessary absence from the parlor the eldest daughter sat sentry over him. In no case was he permitted to be left in solitude, till he was safely tucked away in his narrow but cosy bedroom. This officious hospitality is a good deal relaxed by the etiquette of our day; but something of it yet remains in many an excellent, but rather old-fashioned household in the New England States. How irksome it often is to all parties, it is easy to guess, when we consider what a pleasure it is to every one, especially to the weary traveller, to be a part of the time alone and unobserved. Not long ago Washington Irving, who by-the-by, though a gentleman of the old school, appears to have taken lessons in the new, received at his house on the Hudson a young gentleman who, at the instance of Mr. Irving, had come to spend several days at Sunnyside. Having shown the visitor his room, with many kind words made him welcome, the host remarked, as he was about to leave the room, "I can only add, what I know you will be glad to hear, that in my house you will be well let alone." An anecdote of Horace Greeley, if it does not present as fine an instance of good manners, is strikingly declaratory of the feeling.

You and I do not often see such a production as Gen. Butler's last letter from Fortress Monroe. It is the noblest document I have seen in this war. Coming from you or me, it would have been called impracticable, fantastic; but the moment it came from a Democratic general—from a general who had led the troops of the North on the sacred soil of Virginia—the whole North cried out, amen. It crystallizes the sentiment of the North into one purpose. It was a speech and an act. What we want of the Administration is an indication of a purpose—not an argument, but a proposition. Why, the ideas of the gunner are infinitely more important than his cannon. You and I are to load the muskets which we saw pass through our streets to-day with the purpose of liberty, otherwise their charge is empty powder."

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stouham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 50.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.

National Hymn.

BY MATTY MAY.

Oh, there's not a land 'neath the blue sky
Heaven,
No, there's not a people, so loyal and true;
Oh, there are no homes, where such blessings are
given,
As here where in triumph, waves the red white
and blue.

Sweet are our vales where the wild flowers are
growing,
And lofty our mountains, where the young
eagles cry,
Oh, pleasant our fields where the farmers are mov-
ing,
And verdant our hills where the stars and stripes
fly.

Oh, Holy our Temples where true heart devotion,
Goes up to our Father, the God of our love;
We worship in peace where mild fearful commotion,
The prayers of our fathers were wafted above.

Oh, sacred the dust of our Patriots who slumber,
And hallowed the beds where our forefathers
sleep,
Let hymns to their memory be sung without num-
ber,
And angels from glory a beacon watch keep.

Palsied be the hand that shall dare be uplifted,
Against thee, my country, the land of the free;
Cold be the tongue, to the shades be it drifted,
That whispers of evil forebodings to thee.

Then shout ye bold freemen "our country forever!"
Oh, long may it live the pride of the world;
For here shall oppression never find a home—never
Where the banner of liberty first was unfurled.

Oh, there's not a land 'neath the blue sky
Heaven,
No, there's not a people so happy and free—
Brave sons and fair daughters to you it is given,
Columbia's hills, the home of the free.

*The above Hymn is intended for a time of peace.
WOBURN, 1861.

Select Literature.

"PRAY, SIR, ARE YOU A GEN- TLEMAN?"

BY CHARLES TEMPLE.

On the 23d of March, 1860, I went to Lon-
don for a couple of days on business.

Turning the corner of Chancery Lane, I
unexpectedly encountered my friend, Frank
Stonhouse. I call him my friend, though
there was a disparity in our ages—he being
forty-five, I thirty years old. He, moreover,
was a married man, with a family; I an itin-
erant animal, without encumbrance, called a
bachelor. Still we were very much attached
to each other. After an exclamation of sur-
prise and pleasure, Frank rapidly said:—
"I am very busy now, but you must come
and dine with me to-day at seven o'clock."
"Very well," replied I, and departed.

As my tale will, I fear, be a long one, I must
not be pedantic at starting, especially as this
is but a kind of preface. So fancy, good reader,
dinner over—ladies gone to the drawing-room
—a most luxurious desert on the table and
some Madeira.

"Charles," said my friend Frank to me,
"I have not opened fresh port for you, be-
cause I fancy I recollect your partiality for
Madeira; but I will do so in a moment if you
wish it."

"Oh, no, thank you," replied I, "this is
perfection in the shape of wine, and I assure
you that, owing to it, I shall soon feel hap-
pier; indeed, as happy as a prince, were it
not for one thing which I cannot shake off."

"And what is that, Charles?" asked Frank.
"Why, the fact is, that about a month ago
I was foolish enough to bind myself by a
promise to write six tales. They must be
finished by the 31st. I have only written
three, and what on earth I am to say in the
other three is more than I can imagine: now
do help me, there's a good fellow, Frank, and
then I shall have a load off my mind."

"Help you! Not I. Why, you can get
out of your predicament easily enough. Re-
member truth is stranger than fiction, and
you who lived three years in London, and
have been a fair average rover so far through
life, can be at no loss for adventures in which
you have borne a considerable share, and
which, therefore, you can readily describe.
Write about your London experience."

"Well, I would do so if I were writing for
a periodical, but I am writing for friends who
have often heard me repeat whatever was
amusing in my London life that would bear
narration. Now, do help me, Frank."

The Madeira was beginning to soften Frank's
heart: I let it work.

"Charles," said he, after a time, "I will
tell you a true tale concerning myself. No
one has ever yet heard a word of it. Promise
me faithfully not only that you will never re-
veal my name in connection with it, but that
you will so disguise it as to render detection
impossible; and, moreover, that you will never
again, in conversation with me, allude to the
subject."

I promised, wondering what was coming.
Two or three times Frank stopped in the
course of his story. With difficulty I induc-
ed him to continue. In fact, if I had not pre-
tended to wish for another bottle of Madeira,
(of which I took care he should drink the
greater part), I never should have elicited
what I wanted.

I knew full well that I should have a head-
ache next morning, but I also knew that one
headache and a good story from another per-
son were to be preferred to the three headaches

I should probably get in composing a story
myself.

I was astonished at the following tale: of
course parts of it came out in the shape of
question and answer, parts easily, parts on
the contrary, in broken sentences. To avoid
all that, I shall make my friend, Frank Ston-
house, appear to write the tale connectedly
throughout. He as chief actor speaks in the
first person. I vanish, good reader, entirely
from the scene, and beg you to listen to Frank.
"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?"

What a strange question to be asked, I
never but once before in my life was put to
me, and then at school by a bigger boy than
myself, whom I immediately knocked down
—but coming from a young lady's lips, what
could it mean? What was I to answer?

Be it known, then, that in the year 18—, I,
a young man just called to the bar, had, in
spite of the remonstrances of an angry por-
ter, jumped into a first-class carriage of an
express train starting from Reigate to London,
when it was actually in motion. Seated alone
in the carriage was a young lady, about nine-
teen years old; very pretty, light hair, blue
eyes, etc. She was evidently in distress, and
I fancied wished me elsewhere. After the
lapse of a few moments, the question was re-
peated by my fair interrogator—
"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?"

I was about to answer in a bantering tone
and manner, when it struck me that her voice
had almost faltered as she spoke, and that
whatever her motive was she was at any rate
in earnest.

"Madam," I replied, "your question is a
strange one, but I believe I may say I am a
gentleman; still, if you will tell me what
you mean by a gentleman, I will answer you
with greater certainty than at present I am
able to do."

"Sir, my idea of a gentleman is that of
one who not only will not take advantage of
a lady in distress, but will assist her to the
utmost of his power."

"Then, madam, I can assure you I am a
gentleman."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to put
your head out of the opposite window, and
not look back till I call you."

I rose to obey, wondering what it could
mean, and almost glanced at her to see if she
were a robber in disguise. All that she had
with her in the carriage was a large bundle.

"Stop, sir," said she, "it is perhaps not
right that I should tell you this much. I am
running away from my home near Reigate.
It is a matter of worse than life or death with
me. The train does not stop between Reigate
and London, but I shall most infallibly be
pursued by the electric telegraph, and detect-
ed at the terminus, unless I can contrive by
disguising myself to deceive those who will
search for me. I give you the word of a lady
that, in doing what I am driven to do, I am
not acting in any way wrongly—more I cannot
tell you."

She burst into tears, and after a hysterical
sob or two, she said pointing to the window—
"And now, sir, will you be kind enough to
prove yourself a gentleman, and accede to my
request—I am going to change my dress."

At once arose, and I can safely aver that
the longest ten minutes I ever spent in my
life were occupied in gazing with head and
shoulders out of the railway carriage on the
surrounding scenery. So little however, did
my eyes or my brain take in what was before
me, that I could not on my oath have stated
where we passed through a wilderness,
green fields, towns, or the sea.

At length I was told to look round. I did.
Where could the lady have gone? Before me
sat a tearfully-lavishing, very juvenile middy
—costume quite correct—hair short—cap
jauntily set on the head. A mass of curls lay
in the fair boy's lap.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "You will
never fully know what a kindness you have
rendered me, and probably we shall never
meet again. For your name I will not ask,
but if you will give me anything belonging to
you to remind me of this hour, I shall be
obliged."

I pulled out a small shilling likeness of
myself destined for a young nephew of mine,
and a lock of my hair, which was wrapped
up with it. Without opening the parcel, I
said:—
"Madam, that may serve to remind you
hereafter of what certainly has been the
strangest chapter in my hitherto not unvaried
life."

She put the parcel in her waistcoat pocket,
took a pearl ring off her finger, and gave it
to me, with a tress of her hair, saying—
"Keep that, then, to recall to-day. In ten
minutes we shall part forever."

For a time both of us were silent. At last
I said:—
"Madam, if you think that, alone as you
are, and probably unaccompanied to London,
you can escape the detectives at the station,
you are mistaken. I could tell at a glance
(to borrow a phrase from your profession)
that you are sailing under false colors."

"Indeed!" said she somewhat startled;
"well, if you will extend your kindness to
seeing me clear of the station, I shall be still
more than ever your debtor for life."

"Then there is no time to lose, the train
is slipping speed. Put both your delicate
hands at once deep into the pockets of your
money-jacket—they are not like those of a
sailor. Lean back in a careless way; and
wait, let me dirty your boots by treading on
them. Now, put one foot on the seat opposite
to you; never mind the clean cushion; throw
the other leg negligently over the arm by your
side. Don't dream of speaking; I will talk,
if necessary. Whistle, if you can, when we
stop. Give me your ticket."

It was marked from Dover to London. Cap-
ital, thought I; wonder how she got it. Mine
was a season-ticket.

"Tickets, sir, please."

I handed both. The middy whistled. The
guard and policeman actually looked under
the carriage-seats. A long time the train was
delayed before it moved into the station. At
length it did.

"Now follow me," I said. "roll in your
walk, if you can, mind you keep your hands
in your pockets."

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes; now then, in with you, Jack."

"Where to, sir?"

"Hyde Park Corner."

I thought I would name a distant place, to
give my friend breathing time. We moved
forward a few paces, and then stopped.

"Now, then, Cabby," said I, "what is the
matter?"

"Why, sir, blowed if there ain't them per-
dels at the station gate, hexamining of hevery
cab, and the parties hinside on 'em, and they
be doing the same to those who be walking."

My companion turned deadly pale. I pulled
out a flask of neat brandy.

"Drink two mouthfuls—down with it,
gulp it down—anything to give you color."

At the same time, I took out two cigars,
lighted them, pushed one into my friend's
mouth.

"Smoke," said I, "as hard as you can, your
safety depends on it."

Two detectives looked in at the window.

"Where from, sir?"

I blew a volume of smoke into the man's
face, which caused him to rub his eyes and
cough. (The middy was puffing literally like
blazes).

"Where from?" replied I. "Why, from
Dover; what on earth do you want?"

Another discharge of smoke settled the
matter.

"All right, sir, beg pardon."

I gave him a parting volley of smoke.

"Drive on cabman with the gentleman."

In another minute, after continuing from
sheer habit to produce a hazy atmosphere, I
looked round. The middy had fainted. No
time yet for thinking, but acting. I used my
flask again, then a vigorous pinch. By-and-
by the young gentleman came round.

"Well, now you are safe, at least from de-
tection and pursuit, at any rate, for the pres-
ent; where shall I tell the man to drive to?"

"I don't know; I wish you would tell me
where I can go for two or three days, till I am
able to mature my plans."

"Indeed, I cannot."

"Can you not recommend me to some safe,
respectable woman who will not betray me,
even though a large reward be offered?"

I shook my head.

"Then, surely, you have some lady rela-
tions, or lady acquaintances in London, who
will take pity on me, or (I had told her I was
a barrister) you could conceal me till the end
of the week in your chambers in the Temple."

"With regard to the last, you know not
what you ask," I said. "Even if I were to
give you the key of my chambers, and go in-
to the country, not returning till you had left
London, it certainly would come out some
day, and then in the eyes of a censorious,
wicked world, who judge others by them-
selves, your character would be irretrievably
blasted and ruined, and mine not much im-
proved, though that is of little consequence
as I am a man, and society, thank goodness,
judges us very leniently, and yet it might be
advised as I am engaged to be married. With
regard to my lady acquaintances, I know many
who would take pity on you, as you wish,
if you would disclose all the facts of the
case, but—"

"Oh, I cannot, will not, do that; I would
die sooner. Do, do help me in my distress."

"Indeed, I do not see what is to be done."

I looked out of the little back window of
the cab, stealthily.

"Wait a bit," I said, "here is a fresh dif-
ficulty; listen to me speaking to the driver,
and be prepared to act accordingly."

We both leaned forward.

"Don't look round, cabman—put your
hand back—there are two pounds for you as
your fare. Take no notice of me whatever,
but listen and obey my directions. We are
followed, as I have ascertained by looking
back several times, by a Hansom. Your num-
ber, I expect, is marked plain at the back of
your cab?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought as much. Well, in the Hansom
sits a gentleman I wish to avoid (I knew him
to be a detective, but I did not choose to en-
lighten Cabby). I must avoid him."

"All right, sir. Come up, old hoss."

(Laah, laah).

"No, no, that won't do, his horse is better,
his cab runs lighter than yours. Now, attend.
Just beyond that large van of Pickford's,
which is standing still in the distance, there
is a turn to the right which cabmen sometimes
take when driving to Hyde Park Corner. It
is moreover an unfrequented street. If I mis-
take not, there is just room for you to get
round inside the van. At any rate, you must
try it. I will pay for any damage done. The
Hansom being broader will be obliged to
sweep round outside, and may be stopped a
little by the stream of carriages."

"There is no room for me, sir, there."

"There is, you must try it. The moment
you are round the corner, slacken your pace
to a slow walk, and the instant you hear the
door slam, drive on to Hyde Park Corner at
your usual pace. Tell my following friend
what you like when you get there. Now,
there is another pound for you. Go at it
hard—neck or nothing."

Cabby obeyed. A bump, a scrape, an
oath, a "Now then, stoopid, where are you
a driving to?" and we were in the smooth
water of a quiet street. The pace slackened
—we jumped out—I slammed the door—Cabby
drove on. We vanished into a shop, and
had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Han-
som roll by, steadily trotting after its fast re-
ceding, supposed prey. All this took place
in less time than any one would occupy in
reading the last few lines. I purchased some-
thing in the shop, made the middy light a
fresh cigar, and hailed the first cabman I met,
telling him to drive to Notting Hill. Not a
word had the middy spoken till now, when I
heard—

"And so you cannot assist me, sir?"

"Not a bit more than I have done, and am
now doing. I feel I am a match for any de-
tectives, and can give them the slip as you
have seen; but what to do at night in Lon-
don with an unprotected young lady in gen-
tleman's attire, passes my comprehension."

"Sir," she said with animation, "did you,
do you, for a moment doubt that I was
speaking the truth, when I said that I was
not acting wrongly?"

"On my word," replied I, "I did not, do
not doubt you; at any rate, I am convinced
that you honestly conceive that circumstances
justify your taking the step you have taken."

"And you would agree with me," said she,
"if you knew them. Now we part, oblige
me by giving me the names of three or
four of the first chemists in town, and of
three or four respectable married doctors."

"I will, if you will assure me that suicide
is not what you are meditating."

"I give you my word that that is not the
case. Circumstances may warrant my doing
what I am doing; but cannot, in my opinion
justify any sane creature in precipitating him-
self uncalled for before his Almighty Father."

I gave her what she requested, and offered
her money.

"No, thank you, I have plenty of that;
and now, good-bye, sir. God bless you for
your kindness to a persecuted, helpless, suf-
fering, but not wicked girl."

She hysterically pressed my hand for a mo-
ment, then recovering herself, said:—
"Stop the cab, please sir—get out—tell the
man to drive on. May God bless you for
your kindness."

I raised her not unwilling hand to my lips,
and did as she directed. In another moment
I stood alone in Oxford street. Well, thought
I, is it a dream? Am I a fool? No, it is no
dream; you are no fool. You have to the
best of your intention acted kindly. It is a
mystery; you will never read it. I will
though, said I to my mind, and forthwith
commenced walking to my chambers in the
Temple.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas,
on the 17th of this month, a young lady,
aged 19, left her home, near Reigate, and
preceded in the direction of London—this is
to give notice that the above mentioned sum
will be paid to any one who will give such
information as shall lead to her discovery.
She is good-looking, has light hair, blue eyes,
and a Grecian nose. Height about 5 ft. 4 in.
Address A. B., &c.

Such was the advertisement which, two
days after the last-mentioned circumstance,
met my eye in the second column of the *Times*.
Poor girl, thought I. In the course of the
same week, I was again obliged to travel by
the railroad which started from London
Bridges. I missed my train, and having two
hours to wait, I resolved to pay a visit to an
old female servant of our family who had
married a detective policeman, and lived near
the London Bridge terminus. I found her at
home. Not long after, her husband came in.
The subject uppermost in my mind was quick-
ly brought forward.

"Curious circumstance that, sir, which
occurred on the line the other day, when a
young lady managed to escape from us all.
Of course, too, you have seen the advertise-
ment in the *Times*. Wish I could discover
the runaway; why, three hundred pounds
would be a small fortune to Sarah and my-
self."

"Have you any clue?"

"Oh, yes, sir! we all but had them. You
see, sir, not only was the train examined,
but all the foot-passengers and carriages as
they left the station. The telegraphic mes-
sage had been most positive, and three hun-
dred pounds reward, which it offered, put us
all on the look-out. Unfortunately, I exam-
ined the foot-passengers; had I taken the
cabs, the young lady, though well disguised,
would not have escaped."

"Thank goodness!" muttered I, inwardly,
"you did not examine the cabs. Well, but
how did she manage to get away?" I asked.

"Why, sir, you will hardly believe it—but
dressed as a midshipman, in a cab, with a
gentleman—him, I suppose, as was a running
away with her."

"But how can you tell it was her?"

"Oh, you shall hear, sir. As soon as
all the passengers had left the station, we de-
tectives put our heads together. The cab
containing the middy was mentioned. By a
kind of instinct, I felt that must have been
her. But, as it won't do to act on instinct
alone, I at once, having ordered a fast Han-

som to be in readiness, telegraphed down to
Dover—from which place the middy's ticket
had been taken—to know if a naval officer
had taken a ticket and paid half-fare by such
a train. The answer was 'No.' Now a
middy is not often very wise, but he is sel-
dom so foolish as to pay full price for his
ticket, when he knows that as he is traveling
in uniform, he can go at a cheaper rate. I
then telegraphed to all the stations unusual
this and Reigate to know if anything unusual
had been picked up anywhere on the line.
The answer came back 'Yes.' In one place
a bundle containing ladies' wearing apparel;
in another some light-colored hair wrapped
up in paper. Without losing a moment, I
sent off in the Hansom one of the subordi-
nates, with orders to drive fast toward Hyde
Park Corner till he came up with a four-
wheel cab, No. 906, drawn by a gray horse—
to keep it in sight till its fare was deposited.
If the people in the cab stopped at a private
house, to watch the door, and not allow
them to leave till I came up; if they were
dropped in the road, to arrest them both at
once, and bring them back here. A bold
measure, sir; but remember, three hundred
pounds reward, and perfect immunity guaran-
teed for any illegal arrest made under mis-
take. Well, will you believe it, that though
my man overtook the cab in Fleet street, and
followed it to Hyde Park Corner, yet the birds
both vehicles stopped it was found the birds
had flown! How they got away is more than
I can imagine; but they had escaped, and
that, too, without any connivance of cabby,
for my man brought him back here, and, on
strict examination, I found not only that he
did not know how his passengers had escap-
ed, but had actually been bilked by them of
his fare. He swore roundly he would sum-
mons them on his own account, if he could
catch them."

I laughed inwardly.

"Well," said I, "any success yet?"

"No, sir; but we shall be sure to have the
lady soon, if she is above ground."

"And why not the gentleman also?"

"The fact is, sir, that not only have we a
most accurate description of the lady, but the
policeman who looked in her side of the cab
could tell me how she looked as a middy,
and said—which first raised my suspicions—
that she smoked like one who has never tried
to do so before; the policeman, however, at
the other side of the cab cannot give much ac-
count of the gentleman because he smoked so
desperately in his face. All he can say is,
that he was gentlemanly-looking, dark-
haired, and about thirty—t any rate, he
spoke as if quite as old as that. The police-
man is not clever, and yet he thinks he might
know the gentleman again, if he saw him."

I at once resolved to postpone my journey
from London Bridge, and then said:—
"Can you tell me why the young lady ran
away, or who she is?"

"I believe I could answer both your ques-
tions, sir, but I am not at liberty to do so—I
must keep secrets."

"Very well. It was only curiosity made
me ask. Now, I must be going. Good
morning, Sarah. Good morning, Mr. Sharp.
Mind, if you catch these people, or hear any
thing of them which you are at liberty to
communicate, pray tell me, for you have
quite interested me in the matter, and you
detectives are so very clever, I quite delight
in hearing your stories."

"Yes, sir, we are a little clever, we flatter
ourselves. I shall be able to give you infor-
mation in a week, I think. Good morning,
sir."

TO CAMBEN.—£500 reward will be given to
the cabman who, on the 17th of this month,
took up a gentleman and a midshipman in or
near Fleet Street, if he will come forward
and state to what house he drove them, pro-
vided such information leads to the discovery
of the midshipman. Apply to A. B., &c.

Such was the next advertisement on the
subject that I saw in the *Times*. Well,
thought I, she must be detected now.

Walking down Holborn, a month later, I
hailed a Hansom that was passing, and or-
dered the driver to proceed to a house some
little distance from London. No sooner had
we got clear of the crowded streets, and into
a road where a man did not require two pair
of hands and four eyes to keep clear of other
vehicles, than Jarvey, opening the trap-door
in the roof, over my head, touched his hat,
with a "Good morning, sir."

"Shut that door at once," I said; "are
you drunk, man, and anxious that I should
give you into charge?"

"No, sir; but I hope you are very well."

"What would the man mean? There was a
curious look in his eyes that plainly said he
could fathom me, while, touching him, I was
utterly at sea."

"I drove a four-wheel," he continued, "a
short time ago, sir. I hope you and the young
gentleman—the middy, I mean, sir—are quite
well. Nice little boy that as ever I seed. You
may remember that I picked you up, and
after a bit you got out and left me to drive
the middy on."

I like your memory, thought I, and then
said:—
"Well, I fancy I do recollect your face."

"Thought you would, sir, when I recalled
the suckman's to your mind."

"Now, then, stop, my man. I am getting
near the house to which I want to go. Let
me get out. I will walk the rest of the way
—I don't see the fun of talking to you through
a hole."

When I stood on the footpath I steadily

gazed at cabby, he ditto at me, with com-
pound interest and a leer.

"Well, now," I said, "what do you
want?"

"Oh, nothink, sir—you're a gentleman."

"Do you read the papers, cabby?"

"In course I does, sir," especially the sec-
ond column of the *Times*.

"Well, where did you drive the middy
after I left you?"

"Eccleston Square, and then the young
lady—beg pardon, sir, the young gentleman
—gave me two sovereigns, and told me to
drive away, and not look back."

"You pretended to drive away?"

"I did sir."

"You looked back?"

"I did sir."

"You know where the midshipman went?"

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One Square, (forty lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. Half a Square, (twenty lines), one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 20 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, *found*, 50 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.
North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co.
East Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON.
Winchester.—E. T. WHITE.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—J. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer, Scollay's Building, Boston); JOHN STILES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1861

PUBLIC OPINION.

Any one who has taken the trouble during the past few months to notice the movements of the public mind, could but be amazed at its many fluctuations and capers. Many pairs of lips have uttered a dozen different opinions, upon the all-absorbing topic of the times, in as many days—and we might say, with truth, in as many hours when the excitement had reached its climax. Some in passing their opinions have been fool-hardy enough to endeavor to keep pace with the newspaper reporters. For a time the two parties kept neck and neck, the people holding their own with wonderful perseverance, but finally the reporters took the lead and held it until they got so far ahead that many of their competitors were forced to give up the race in disgust and retire from the course. Often we have heard men, in commenting upon passing events, express themselves much after the following manner during successive days: First day—"Well, Washington will certainly be captured now—we cannot save it;" second day—"I don't believe they can take Washington any way, do their best; Scott is too much for them;" third day—"Supposing they do get Washington, what then? We will still have left our millions of men and treasure to confront them with." Such has been the course of public opinion—at times jubilant, at times despondent, at times quietly counting the cost of disaster. Every little bubble that has forced itself up to the surface and burst, has caused it to waver and change. Those men who have been firm in their faith—and they are by no means the majority—of the immutability of the nation, alone have kept their tranquility and sailed along undisturbed by agitating events. They have seen nothing in the distance except a safe harbor and beacon lights all along the way; and we trust that no sunken rock or shoal will blast their faith, or prove it to have been without foundation.

Public opinion has been just as fickle in dealing with our rulers and leaders, as it has been in commenting upon events. General Scott occasionally has been considered too slow, and many have feared that the rebels would steal a march on the old veteran, while others held unwavering confidence in his ability to handle our affairs with success in every respect. The President has come in for his share of attention also. His line of policy at first was said to be too lenient; to be tinkered too much with mercy and forbearance, and consequently unfitted to grapple with the subtle nation that would conquer him. But these misapprehensions gradually subsided as time progressed and his energy and true policy became manifest, yet not a moment too soon to prevent discontent from taking their place. The Cabinet have, one by one, been scanned closely, under the specific leadership of some one or two new reporters, and recovered in very edifying terms for imaginary incapacity to perform necessary duties; but they have, like true soldiers, kept on in the even tempo of their way, performing their multifarious tasks to the satisfaction of those most conversant with affairs of State, and answering their maligners by a simple pointing of the finger to the immense amount of work that had passed through their hands. Many of the Generals commanding divisions of the army, have come within the pale of public opinion and have not escaped unscathed, but had their doings criticised severely, intelligently and unintelligently; while others have been lauded to the skies and fairly deified. And so it is always with public opinion; it is either at one extreme or the other, seldom holding a midway position.

Some people have a conviction that what everybody believes must be true, merely because the number believing it is large. But there are exceptions to this rule, one of which occurred at Bull Run. There fifty thousand believed that they were pursued by a hundred thousand, and under this impression fled with fearful velocity for a distance of thirty miles. By this we see that large masses are liable to err as small, when excitement leads them captive to its will. Public opinion is by no means infallible in its judgment, as it is made up of contagious and unpaired elements. We judge men and things in America too much by the success which they achieve. If a man only prospers in what he undertakes we are satisfied, and judge him accordingly. His motives may be base, his cause immoral, but we care not for these if he only commands success and plants himself upon the highest pinnacle of fame. The principle of "Success is a duty," has been carried to extremes, and the last thing that we see of us contemplate is failure,—we admit

there are some who contemplate failure from the first, but it is not failure to them, it is success, and failure to their neighbors. The man who fails in any set purpose, is looked upon with semi-contempt, and receives but little toleration. If Gen. McClellan fails to reach the standard marked out for him by public opinion, the praise that he has received will become as dross and he will be thought as little of as though he had never been born. But if he succeeds and comes up fully to public expectation, the old hero who has fought and won a score of battles, and who has counselled and acted for over half a century in times of public peril, will sink below mediocrity and pale before the brightness of his young rival's rising star. Such is public opinion, "its fluctuations, and its vast concerns."

Woburn Fire Department.

The following note has been addressed by the Chief Engineer of this Department, to the different Chief Engineers in the surrounding towns:

Woburn, Sept. 11th, 1861.
As we have had quite a number of alarms where we could be of no service, I thought it would be a great saving of expense and trouble if the towns needing our services in case of fire would send a messenger. We therefore request you to send us word when you wish our assistance, and we will most cheerfully respond to the call.

Yours truly,

L. W. COOPER,

Chief Engineer of W. F. D.

It will thus be seen that our Engineers have come to a credible and worthy resolution in regard to fire alarms. The frequency of unnecessary alarms for the past few months has been a source of annoyance to many both in the Department and out. It is only ten days ago since one of our companies ran to Winchester in response to an alarm, and found on reaching that place that the fire was then, apparently as far off as when they started. And so it has been before, and will be again, unless the precaution of our Engineers is responded to heartily and freely. This is only one reason why alarms from out of town should not be attended to, but there are others of as much if not more importance. If we run to a fire we cost the town wherein it is, \$12 at least per company for refreshments, and perhaps render them no service, which is often the case; and we unnecessarily unfit ourselves for labor for at least a day afterwards, and may be lose health besides our labor. We trust that the endeavors of our Engineers will prove successful, and that all will see the wisdom of their plan.

SEVERE FROST.—There was a severe frost last Sunday night. In some portions of our town, so we have been told, "potato stalks were frozen stiff." Jack Frost is beginning his visits early this season; we think he might be satisfied with the three or four months which are devoted to his special use, without intruding upon us ere the last month of summer had grown cold in our memory.

This brings to mind a telegraphic report that was received last week to the effect that the rebels were already suffering from cold weather. We are glad to hear that such is the case, and hope it may prove true, because what is their loss in this respect is our gain. Our brave soldiers could wish for no better times than to rendezvous at Charleston during the coming winter, with no warmer clothing than they now possess. And while our Government will be in a position to supply their soldiers with everything requisite for their comfort, we think the rebel government will find it exceedingly difficult to furnish their army even with the change of clothing necessary to carry them comfortably through the approaching cold weather. But then in the course of events, our gallant lads may save that august rebel body the trouble of going to so great an expense, inasmuch as they may treat their hirelings to such a warm, scorching, Northern fire that they will find even summer clothing quite unnecessary.

RAIN.—The rain which fell last Wednesday was very much needed and was joyfully received by all nature. The husbandman received it with great thanks, for it gave new life to his sown and yellow crops. The good and tidy housewife, who had watched for weeks the coming and going of every little cloud and whose pile of "unclean things" was fast forming a pyramid, blessed it thrice over. The weary traveler felt grateful for its soothing qualities. Everything, animate or inanimate, rejoiced over its fall.

NEW ORGANIST.—Mr. W. H. Clarke of Boston, and for some time organist in Berkeley Street Church, has been engaged by the Committee of the First Congregational Parish, as organist in the new church, in place of Mr. Whiting. Mr. Clarke comes well recommended, and, doubtless, will prove an acceptable player. His performances last Sunday were highly creditable, and were spoken of in terms of high praise by those qualified to judge in such matters. By this change the Society will gain over two hundred dollars a year—no small item in this season of dull business.

The body of Mr. Welles, who was a member of the Mozart Regt., and who was killed at Alexandria, Va., last Saturday by one of the guard, on account of his not giving the countersign, reached Boston on Wednesday and was buried at Reading on Thursday, under arms by the Home Guard. Mr. Welles had friends and relatives in Reading.

FIRE IN STONEHAM.—On Saturday night last, the building known as the "Burnham Tavern" in Stoneham, was totally destroyed by fire. It was probably the work of an incendiary.

The Nahant House was burnt to the ground on Wednesday night, the light from it was seen many miles, and is said to have been a magnificent sight. It was built in 18.0 at a cost of \$120,000, and was insured for \$50,000.

That arch traitor Floyd came near being caught through Gen. Rosecrank's vision.

Grand Union Demonstration in Faneuil Hall.

A Union Meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, last Monday evening, which in point of numbers was a great success. The hall was densely packed—that is not expressive enough—the people in the body of the hall were condensed into a solidified lump, so that the ebb and flow of one's breath was made under much difficulty; at times it would ooze out gently, zephyr-like; and then again when you had received a sudden concussion in the region of the epigastrium, it would assume a roar, Niagara-like, leaving behind an "all-gone" feeling. In vain you implored your neighbor to allow you breathing room. In vain you pointed to the great drops of sweat which coursed each other down your cheeks, wrung through a compressed and overburdened body. All entreaties commanded but little compassion, and all endeavors to make your friend "move over" proved fruitless; and the "lump" swayed to and fro audibly "sighs" arose in all directions. The confusion at one time within the hall, was intolerable, from the fact that many had attended—some coming from a long distance—with the expectation that General Butler and Thomas Francis Meagher of New York, would be present and speak; but as both these gentlemen were prevented from attending by duty, those persons were greatly disappointed and took but little pains to give others an opportunity to hear what was going on. They acted a little after the fashion of the dog in the manger—which certainly was nothing to their credit. It was not until past eight o'clock, that a degree of quiet was commanded. Speaking had then commenced from two places outside, and from this cause more than any other was order gained inside. The addresses were patriotic and spirited, and contained not a particle of partyism, and the applause which greeted each address was tumultuous. At times, hearty and prolonged cheers were given for the different heroes of the day—General McClellan apparently being the favorite. The number present, inside and out, could not have been less than ten thousand.

Hope for the future gained fresh impetus, when party men of every hue took the stand and testotally ignored every partisan feeling and pledged eternal fidelity to their country's cause,—many of whom but a short time before, had made the same walls ring again with the fervor of their appeals for party advancement and party measures. Meeting together in common brotherhood, and holding at heart but one purpose—the salvation of our country—were staunch old Democrats, ardent Republicans, and firm Whigs. Under such circumstances, and with the favor of God on our side, and millions of strong arms and brave hearts to defend the right, how can we fail in being successful? Meetings might be held from now until doomsday, and they would not make the people firmer or more determined in their purpose than they are at the present moment.

NATIONAL LOAN.—Mr. E. J. Jenks informs us that he will be happy to receive deposits for the National Loan at the Woburn Bank. Mr. Jenks will deposit the amounts in the Boston Banks, and receive the Treasury Notes for the same, thus saving depositors time and money. The sums commence bearing interest from the time they are deposited in Boston.

MAINE ELECTION.—The State election took place in Maine last Monday. The Republican Ticket was elected. Dana, the Peace Democratic candidate for Governor, received fifteen thousand votes, showing that the good people of the Pine Tree State are not all staunch unionists, and it seems that many care little whether their birthright is bartered for a mess of pottage or not.

Appeals in Liquor Cases.

Ever since the enactment of the present liquor law, it has been the custom of a great many rum sellers to appeal from the fine imposed by the Trial Justice to a higher Court, with the expectation that their cases would never again be brought up; and their hopes in many instances have been gratified. As soon as the Justice imposed the stipulated fine, and the parties appealed and gave security to appear at a higher court, the cases dropped forever, and the great object of the law was unattained. It is useless for us to pay legislators to frame laws, if we allow them, as soon as they are passed, to become dead letters; because in doing so we permit the majority of the law to come into disrepute and strike a heavy blow at the root of our whole social system. If one law is sacred, all are sacred, and should be enforced accordingly. And the liquor law certainly should not become stagnant, but on the reverse should be kept working in all its functions, for in it alone can the sorrowing and abused wife, and loving parent, hope for protection and the salvation of those near and dear to them. If it is to be made efficient in all respects, we must come upon some other way than that now in vogue to gain such end. We must have all appeals followed up and justice done; we must have officers on guard in every town in the State who will not wink at the sale of liquor in petty quantities—for it is this way of selling that does nearly all the mischief—in high places or in low. We think that the disease in the appeal business might be cured by the Legislature passing an act authorizing the establishment of a Court in each County whose sole business would be the disposal of matters of appeal, or it may be that some other business of minor importance can be imposed upon it; and let it meet once in three months or oftener if it is deemed necessary. Until we make a special business of this matter, many transgressors of the law will go "unwhipped of justice." We must make violators understand that it is better for them "to bear the ills" they "have, than fly to others that they "know not of," and then perhaps they will be more chary in their proceedings, and think twice before they act once.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Glory Hallelujah.

MR. EDITOR.—The very popular "Army Hymn" which recites with so much eloquence the heroism of Old John Brown and the bravery of Young Ellsworth, has many qualities about it which commend it to the hearts of our soldiers. While it is common place in style, it has a ring and fire in it which seems to excite enthusiasm and stir the blood. Still I do not regard it as a true national song, nor a proper exponent of the feelings that should animate those who have taken up arms in their Country's cause.

Something of a more general and comprehensive character, is needed, to express the sentiments that swell in every loyal breast. Something bearing upon the position of the country, its peril, and the stern resolve of her sons to defend her honor to the last. But I conceive this should be done in a simple manner, without any strain of thought or turgidity of expression, so that it will meet the want of the common soldier and inspire him with renewed ardor when it is poured forth in song. As nothing in the musical way is easier learned, or moves along with a more melodious flow than the "Glory Hallelujah," I would by no means change that stirring chorus for another.

With your permission therefore I would offer these few simple lines, as a substitute for those usually sung to that music.

On to the field, press on, boys,
On to the field, press on, boys,
On to the field, press on, boys,
Singing as we march along,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Singing as we march along.

We go, for our country calls us,
We go, for our country calls us,
We go, for our country calls us,
And as we're marching on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
And so we're marching on.

The old flag is waving above us,
The old flag is waving above us,
The old flag is waving above us,
As we're marching on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
As we're marching on.

Never shall its stars sink in shame, boys,
Never shall its stars sink in shame, boys,
Never shall its stars sink in shame, boys,
While we're marching on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
While we're marching on.

Never shall its stripes meet the dust, boys,
Never shall its stripes meet the dust, boys,
Never shall its stripes meet the dust, boys,
As we're marching on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
As we're marching on.

Then boys let us fight bravely,
Then boys let us fight bravely,
Then boys let us fight bravely,
While we're marching on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
While we're marching on.

Traitors shall go down before us,
Traitors shall go down before us,
Traitors shall go down before us,
As we're marching on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
As we're marching on.

God shield the cause we're defending,
God shield the cause we're defending,
God shield the cause we're defending,
In his name we'll march on,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
In his name we'll march on.

ARMY SHOEMAKERS WANTED.—Thomas Emerson's Sons of South Reading, advertise for Army Shoemakers to work in gangs at their Factory, to make part of a shoe or the whole of it, as may be preferred. Workmen, formed into gangs of three or more, and living in other towns, will have work given out to them.

The expenditures of the government are said to be \$1,235,000 per day; or \$31,041.75 per hour; or \$850.64 per minute. Wont some of our young readers who attend the Intermediate Schools, see whether or not the two last statements are correct, and inform us how much the government spends each second.

The late Choir of the First Congregational Society, presented Mr. George E. Whiting at the house of Dr. Cutter on Thursday evening, with a neat and valuable silver Goblet, as a token of the high regard they held for him as a musician and a teacher.

VALUATION OF BOSTON.—The Valuation of the Real and Personal Estates in Boston this year, is—Real, \$167,335,000; Personal, \$107,945,300; Total, \$275,280,300. Number of Polls, 35,037.

The Volunteer force of Great Britain is 20,000 men greater this year than it was last. The total number now is 170,000. In Scotland, one man in every 28 is enrolled, in England one in every 45.

Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford, it is said, is to be appointed Chaplain of Gen. Wilson's Regiment.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—The good Samaritan poured oil and wine into the wounds of the unfortunate man who had been beaten and left for dead; but JAMES PYLE pours into the market the purest and best saleratus ever made, proving himself a greater benefactor than was the good Samaritan to the wounded Jew, and driving out the many noxious compounds called Saleratus, that infest the community worse than did the thieves the road between Jerusalem and Jericho. Depot, 345 Washington St., New York.

Interesting Letter from Arlington Heights.

HEAD QUARTERS, Michigan 4th Regt., }
Arlington Heights, Va., Sept. 10th, '61. }

DEAR EDITOR.—A few lines from the Michigan 4th may be of interest to some of your readers as coming from a point toward which many hearts are now turning with an anxious, earnest interest from the entire North, from Minnesota to Maine. For the last few weeks troops have been sent forward to this place with the greatest rapidity. All who know anything of active service in camp can see that this is the best and cheapest policy for the government, for the regiments fill up immediately, and camp life here is different altogether from life in camp of instruction. Since the battle of Bull Run the defenses of Washington on both sides of the river have been strengthened so that from what ever point an attack may be made a warm reception can be given, and they will soon be such that but a comparatively small force will be required to insure the safety of the Capital.

We have been employed in the entrenchments since the 20th of August. Each relief works but three hours per day, and that seems to be beneficial rather than otherwise to the general health of the regiment. We are now in the division of Gen. Porter, encamped opposite and in protection of the Aqueduct Bridge and Ferry to Georgetown. There are two Mass. Regts. in the division, the 9th, Col. Cass, and the 18th, which arrived last week, and is encamped near Fort Corcoran; and I hear that the 17th Mass. crossed the river on the night of the 8th.

We are now in constant preparation for a battle or a march, have two days cooked provisions always ready, and canteens filled; every night sleep on our arms and with our clothes on.

Balloon observations are made daily and it is evident to us that something of importance will transpire soon.

Gen. Porter was fired on by a rebel scout yesterday while out reconnoitering, and the party were fired on from a house occupied by the rebels.

Rumor says that the Michigan 4th is to be ordered to North Carolina, or some other point South, if we are not attacked soon, and a new regiment placed to fight behind batteries and entrenchments.

The 4th came here July 1st, was at Fairfax Court House July 21st, and fell back to Washington under orders, and in good order; and are now well drilled, and acclimated to the water and cold nights of Virginia, the fare and ordinary service of the soldier.

As this may meet the eyes of some of my old schoolmates, I would mention here that the schoolmates are recruiting for the Engineer Corps of the Army, and for any young man who wishes to obtain a practical education during the next three years and at the same time serve his country, there is no better place. The Engineer Corps spend four months per year at West Point in studying Geometry, Surveying, Construction of Defensive and Siege works, &c., and learn Rifle, Infantry and Artillery Tactics, and many other useful branches.

Sept. 11th. All quiet. President Lincoln, Gen. Scott, Gen. McClellan and body guard crossed the Chain Bridge, yesterday afternoon, and came down by our camp. Reviewed the Mass. 18th and crossed over to Washington.

Regards to all of my old friends in Reading, who recognize an old schoolmate and friend in J. M. B.

A Political Catechism for Children.

It is the boast of the United States that our children imbibe political knowledge almost with their mother's milk, and that our boys at school possess an experience of political affairs which is not surpassed by that of average citizens of most foreign countries. We are not surprised, therefore, that we have received the following Political Catechism, which appears to have been prepared by some very sensible American matron for the sake of her boys, and we commend it to the perusal of young men of all ages:

Question.—What is a Democrat, mamma?

Answer.—A Democrat, my dear, is a defect species, of which you will find a finely preserved specimen at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In their day democrats were hearty patriots, who sought the good of the whole country. These democrats have now gone to the wars, and are fighting the battles of the country against traitors. Nobody calls himself a democrat now-a-days except broken-down politicians who have no honest means of living, and who assume that title in the hope of being able to cheat and steal.

Question.—What is a Republican, mamma?

Answer.—Republicans, my dear, were people who sought to prevent slavery entering the national territories. As the question of slavery in the territories (and other places besides, perhaps) has been pretty thoroughly settled by the great rebellion of the slaveholders under Jeff Davis and other traitors, there are no Republicans left now, except a few persons who desire places in the Custom House.

Question.—What is the Democratic State Committee, mamma?

Answer.—The Democratic State Committee, my dear, is composed of dead bodies which are so offensive in the sight of God and man that no one has had the charity to bury them. In November next this unpleasant job will be done by the people at large.

Question.—What is a Breckinridge democrat?

Answer.—A Breckinridge democrat is a person who desires to see this Union overthrown, and the rebellion of Jeff Davis successful.

Question.—What do the Breckinridge democrats want, mamma?

Answer.—A very natural question, my dear. Some of them want offices under Jeff Davis; one wants licenses to sell Southern lottery tickets; another owns slaves and wants to bring them to New York; others have money owing them at the South, and would like to get it; but most of them are mere vagabonds who want to see anarchy established in the hope of making something out of it.

Question.—What is coercion, mamma?

Answer.—Coercion is resisting a robber who tries to plunder you.

Question.—What is compromise?

Answer.—Compromise is giving the robber your purse, your watch, your coat and your boots, on condition that he leaves you your shirt-collar.

Question.—What is fratricidal war?

Answer.—A fratricidal war is putting down thieves and traitors who happen to be your own fellow-countrymen. The United States engaged in a fratricidal war when they chased and caught the traitor Burr; but the liberty of the press, as understood by the friends of Jeff Davis, is the right of playing the sneak-thief when one has not the courage to play the burglar.

Question.—What is liberty of the press?

Answer.—The liberty of the press, as understood by the framers of the constitution, is the right of publishing what you will, provided no one is injured thereby; but the liberty of the press, as understood by the friends of Jeff Davis, is the right of playing the sneak-thief when one has not the courage to play the burglar.

Question.—What is State sovereignty?

Answer.—State sovereignty, my dear, is a fine phrase under which bad men choose the laws which they will obey and the laws which they will break. It is anarchy raised up to a system.

Question.—What is neutrality?

Answer.—Neutrality, my dear, is merely shirking your duty as a citizen, and helping the enemy in a cowardly underhand way. A man who stands by and sees a poor fellow beaten to death by a rowdy is a neutral, and the model of those who are neutral in the present war.

Question.—What is the cause of the present war?

Answer.—This war, my dear, is the last dying struggle of slavery as a political power. If you have read history aright, you must have learned that all great and powerful systems or bodies die hard. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, the divine right monarchies, the feudal oligarchies, all struggled very hard before they gave way to common sense and the rights of the people. Just so slavery, as an element of political power, is now making its last dying struggle, and you depend upon it, it will fight to the last. But if you have read your Bible right, and have the true instincts of a free-born American boy in you, you cannot doubt how the contest will end.

—Harper's Weekly.

A NEW BOOK.—The "KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE," or a History of Secession from 1834 to 1861. This is the title of a well written expose, by a member of the Order of the K. G. C. This work is one that, at the time, will attract the attention of the whole world, from the fact that we are now reaping the fruits of what was started by this organization twenty-seven years ago, and been prosecuted to its culmination in secession. As it is desirable that all should read this revelation, the publishers have put the price at 25 cents and will send it post paid on receipt of that amount. They like-wise want a good, competent man in every county of the U. S. to sell this work. A good salesman can clear ten dollars per day in its sale. All orders must be addressed to CLARKE & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Schools.—Recent visits to nearly all of our schools, show them to be better attended than they have been for many terms. The scholars appeared interested in, and attentive to their studies, and their teachers devoted to their work. In the Rumford School House, it has been found necessary to put in additional desks and seats to accommodate the increased number of pupils. The Adams School House has been removed to its new location farther back from Washington Street, and its side instead of its front faces said street, making the house much more pleasant. As I have before remarked, the exterior of the school house needed painting, and many of the lots require fences, or the present ones repaired. It is disgraceful to a town to see its school houses with hardly enough paint on them to enable one to tell what its color once was, with the fences around them broken down and dilapidated, or having none at all. The buildings should be made pleasant and attractive within and without. All their surroundings should be in good order, and give evidence to the passer by, that the interests of our children are near and dear to us,—that we willingly pay our money for such purposes, remembering our own school days and impressions which were fastened upon our minds by the circumstances by which we were surrounded.

There has been a difference of opinion between our Selectmen and the School Committee as to how far the powers of the latter extended in regard to the school houses. It has for some time been a mooted question in many places, it being alleged that the law was rather ambiguous on this point. At a meeting of the School Committee last week, a Committee of Conference with the other Board were appointed to consider this subject and come if possible to some decision in regard to it. It appears that the old law, Revised Statutes, Chap. 23, Sec. 32, was founded on the District system, and left the whole care of the school houses in the hands of the Prudential Committee who were chosen independent of the School Committee. This fact has been clearly set forth and defined in various decisions of the Supreme Court as given by Hon. Horace Mann, while Secretary of the Board of Education, in his Digest of School Laws.

By the act of the Legislature of 1859, Chap. 232, the School District system was abolished, and the School Committee were to "have and exercise the control and supervision of all the public schools and school houses within their respective towns," &c. In the General Statutes which are now in force, the same duties which devolved upon the Prudential Committee are there incorporated into and made a

part of the duties of the School Committee, seeming clearly to indicate that the same powers are conferred upon the latter as the former; and that the School Committee have full and absolute control of the school houses, and all repairs, alterations or improvements incident to the same or their appurtenances, and that the town must foot the bills.

After consultation between the members of the different boards, it was decided that the matter belonged to the School Committee and with them it was left to take such action as they may deem expedient. This is the most reasonable construction of the laws as it seems to me, as the Committee are presumed to know better the wants of the several school houses and there should be no division of their work.

WAR ITEMS.—The following petition to the Selectmen, has been drawn up, and is awaiting signatures at Mr. Hovey's store. It was prepared by Hon. John A. Bolles, who heads the list of those who have already signed it.

"The undersigned, inhabitants and qualified voters of the town of Winchester, in consideration of the danger which now threatens the Union and Government of the United States, and the public safety and prosperity, and bearing in mind the example of the patriotic towns of this Commonwealth whose citizens in the days of the Revolution, were wont to meet and take counsel together concerning the common good, and believing that a public expression of the devotion of all good men to the support of the Constitution, Union, Government and Laws of the United States now loudly called for by a great public emergency, respectfully pray, that the citizens of Winchester may, at an early day, be called together in public town meeting by Warrant of your Board, to express such opinion, and adopt such resolves, as seem suitable and expedient, for the purpose of promoting the national welfare, and strengthening the hands and hearts of our Rulers in the most energetic discharge of their public duties, and especially, in prosecuting to a prompt and triumphant conclusion, the war which traitors and rebels have forced upon the country and its constituted authorities."

EXCELSIOR.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

There is a trite saying that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." So may it be said that there are "sharp shooters" at home as any who have joined the regiments. If proof be wanted to corroborate this statement, reference may be had to the feat of Mr. Samuel Parker, Jr., who one day last week sat upon the border of the Lake near his house, with gun in hand, waiting an opportunity to "make ready, take aim and fire," when a very strange bird made its appearance over the edge of the water, having as it was afterwards ascertained, reconnoitered from its airy height, the duck yards and other interesting places in that locality. Mr. P. raised his gun and the bird fell lifeless in the water. Those who have seen it are not able to designate the class of birds to which it belongs. Its claws were long and very sharp, and its wings measured six feet from tip to tip. The same gentleman on Tuesday morning of this week, while watching for ducks, shot a crane which stood five feet high, and which measured on the wing, five feet and eleven inches. It is said that this is the only crane (of the feathered tribe), that has been seen in the vicinity for a considerable length of time.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 51.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Our Country.

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her name
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves:

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To elasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the broadened land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O! Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O! Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divined things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand led the generous woe,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the fearless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spied Angels hail thy cause!

O! Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song!

—Atlantic Monthly, October.

Select Literature.

"PRAY, SIR, ARE YOU A GENTLEMAN?"

BY CHARLES TEMPLE.

CONCLUDED.

Six months elapsed, and again I found myself in the detective's house. Meanwhile the reward for the lady fugitive had been increased to the extraordinary sum of one thousand pounds, while that for the gentleman had been withdrawn.

"Well, Mr. Sharp, any news yet of the runaway?"

"Not a bit, sir: not a bit. It is extraordinary. I did not think we detectives could be so deceived; and let me tell you, sir, that though the reward in the public papers has been increased to one thousand pounds, yet that to us actually three thousand pounds is offered, only it is not considered prudent to advertise so large a reward. You would be surprised if you knew what means had been taken to secure the young lady, and without success. A detective at every station out of London—one at each principal port in England; all the lodging-houses, boarding-houses, and public places of assembly in town have been narrowly watched; a detective has been sent to every county in England to pry about—go to inns, farm-houses, schools, and every place he can legally or illegally put his nose into; false entrapping advertisements inserted in the papers, and actually all to no purpose. However, we will have her yet. The reward will not be paid unless she is discovered within a year from this date."

"You will not find her, I expect," said I. "We shall see, sir," replied he.

After a little more conversation I took my departure. Without being in any way able to account for it, or to reason the subject, I felt I should stumble on the lady in question. Not many days later, one idle Saturday afternoon, I went with a friend to a private lunatic asylum some little way out of London; he to see a relation confined there, whom he considered it his duty to look at now and then; I, out of mere curiosity to inspect such a place. Arrived at the asylum, he went off at once with the mistress of the establishment; I, under the charge of a female warder, was taken round such parts as are shown to a visitor. In one room was a girl with long dishevelled dark hair, and blue eyes, swinging on a rope hanging from the ceiling. She was dressed in Turkish fashion. Strange! thought I; dark hair, blue eyes. "What is the matter with her?" I inquired.

"Oh, she is mad, but harmless enough; her friends are very rich. She has a fancy for dressing so, and the mistress allows her. At times she is not bad, and then she lives quite alone with the mistress. She is always worse when she sees strangers, and talks mere nonsense when they are present. Listen to her. She is singing such rubbish now."

And so she was, but yet there was a method in her jumble of songs, such, I almost fancied, as a person might be driven to use who wished to feign madness. I eyed her intently. She was looking at me with apparent carelessness. "Can it be she?" thought I. "Oh, no, it cannot. She would surely recognize me." At that moment I beheld me of the pearl ring. Generally I wore it with the pearls turned inside to the palm of the hand. I lifted up my finger and deliberately turned round to her full view the conspicuous part of the ring. With a shriek of anything but madness she ran away.

"Oh, she is gone," said my companion, "to the mistress's private room. She can always go there when she likes."

I was satisfied, and said nothing, but waited for my friend and the head of the establishment, the latter of which I intended to see alone. In a minute or two a telegraphic message, stating that I must return to my chambers in town, to a consultation, by the

first train, was put into my hands. I consoled myself with the idea that I would come down again on Monday. I inquired the name of the mad girl, made my bow, and in three-quarters of an hour was deep in law in chambers.

Monday morning found me at Mrs. — near Hanwell.

"Is Mrs. — at home?"

"Yes, sir."

I sent up my card, and when admitted, I forthwith proceeded to make inquiries about my friend.

"Oh, she was taken away yesterday by her friends. She has been improving lately, and was removed about two o'clock yesterday."

"Do you know where she came from, or where she has gone?" said I.

"Not at all, sir."

I saw the woman was telling an untruth, but how could I expose her?

"Do your patients generally come and go in that extraordinary manner?"

"Oh, constantly, when introduced and taken away by a doctor."

"Then her friend is a medical man?"

"No, sir, I did not say that; her friends brought a medical man with them."

Untruth number two, thought I.

"And what is his name, pray?"

"That I must not tell."

Truth the first and last, I thought.

"I can give you this clue, sir; they went down the life, for I know they took tickets to Exeter."

"Thank you," said I, inwardly concluding that there was untruth number three, and that therefore (as turned out to be the case) the parties had gone up the line—probably to London. I then became more open, threatened, coaxed, tried to bribe, and at last was told that if I did not leave the house at once, I should be turned out by the men-servants. Out I accordingly chose to go of my own free (?) will. In vain I twisted and turned everything over in my mind. The mistress of the establishment was not to blame—I could not bring her into court, for I dared not prove any interest in the young lady. Besides, I might have been mistaken, and in that case how foolish I should have looked. I was obliged again to fall back on Time, the great solver of mysteries. At length Time came to my relief.

About eighteen months after the last-mentioned circumstance I was junior counsel in some trial in London. It was my turn to examine the next witness—a somewhat unimportant one, by-the-bye.

"Miss Evelina Shirlock."

"Miss Evelina Shirlock," was repeated by the man in office. Forthwith the usual oath was administered in the accustomed rapid, careless manner—"The evidence you shall give," &c., &c. I had not as yet looked up, for I was running my eye over my brief; but when I did, I was so startled as nearly to jump out—not of my skin, but—of my wig.

Good gracious! More beautiful than ever, and self-possessed, there stood before me in the witness-box my long-lost middle friend.

Now, if a barrister ever loses his presence of mind, he is not fit for his profession. I very nearly, not quite—never, however, so nearly as then—lost my presence of mind. However, my wits did not quite abandon me.

At a glance I saw that the witness did not recognize in a gray curly wig, and with a sedate face, her former ally with dark locks and a merry countenance. At once I thrust deep into my pocket my pearl-ringed hand, tried slightly to change my voice, and began:

"Your name is Evelina Shirlock?"

"Yes."

"You live Sun Villa, Regent's Park?"

"Yes."

"You are described, I see, as the niece of Sir John and Lady Clanner, living at the same place?"

"I am."

"Have you lived there long?" I repeated.

"What on earth are you at?" whispered my senior counsel on the same side. "You will so bother the girl with your questions, which have nothing to do with the case, that she won't be able to give the evidence we really want."

"No, I will not," I replied; but I saw the lady change color rapidly more than once, sigh, give tokens of fainting. I put my handkerchief to my face. "My nose is bleeding," I whispered to my senior. "You examine this witness, I will take the next."

At once I left the court. The witness did not, I believe, acquit herself in first-rate style, for which I got the blame. My irrelevant questions I attributed to a throbbing head, in corroboration of which my supposed bloody nose did me good service. The evidence, I knew, could not materially affect the case, and I had elicited what I wanted. No sooner was the court up than, having changed my clothes and flung my papers at the astonished clerk's head, off I drove to Sun Villa, Regent's Park.

"Is Miss Shirlock at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take my card up, and say that I am the gentleman who examined her to-day in court, and that I wish to see her."

Quickly, radiant with beauty, she entered, leaning on her aunt's arm. She shook hands with me.

"Oh, aunt!" she said, "this is the gentleman to whom we are much indebted, and to whom my warmest thanks especially are

owing. But, Mr. Stonehouse, you were too hard upon me in court. When I fancied I began to recognize you, I thought I should have fainted."

"Indeed, Miss Shirlock, you must make every allowance for my excitement on so unexpectedly meeting you, after having sought you for many a long month."

Lady Clanner kindly asked me to dine. Sir John had already started for some Lord Mayor's feast in the city. Of course I accepted. Dinner over, and a decent time having been spent at the dessert, the old lady rose, saying:—

"I shall leave you two together, for I dare say you have a great deal to talk about."

We did talk. Each of us told our own story. With hers you shall forthwith be made acquainted in her own words. Seated by me, she began:—

"I am the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Shirlock, of Rokeby Castle, near Reigate. My father originally was very far from wealthy. All the property and money came from my mother's side. Unfortunately, I lost my mamma when young. By the marriage settlements, which had been conceived in a most grasping manner by my maternal grandfather, who disliked my father, and which were shamefully worded, it was ordered that if my mother died first, the child or children should, on coming of age, inherit all the property (about ten thousand pounds a year) and the house, and that my father should only be allowed five hundred pounds per annum for the rest of his life. I mention this as a slight excuse for my poor father's most shameful conduct. When I was about seventeen years old he began to get very anxious. He could not realize the idea of coming down from being master of Rokeby Castle and a large fortune to a paltry pittance. He knew that, even if I did not assert my legal rights, a husband, sooner or later, probably would do so for me. Had he dared, he would have killed me. He often said as much. When I was about eighteen, he told me he had found a husband for me whom I must prepare to marry. Now, at that age I really was averse to the idea of matrimony, and when I was introduced to my would-be lord and master, my dislike knew no bounds. After a little time I discovered that my father had entered into an agreement that my father—married me, my husband and myself were to have one thousand pounds a year, and my father the rest till his death. Mr.—actually bound himself in writing to give up to my father nine thousand pounds a year and Rokeby Castle if my father would make me marry him. Now, the money and the castle I never cared about; my father might have had those with all my heart, as he ought during his lifetime; but to be bought and sold, to be compelled to marry an odious man (for odious he was in every way)—to be made a—"

Miss Shirlock burst into tears. After a time, she continued:—

"I need hardly say that on discovering the underplot I resisted more stoutly than ever every entreaty, every threat, every bribe, made use of to induce me to marry Mr.—"

Things went on in this way till I was nearly nineteen. It was bad enough for me, I confess, but not enough so, in my opinion, to justify a daughter in running away from her parent's roof. About a month before I met you, my father sent for me. After a long interview, in which I steadfastly maintained my ground, my father dismissed me, saying, with an oath:—

"You shall see what it is to disobey me: you shall undergo worse than death."

From that moment I was closely watched, not allowed to see any one, confined to my room and a stroll with an attendant for an hour a day in our back garden. In a short time I was visited by two medical men, who quickly informed my father that they were satisfied, and would do as he wished. The meaning of that my father next day told me, namely, that for five hundred pounds each medical gentleman had signed a certificate stating I was mad; that he had met with a nice private establishment and an accommodating, easy-conscience, though hard-dealing mistress, who was utterly devoid of feeling; that in a fortnight's time, if I did not marry Mr.—, I should be confined for life. "Yes, for life!" and in a mad-house, miss! But I will not repeat his fearful language.

"My servant was faithful to me, whatever her other faults were. By my request she searched my father's private papers, and found that things were exactly as he had stated. Long before this I had written to my mother's sister, Lady Clanner—then living in Paris—but in vain. My letters were all intercepted. What could I do, but run away? I knew full well that I should be telegraphed for, because when not in my room, of which my father kept the key, I was visited by him every quarter of an hour in the garden, just that he might see I had not escaped. Day after day I had marked the regularly running train in which we first met."

"By a heavy bribe I obtained a midshipman's dress and a ticket marked 'Dover to London,' from one of the porters at the station, who had been in our service. I suppose he got it from his brother, the driver, who had come from Dover. I also begged him to keep an empty first-class carriage for me, and instructed my maid, as soon as she saw the train actually in motion, to return with a scratched face, and say I knocked her down

and run off to the station. All went right till you jumped into the carriage after the train had started. That led to my strange question:—'Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?'"

We were both silent for a time.

"Well, Miss Middy," I said, "you have enlightened me as to your history down to our first meeting in the train, will you kindly condescend to give me a history of yourself since our parting in a cab?"

"Most willingly," replied she, smiling through her tears. "You have been quite my preserver. After leaving you, I drove near the residence of one of the medical gentlemen whose names you had given me, a got rid of my cabman." "You little know, I thought I, what a narrow escape you had there," and went to the doctor. On finding he was at home, I walked straight in, told him my whole history, and threw myself quite on his honor, begging him to conceal me effectually for two years, when I should be of age. After a time, chiefly owing to me, the idea of my going into voluntary confinement in a private lunatic asylum was hit upon and matured. There I should never be sought. There I went. The mistress, a kind lady, was, of course, in my secret. I did just what I liked. Able lawyers were engaged to take proceedings for me in the outer world. In case of accident I wore a wig of dark hair. All went well till you, by chance, stumbled on me in the mad-house. Your kindness, your good nature, I did not doubt, but I did not then want to meet you. That same afternoon I telegraphed for Dr.—; that same night I was in his house, and commenced my new duties, to avoid suspicion, as governess to his children. In three months' time my father died. My legal friends secured my rights for me. My uncle and aunt had come to England. I told them they were horror-struck; but I thanked God I was a free agent. My next object was to find you. I did not wish to make ourselves too conspicuous, so I refrained from advertising; but in every other way, without success, to meet with you. Time after time I followed in my carriage a cab which, after all, contained the wrong individual. Thank goodness, at last we met, though it was in a crowded court, and though Mr. Stonehouse, you were a little too hard upon me. And now let me thank you," said she, putting her hand confidently into mine. "Oh, you cannot tell how much I do thank you for your former great kindness to me."

I soon became very intimate at Sun Villa. On the events of the next year I must not dwell much. They are too painful. Day after day I rode with Miss Shirlock in the park, dined at Lady Clanner's house two or three times a week, escorted her and her niece constantly to the opera and theatre, for Sir John did not trouble himself much about such places, and was only too glad to place the ladies under my charge. I neglected my law business to such a degree, that even now I am slightly suffering from it. As for losing Miss Shirlock, of that I never dreamed. One day I said to her:—

"Middy, I had learned to call her so, 'what have you done with the likeness I gave you in the train?'"

"Oh, I do not know," she replied. "I do not want it so much now that I am acquainted with you. My chief reason for keeping it was that I might recognize you again."

Of course we often laughed and talked about our first meeting. Time after time we used to talk about my engagement.

"Middy, how is it you do not marry? I know that Captain Fitzgerald is dying for you—Mr. Carlyon is desperately in love—the Honorable Augustus Bonechurch would give anything to call you his own. Why don't you make one or the other of these gentlemen come forward, or rather, why do you continue to refuse all your admirers one after the other?"

"Oh, I do not know, Mr. Stonehouse. I do not love them. They are only attracted by my pretty face or fortune."

"Well, but some are sensible men; why don't you try to love one of them?—you will find it easy for you?"

"Pshaw!" burst in Middy. "How can you talk such nonsense, and profane the name of love in that way? If I were driven to seek a home, or, like a very young girl, had no experience, the case might be different. Even then in a short time I should find out that I acted wickedly."

"Well, but Middy—" said I.

"Now, don't go on in that way, Mr. Special Pleading. You are not holding a brief for which you are paid, so you are not bound to speak what you do not believe."

In the course of eighteen months, towards the close of the London season, Middy and I one afternoon were together in the garden, I lying on the grass smoking, she seated near me.

"Middy," said I, "give me joy; the old relation who stood between me and matrimony is supposed at last to be dying, and probably in the course of six or eight months I shall no longer be a bachelor."

"What, Frank!" she cried. "What, going to be married?"

"Yes, Middy," said I, somewhat puzzled.

"You knew full well I was engaged."

"Yes, but, but—" she said, no more, but fell on her face fainting.

Here's a mess, thought I, as I rushed to a neighboring friendly fountain. "Here is a

mess!" exclaimed I, as, on returning with water, I saw that my picture and a lock of hair in it of the same color as mine had, by the fall been shaken out from her bosom and lay beside her. I had often noticed a small gold chain round her neck, which descending into the folds of her dress, was lost to view; but little fancying what was appended to it, I had thought it intrusive on my part to ask what was at the end of the chain. And she had called me Frank, too, for the first time in her life. "Oh, what a mess!"

I started, dropped the *Temple*. Good gracious! poor Middy then is dead. Hastily I looked round—my wife was not in the room. The paper properly folded, was quickly replaced on the table and off I went to chambers. Presently I heard a great fuss in my ante-room, and my clerk's voice expostulating in no mild tones:

"You can't come in. Well, I tell you, you shan't come in. My master, Mr. Stonehouse, won't be disturbed by the like of you."

I rang my bell.

"Who is that?"

"Some poor woman, sir. She says she must and will see you herself. I have threatened to give her into custody, but she won't go away, and won't tell me her business."

"What is she like?"

"I can hardly tell, but I think, sir, she is a Scotchwoman."

"Show her in."

In she came and asked me if I was indeed Mr. Counsellor Stonehouse, then would I just open that parcel and see if it was all right. I recognized Middy's writing, opened the packet with trembling hands.

"It is all right," said I, offering the woman a sovereign, and adding, "can I do anything more for you?"

"No, sir, many thanks to you, but my travelling expenses have been paid, and as for the rest I would do anything in the wide world for that dear gude leddy, who, when alive, was so kind to me and my poor bairns."

With that she departed. Again my bell sounded, and the clerk, on intruding his inquisitive face, was told, "Do not let me be disturbed by anybody on any account for the next hour."

The last words I heard before sitting down to my reverie were:

"My good woman, why could you not give me that parcel instead of taking it to Mr. Stonehouse yourself?"

"Gang to the deil wi' ye, ye auld fule; do ye think that packet was for the likes of ye to handle; ha, ha, ye auld fule."

The door was indignantly slammed. Poor Middy had chosen a coarse tongue and faithful messenger. The packet contained a letter, my picture, a song, and the chain and locket.

The letter was written of course under most highly excited feelings, if not actually under the influence of delirium. I put it, the picture and the song into my fire. The burden of the song (I had often heard her sing it) was, "Will she love you as I do?"

The locket I dropped into the Thames that night. The chain my eldest daughter wears round her neck. In my pocket-book I have the tress of hair she gave me in the railway carriage when under such strange circumstances we first met.

Frank had finished. For a quarter of an hour neither of us spoke. It was dark. I could not see his face. Once I heard him mutter "Poor, poor Middy." It might have been poor dear Middy. I am not sure. Tears, I fancied were trickling down his cheeks. Not in the slightest degree from a wish to hurt or annoy him, but more from carelessness and heedlessness than anything else. I thought I would try to ascertain his real feelings. In a few moments he said:

"Any more wine, Charles?"

"No, thank you," replied I; "but Frank, I say, did you ever read Ivanhoe, and do you remember just at the end, when Walter Scott says with reference to Ivanhoe, Rebecca and Towena, that—"

I had gone too far.

"Temple," said he, sharply, addressing me by my surname, "you said you would have no more wine; if you are not going to see the ladies I am."

He moved toward the door, but returned, took my hand, squeezed it, and said: "Charles, I did not mean to be so abrupt. I hardly knew what I was saying. I feel a little relieved at having told you this chapter of life; but mind," whispered he almost fiercely, "mind, never allude again to what I have tonight related."

We went upstairs—Frank going first—to his dressing-room, probably to wash away traces of emotion. A quarter of an hour later, with his rich tenor voice, he was joining in some merry glee. As I looked at him, I thought how little sometimes do our nearest and dearest relations and friends know of what passes beneath the surface. Oh, how little did I conjecture what was coming when first I heard the commanding words of the story.

"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?"

TIMING EACH OTHER.—They have a story in Chicago, about a drunken captain who met a private of his company in the same condition. The captain ordered him to "halt," and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet and to talk with dignified severity exclaimed—"Private Smith, I'll give you t'four o'clock to gibber in." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r (hic)—slight drunker—niam I'll give you t'five o'clock to gibber in."

also occasioned a biennial interchange of letters.

People say that all married persons have a secret corner in their hearts, not all of necessity a guilty one, which they never, by any chance betray to their partners for life. May be so. All I know is that I never told my wife of my antecedents in connection with Middy.

"On the 25th inst., aged twenty-six, owing to a fall from her horse, Eveline, the beloved wife of—"

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The last words I heard before sitting down to my reverie were:

"My good woman, why could you not give me that parcel instead of taking it to Mr. Stonehouse yourself?"

"Gang to the deil wi' ye, ye auld fule; do ye think that packet was for the likes of ye to handle; ha, ha, ye auld fule."

The door was indignantly slammed. Poor Middy had chosen a coarse tongue and faithful messenger. The packet contained a letter, my picture, a song, and the chain and locket.

The letter was written of course under most highly excited feelings, if not actually under the influence of delirium. I put it, the picture and the song into my fire. The burden of the song (I had often heard her sing it) was, "Will she love you as I do?"

The locket I dropped into the Thames that night. The chain my eldest daughter wears round her neck. In my pocket-book I have the tress of hair she gave me in the railway carriage when under such strange circumstances we first met.

Frank had finished. For a quarter of an hour neither of us spoke. It was dark. I could not see his face. Once I heard him mutter "Poor, poor Middy." It might have been poor dear Middy. I am not sure. Tears, I fancied were trickling down his cheeks. Not in the slightest degree from a wish to hurt or annoy him, but more from carelessness and heedlessness than anything else. I thought I would try to ascertain his real feelings. In a few moments he said:

"Any more wine, Charles?"

"No, thank you," replied I; "but Frank, I say, did you ever read Ivanhoe, and do you remember just at the end, when Walter Scott says with reference to Ivanhoe, Rebecca and Towena, that—"

I had gone too far.

"Temple," said he, sharply, addressing me by my surname, "you said you would have no more wine; if you are not going to see the ladies I am."

He moved toward the door, but returned, took my hand, squeezed it, and said: "Charles, I did not mean to be so abrupt. I hardly knew what I was saying. I feel a little relieved at having told you this chapter of life; but mind," whispered he almost fiercely, "mind, never allude again to what I have tonight related."

We went upstairs—Frank going first—to his dressing-room, probably to wash away traces of emotion. A quarter of an hour later, with his rich tenor voice, he was joining in some merry glee. As I looked at him, I thought how little sometimes do our nearest and dearest relations and friends know of what passes beneath the surface. Oh, how little did I conjecture what was coming when first I heard the commanding words of the story.

"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?"

The World from the Sidewalk.

Have you ever stood in the crowded street. In the glare of the first lamp, And marked the tread of the million feet In their quietly musical tramp?

As the surging throng move to and fro, 'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween, To mark the figures that come and go In the ever changing zone:

Where the sinner treads with the publican proud, And the priest in his gloomy cowl, And Dives walks in the motly crowd, With Lazarus cheek by jowl;

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, inserted 20 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted FREE, ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WISE & CO.
East Woburn.—ALLEN L. RICHARDSON.
Stoughton.—E. T. WHITTIER.
Reading.—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading.—DR. D. MANSFIELD.
Winchester.—JOSIAH HOVEY.
S. M. PITTENGER & CO., Boston and New York; S. R. NICHOLS (successor to Y. R. Palmer), Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN STILES, 100 N. W. Corner, New York, to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1861.

GENERAL FREMONT.

The people were somewhat startled a few days ago upon the announcement of the recall and resignation of this gallant and efficient officer. The rumor probably started from the fact that the President had sent him a letter concerning his proceedings in Missouri, which gave the reporters an excellent sensation item, and well did they make use of it. The President's letter by no means condemns his whole policy, but merely asks him to modify portions of it, which the General signifies his willingness to do. The Administration, we believe, no more intend to recall Gen. Fremont, than they do to bring the war to a close and receive accredited diplomatic agents from the rebel States. They would not be so foolhardy when seven-tenths of the people in the loyal States favor his policy and believe it to be the only legitimate way to make the traitors understand that our proceedings are to be unscrupulously followed while they are efficient. We must strike terror into their midst until they feel that nothing will satisfy us but complete and unconditional surrender to law and order, and General Fremont has only initiated the line of action which the Administration must take up and follow until our ends are achieved. It is anxiety for men to say that the slaves of rebels should remain untouched, while their other property is confiscated. They consider their slaves just as much articles of merchandise as they do their mules, their sugar or their cotton, and if one is forfeited, is not the other also? The slaves are their most valuable and extensive property, and therefore should be the first seized. To allow rebels to retain their slaves while you confiscate their other effects, would be like taking their silver and leaving their gold, when the latter preponderated. If the act of Congress is to be made effectual you must strike at the root where the branches. We sincerely wish this war could be carried on and made effectual for the attainment of justice without destroying any of the property of the rebels, but to hope for such a thing is hoping against hope. It will not benefit us, or make the South feel any better, to re-install them in the Union stripped of everything; but nevertheless the law must take its course and be vindicated.

When General Fremont's proclamation first appeared, some people, with all their gratification, felt a little startled, and doubted somewhat its effect, but this "scare" gradually died away when they considered for a moment the great abilities, understanding and energy of the proclaimer, and when Union men in Missouri, Kentucky and other border States gave their countenance and support. We hear of old Slaveholders in all directions coming up and giving in their adhesion to its doctrines, and saying that if they see their only hope for future prosperity. What such men say in regard to this subject must be true.

The Louisville Journal does not like the idea of turning confiscated negroes loose among those still held in bondage. Well, perhaps, this will have a deleterious effect, but it cannot be helped; it is caused by the necessities of the case, and therefore must be endured and made the best of. The government has not the time, if it had the inclination, to form great slave pens and keep all confiscated negroes therein.

If the public will stop a moment and think, they will perceive that the negro question in some shape or other will be unavoidably brought up many times throughout this contest, and that, such being the case, it is perfectly useless to make confusion and trouble every time it appears. If we persist in doing so, we will find ourselves continually in turmoil and hot water, without accomplishing the least good. The best of our plan is to let the Administration and its different officers alone, so that they can attend to their business; we who are many miles away from the scene of action are ill-fitted to judge of the effect that such and such a thing is going to have, consequently we will not impede the working of the ponderous machinery of government if we assume a "masterly inactivity," especially in regard to fault finding. When the government commits an error they will find it out, long before our gratuitous advice reaches them. We think that there are just as wise heads within the control of President Lincoln—from General Scott down to the peasant private in the ranks—as there are without. At any rate the Administration can attend to the affairs of the nation with greater expedition, if many people would learn to "let them alone."

QUERY.—Is dog-day weather to end this year before Winter sets in?

General Butler in Woburn.

This gallant officer passed through Woburn last evening on his way to Lowell, and tarried at the Central House a few moments. While there, at his own request, he had a conference with one of our leading military men, and expressed a very earnest desire that Woburn should be represented by a company of her citizens in the regiment which he is now organizing at Lowell. He gave every assurance that such a company would be well cared for and acceptably disposed of. Every information will be imparted to those wishing to enlist, on application at the Recruiting Office in Bank Block.

Democratic Convention.

The Democrats met in Convention at Worcester, on Wednesday. Moses Bates was chosen President. Hon. Isaac Davis of Worcester, was nominated for Governor and Edwin C. Bailey, of Boston, for Lieut. Governor. The other nominations are as follows:—Secretary of State—Chas. Thompson of Charlestown; Treasurer—Emory Sanford of Oxford; Attorney General—Edward Avery of Braintree; State Auditor—Moses Bates of Plymouth. Mr. Welles of Boston introduced a resolution to the effect that a Committee be appointed to confer with the Democratic and other political organizations of New England, for the purpose of calling a Convention to take into consideration the present State of our national affairs and suggesting such amendments to the Constitution as would be acceptable to the whole people, North and South. The resolution was referred to the State Central Committee.

The above nominees are pure Democrats. We had supposed that some overture would come from this Convention in regard to uniting all parties in this State. The Republican Convention is yet to meet and we hope that it will take enough good and true Union men from the Democratic and Bell (?) Everett parties, to make a sound Union Ticket—one that all can unite on. If conciliation is to be brought about, one side or the other must advance the overtures, and if the Democrats won't do so the Republicans must. Our people should feel too much the issues at stake, to give way to party wranglings. Surely the people of Massachusetts can lay politics on the shelf for a year or two, when they consider that for the past quarter of a century they have indulged themselves continually in fighting party battles.

Neither the members of the Republican nor the Democratic parties need fear the loss of political power through any union they may make, though things may change. If, when the war is over, old party names and associations are found obliterated, and all things have become new, it will make no difference to the prosperity of the politicians, because the loaves (and the fishes) will still be left, and plunder will be just as plentiful as heretofore; under such circumstances, "What's in a name?" Would that all politicians and citizens, could become united and fight shoulder to shoulder until the Stars and Stripes again float over Sumter and South Carolina's Capital.

Natural History.

The members of the Woburn Natural History Association, spent the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 14th, in a botanical excursion through the woods and fields in the north-west part of the town, which is one of the richest localities in floral specimens to be found in our region. The particular attention of the Association was directed to the composite family of plants, the following specimens of which were gathered and carefully studied, viz: Solidago neglecta; S. Scrobinia; Eupatorium sessilifolium; Aster radula; A. undulatus, Hieracium scabrum; Nabalus albus; also variety serpentina. This method of spending a pleasant afternoon affords an excellent opportunity to enjoy relaxation from business and care and also supplies to the mind and body agreeable and profitable recreation as well as desirable knowledge. The members highly enjoy these occasions and commend such ramblings to all who have not a sufficient opportunity to obtain the necessary change from depressing mental or physical labor. The members also attended the lecture given by Prof. Agassiz before the Lowell Institute, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 17th, and were well paid for their efforts to hear the distinguished naturalist. Their thanks are due to the Prof. and Mr. Sonrel, who provided them with free tickets to the lecture. It is proposed by this Association to make an excursion to Wilmington on the 21st inst., which will doubtless prove as pleasant and profitable as the preceding have been.

BUSINESS.—From all directions comes the cheerful cry "business is improving." In almost every nook and hamlet in New England signs of activity are visible. The Mills at Lowell are increasing their working power, and it is the same with almost all other mills. The shoe business is fast gaining new impulse, and all expect this branch of trade to become more lively than it has been for months. The leather business is also steadily advancing, and new help is being added every day. In our town, business must assuredly be coming up, although without rapid strides. Johnson & Parker are turning out between 1200 and 1400 sides a week of army leather, and have 60 men employed. The other tanneries are increasing their help, and no doubt, ere long, if not in full blast, will be doing quite a fair business for the times.

WOBURN UNION GUARD.—We are glad to learn through our correspondent "Creone," that this company is progressing finely and that it is in good quarters. We hope that the officers will succeed in filling up the ranks, and we believe that such will be the case if it is possible, because the men that have the matter in charge are worthy and indefatigable in their exertions.

Mr. Henry Weston, Jr., has joined the Band of the 19th Regiment. We understand that he left for Washington this morning.

ANOTHER COMPANY FOR WOBURN.

Woburn is now making up for whatever delays she experienced at the commencement of the war by nobly and thoroughly doing her duty, and we doubt not that her patriotism in the good cause will prove sound and active when that of others is on the wane and dying from want of stimulating excitement. A recruiting office has been opened in Bank Block for the purpose of receiving names for a new Company that will go immediately into camp. This is as good a chance for all patriotic young men as has yet been offered, and we hope they will take advantage of it. Good men, experienced and possessed of thorough military knowledge, are at the head of this Company, and if the citizens only respond heartily we will have a corps second to none. Up to the time of our going to press twenty-nine have enlisted.

INTERESTING DOG.—We talked with a gentleman yesterday, a master of a transport ship, who had with him a dog which he obtained in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe. He says that one day, in the afternoon, he was out on horseback in company with one or two others, when he espied several very nice pups, and thinking that he would like one, he got down and secured this one. While doing so, several balls from the enemy whistled past him and he thought it the wisest part to immediately decamp. His comrades lingered behind, and on the next day the body of one was brought in riddled by seven balls. He says that the dog from "infancy" has shown great antipathy for negroes. On one occasion, when the dog was only two months old, he attacked a Colonel's major-domo, took hold, shook him, held on, and finally, judging from the wailing man's noise and gestures, would have worried him seriously had he not been taken off. If a negro takes the least liberty in the dog's presence he pounces upon him as savagely as though he was attacking a brother cur. The dog is or was supposed to belong to General Magruder.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON, the man who, while in the flesh, was mean and selfish enough to barter for gold the sacred bones of that illustrious patriot whose name he bore and disgraced, has been sent to that "undiscovered country" by the true shot of a faithful sentinel. It appears that he was prowling about one of our camps, for no good to the government certainly, and being discovered was shot dead. Verily his ignominious death was in keeping with his life. We breathe free when we think that the people have been relieved of his presence, which had become odious in more ways than one, but still we would rather that he might have been sent to his account in a different manner. It was once in his power to make his name such that in future time it would be revered and honored by his countrymen, but he let the golden opportunity pass unheeded and he has gone down to the grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

TOWN IMPROVEMENTS.—A stone crossing has been laid during the present week between "Gage's Corner" and the old Orthodox Church. This convenience has long been looked upon as a necessity, and the "Town Fathers" are entitled to and should receive especial thanks, at least as often as every rain storm occurs during the next twelve months. We are informed that posts are to be placed at the East side of the Common for the accommodation of persons who wish to tie their horses at that place. Pedestrians will feel the advantage of such exceedingly, for they will not be compelled to make the circuit of every team, through the mud and dust of the gutters, that is attached to the Common fence.

SHERIFF'S JURY.—A Sheriff's Jury has been ordered by the County Commissioners, to assess the damage sustained by Amos Shattuck, of this town, on account of the Stoneham Branch Railroad passing over his land. This Jury consists of the following persons, and will meet on Monday next at the Town Hall, in Stoneham: Cyrus Smith, John Clifford, Edward S. Gleason, John H. Bancroft, Howard P. Nichols, of Reading; John W. Taylor, N. R. Leman, A. H. Field, Samuel W. Twombly, of Winchester; Loring S. Pierce, Nathan Fessenden, Jr., A. Bradford Smith, Chas. W. Johnson, of Lexington.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. Elroy of Lexington, fell into a new reservoir which is being built on the Common, in Lexington, last Wednesday. It appears that this boy with another was standing looking into the reservoir, when his foot slipped and he fell. In falling he probably struck his head and stunned himself, and would most likely have drowned, there being considerable water in it, had not the boy that was with him, who was only ten years old, reached down and grasping his hair pulled him out. Certainly that little boy deserves credit for his manly act.

GOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA.—It appears that gold in Nova Scotia has not yet been found in sufficient quantities to make it an object for any one to give up a good business and search for it. Men who go to the mines depending on what they may find for subsistence, are woefully disappointed, and receive little or nothing but their labor for their pains. That there is gold in this Province in small quantities, is undoubtedly true; but a man may spend weeks and not get enough to buy a meal. In time to come gold may be discovered in quantities sufficient to invite emigration, but as things are now, the prospects for the emigrant is exceedingly dubious.

HIGHLY EDIFYING AND ENTERTAINING.—The leader in yesterday afternoon's Herald, "Pears, in looking clean through it, and somebody was slightly disappointed recently."

We beg to call attention to the leading item under our South Reading head this week. What our esteemed correspondent there refers to interests everybody. We hope our Selectmen will look at the matter.

The Acadian Recorder published at Halifax, Nova Scotia, is exceedingly "funny" over Russell's account of the Bull Run battle. It advises those who wish to indulge in a laugh, and who cannot afford to go to the "Spring Garden Theatre" and witness a farce, to read his account of that "flight." It says, "it (the account) is a simple, unadorned statement, but it furnishes a picture which is irresistibly funny." It is certainly funny how a man, who every body supposed when he came to this country, had a reputation to lose, could talk in such a funny manner upon things he never saw nor wished to see. Mr. Russell's visit to America, we think, will not redound to his credit or lend him new fame.

This same Recorder is decidedly "funny" in other respects than the above. It heads its news from this country with "Dis-United States," which looks as though it were trying to ape the Ethiopian's bad English, for no man in his sound senses can afford to believe for a moment that this Union is to be sundered by a foray of Southern madmen. When the Administration finds itself in a position to wield the ponderous power which it has accumulated and which it is adding to day after day, the people of the world at home and abroad will witness such gigantic strides as they never dreamt of before.

ACCIDENT.—A man by the name of Murphy was found on Thursday evening last, near Major T. J. Pierce's on Main Street, in quite a bad condition. It appears from his story that he started with a horse and wagon from Tewksbury that morning to go to Roxbury, and that on his way thither he took up two persons who had with them a "black bottle," and from which they insisted that he should imbibe. After doing this two or three times he says that he became deranged, and fell out of the wagon and bruised himself severely, but managed to get in again. From all appearances he fell out another time, but of that, and the time when his friends with the "black bottle" left him, he knows nothing. When found, he was in an exceedingly precarious condition, lying on the side of the road with his team near by, and bleeding freely from his cuts. He was at once taken to the lock-up, when it was found necessary to use two buckets of water before he could be made to look human—his head and face being nothing but a mass of clotted blood and mud. It was then found that he had sustained several severe cuts, and was fast becoming weak from loss of blood. Dr. B. Cutler was called and dressed his wounds. He remained in the lock-up all night and in the morning went on his way rejoicing.

MYSTERIOUS.—Where some men, who have not been nearer Washington than their own firesides, get their capability to say that the Administration are not alive to the exigencies of the times and that they are not making sufficient exertions; while those men who have been in Washington, and who had their eyes and ears open while there, say that the exertions and provisions of that body are perfectly prodigious. It may be all very well to make the Administration understand that they have a sensitive people at their backs, but constant probing at a wound generally causes it to fester.

WE have received a copy of "Lloyd's Military Map and Gazetteer of the Southern Country." This Map is as large as Walling's Map of Middlesex County, and is very correct and convenient. On the back of the map is an exceedingly complete "Historical and Descriptive Sketch of all places of interest in the Southern States, from the last Census, Surveys, and positive knowledge of the country." This map is just the thing for all persons who have a desire to study the places made interesting by the present war. The price of the map is low: Colored, in States in sheets, 50 cts.; do. in Counties also, 60 cts.; do. do., in Book Form, \$1.50; Mounted on Linen, and with Rollers, \$2.50. Sent anywhere by Mail on Receipt of Price. Address J. T. Lloyd, Publisher, 164 Broadway, New York.

GODEY FOR OCTOBER.—The time is at hand when summer fashions end. Autumn is upon us with its cool and yellow foliage, and the colors and styles which were appropriate to the summer solstice are becoming out of date and must be replaced by others more appropriate to the season and scenery. Godey, the indefatigable precursor of everything in the fashion world, is out with all that the lady of wealth, or of moderate means, requires to supply her wants. The fashion plate is large and excellent, and no one ought to fail in being pleased. Ladies, to prevent future regrets and annoyances, don't fail to examine Godey before you replenish your wardrobes.

By letters received this week, we learn that all the Woburn boys in the New York Ninth are well. The rebels are in close contiguity to them, and if they come much closer our boys will doubtless help to give them such a reception as all true soldiers give their enemies when they meet them on the battlefield, and wreath themselves in glory.

SINGING SCHOOL.—A school for all interested in the Study of Music, will be opened two weeks hence, in the Lecture Room of the First Congregational Church, under the direction of Mr. Wm. H. Clarke, organist of the church.

TAXES.—The Assessors give notice that they will meet at their room next Friday evening, for the transaction of any business that may come before them. Persons who feel that the Assessors have a too lofty opinion of their worldly goods, must then appear, or forever after hold their peace.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.—The President of this University has awarded one of its premiums for Latin scholars, to Warren K. Pierce, who was taught in the Providence High School, by Mr. John J. Ladd, late of Warren Academy.

THE NEW TREASURY NOTES.—The new Treasury Notes are fast coming into extensive circulation—rich men and poor taking them eagerly. The notes, in mechanical appearance, are neat and substantial. They are taken at any of the banks, and we would like very well to have ten thousand dollars worth of them in our possession.

PERSONAL.—The friends of Mr. George E. Whiting will be pleased to learn that his services have been secured by the Society of the Rev. Dr. Kirk, in Boston. We understand that he receives nearly two hundred dollars more per annum, than he did while in Woburn.

The Groton Mercury, we are very sorry to say, has ceased to exist. We had hoped that it would be spared to see many prosperous days.

COWS INJURED ON RAILROAD.—Two cows belonging to Capt. Cyrus Richardson were run into by the 12 o'clock train yesterday and severely injured. Both had to be killed.

SCHOOLS.—All the Schools in this town will be closed next Thursday, Sept. 26th, Fast Day.

WHAT LITTLE RHODY HAS DONE.—A correspondent of the Providence Post, writing from Washington, gives an account of a review of the R. I. regiment by General McClellan. The general was pleased to express his approbation of their soldierly appearance, and the orderly state of their camp. The correspondent closes as follows: "Rhode Island is making a splendid page in history. I hope she will not flag or slacken her efforts. There is but little danger that she will, with her present efficient executive. It is surprising how much one can accomplish. Who can properly appreciate or fully estimate the value of that first telegraph message of Gov. Sprague to the President, tendering him troops, when the capital was menaced? It remains for history to give full value to that act."

A PATRIOTIC WIFE.—Extract from a letter from a wife to her husband: "When the time comes, and your regiment is called upon to do its duty, then, dearest, let no thought of your child or of me unit you for the struggle; on the contrary, let it strengthen your soul and nerve your arm, for, in spirit, I will be with you—and you know I fear no danger in the path of duty, and feel that the shield of the Almighty is over us as securely in the midst of the battle as elsewhere."

With such a wife to give counsel, and such a government to protect the widow and the orphan, who could not lead a regiment in such a cause? "The sense of duty is a great source of courage with many and the best of men. It is reported of Lord Wellington that he saw one of his officers urging on his troops to almost certain death. His face was pale, but he was leading on his men. "There goes a brave man, he knows his danger, but he does his duty." This sort of courage will not always produce the most splendid and brilliant attacks upon the battle field, but it will eventuate in the most certain and permanent success.

KENTUCKY.—Hon. J. S. Jackson, member of Congress, representing the second district of Kentucky, is raising a regiment of cavalry in Louisville, for the service of the United States.

THE COTTON FEVER.—The lack-of-the-supply-of-cotton fever is said to have subsided in England and on the European continent. It is confidently asserted by letters to prominent persons that the supply will not fail at least during the winter.

THE RELEASE OF MAYOR BERRET.—Mayor Berret owes his release from imprisonment, primarily, to an influence proceeding from Albany; secondarily, to his taking the oath of allegiance, and promising any amount of loyal behavior.

Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, who, with his family, resides the next door to the Persian ambassador, in Paris, recently declined the invitation of the latter to attend the festival in honor of the Shah's birthday, because it came on the Sabbath.

WHAT A BRITISH THINKS.—A major general of the British army accompanied Gen. McClellan around the fortifications before and around Washington. The British soldier expressed himself satisfied that the capital could not be taken by rebels.

THE KENTUCKY RESOLUTIONS.—The following resolutions have passed both houses of the Kentucky Legislature: Resolved, That Kentucky's peace and neutrality have been wantonly violated, her soil has been invaded, the rights of her citizens have been grossly infringed by the so-called southern confederate forces. This has been done without cause; therefore, Be it resolved, That the governor be requested to call out the military force of the State to expel and drive out the invaders.

Resolved, That the United States be invoked to give aid and assistance, that protection against invasion which is granted to each one of the States by the 4th section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That General Robert Anderson be, and he is hereby, requested to enter immediately upon the active discharge of his duties in his military district.

Resolved, That we appeal to the people of Kentucky, by the ties of patriotism and honor, by the ties of common interest and common defense, by the remembrance of the past, and by the hopes of future national existence, to assist in repelling and driving out the wanton violators of our peace and neutrality, the lawless invaders of our soil.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Visit to Camp Schouler.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Your correspondent visited Lynnfield camp ground, on Wednesday last, for the purpose of viewing the troops, and the excellent accommodations for camp life,—our visions of which were surpassed by the reality. The neatness and orderly arrangement of everything connected with the camp speaks well for the good discipline and efficiency of the officers. The men had been preparing for a rain by ditching around their respective tents. Everything looked comfortable, and all appeared cheerful. It was said there were twelve hundred men already sworn in. A large number of spectators were on the ground; a good proportion of whom were ladies. We met a large party from Woburn, who appeared to be enjoying the scene finely.

We passed by the commissariat while the men were taking their rations, each one receiving a plate well filled with a generous share of meat, potatoes, carrots, turnips, beets, cabbages, &c., &c., while on shelves in the rear of the commissariat, we observed huge piles of green corn ready to boil for the next day. This generous supply of provisions was the donation of our fellow townsman, Mr. Wm. B. Harris. He has committed such acts before, for which the members of the Union Guard, Co. G, will hold him in grateful remembrance.

By invitation of Lieutenant Crane, we accepted the hospitalities of Co. G, and did ample justice to as good a boiled dinner as "any other man." We heard men of different companies, speak in high terms of the commissariat department.

A large number of recruits were sworn in while I was there, who stepped off to the music of the Union, and were soon in line for a battalion drill. The drill and dress parade which followed, were both well executed, and when the men have received their muskets and equipments, they will make a fine display. A finer body of men than compose Capt. Follet's Battery I never saw. Their drill was admirable. The Hon. Henry Wilson was on the ground, surveying his command during the dress parade.

I left the camp shortly after, much pleased with the admirable provision made at Camp Schouler for the comfort of the troops.

CHRONIC.

The National Fast.

Governor Andrew has issued the following Proclamation, in accordance with the President's Proclamation, appointing Thursday, September 26th, as a Public Fast.

Whereas, It is important that the day thus appointed shall be recognized by all the people of this Commonwealth, and devoutly observed by all ministers and congregations at their accustomed places of meeting on occasions of religious solemnity.

Now therefore, I, JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby request and direct, that the aforesaid proclamation of the President of the United States, be printed, promulgated and distributed throughout the Commonwealth, in the same manner as are the proclamations of the days of Annual Fast and Thanksgiving issued by the Governor thereof.

May all the people, uniting in a common offering of prayer and contrition of heart, overlooking all differences, in an humble sense of the need and blessedness of Divine Favor; and following the example of our common Lord and Saviour, bow their hearts before the altars of their Faith, and pour out the humble and hearty desires of their souls for the guidance of God through all our paths.

His direction and strength in the way of duty, His forbearing mercy toward our sins and remissions, and His saving help to enable this Nation to deserve and therefore to win success over all the enemies of our peace and welfare.

And may the God of our Fathers hear us, inspire us with a living faith, a burning zeal, unflinching courage, devoted steadfastness to duty, and undying love for the rights of humanity, made glorious to all men by the life of Jesus Christ in the flesh; and as he was to our fathers so may he be to their children, to the remotest generation.

To the People of the South.

The following excellent appeal, which we copy from the National Intelligencer, is from the pen of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Maryland:

"A citizen of Maryland, in sincerity of heart and with a single motive, claims your fraternal attention while he submits to your serious consideration and for your calm reflection a few plain remarks upon the existing state of affairs.

The basis of my view is that the whole South has been deluded and violently driven into a false position. Every man of you is aware that the plea put forth for all apprehension and agitation was, that should a Republican President be elected he would immediately after his inauguration, use the whole power of government, the army and the navy, the purse and the sword, to liberate the slaves of the Southern States by a steady and concerted system of raids and incursions from the Northern States, and that, consequently, it was necessary that a quick succession of coups d'etat was absolutely required in order not only to arm the Southern States, but to place them beyond the pale of the Constitution and the operation of the laws of Congress, which it was alleged, would be passed, in defiance of the Constitution, to violate the rights and subjugate the South."

These apprehensions, whether feigned or real, were the plea for setting in operation all possible devices, schemes, stratagems, and even the violation of solemn oaths, sacred trusts, and obligations of honor of men high in power and potent in authority, for inflaming your minds and passions, weakening your confidence in the institutions of your country, and placing you in an attitude in which, by an easy transition, you would be changed from a peaceable, law-abiding, and happy state, to one of an agitated, ferocious, and vindictive nature, to which, like a mine of gunpowder, it would only be necessary to apply the match in order to explode the whole face of nature, and devastate this fair and happy country as with fire and sword, bloodshed and ruin.

You are now unfortunately in that attitude, but where is the feigned enemy, where

is the ferocious tyrant, so geographically portrayed by your eloquent prompters and deivers? Is he found in the Executive Mansion, where your Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and Jackson, and Taylor once presided—in that Mansion sanctified by the spirit of the Constitution and the faithful administration of the laws of our common country? You cannot find that hideous monster there. Abraham Lincoln, a native of Kentucky, has been placed there in conformity with the old, tried, and confessedly noble and unequalled Constitution, adopted and confirmed by the sage and venerated fathers of the republic. His flag is that glorious emblem of our great country, the stars and the stripes, and he presented it to his countrymen on entering upon the duties of his office, on a staff entwined with evergreen and surmounted with the olive branch. This flag led the brave old Maryland line to victory and liberty, and is dear to the heart of every true and faithful ton of Maryland; and those who have rejected this flag, so presented by the Chief Magistrate, and desecrated its noble and sacred character by insult, violence, vindictive contumely, and unnatural and cruel war upon our constitutional government and their fellow citizens of the United States, can never expect to receive the sympathies of the friends of that Union which has hitherto given the whole American family peace, prosperity, and happiness at home, and protection, safety, and honor throughout the world.

Least of all can such ruthless and licentious destructiveness expect to receive any countenance or sympathy from the faithful friends of the Constitution, law, and order of old Maryland, where civil and religious liberty was first planted on the American soil, and whose eternal motto is, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

MARYLAND.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.—The good time, so often spoken of as "coming," will be when everybody enjoys health, wealth, and prosperity; the first requisite of which is health, to secure which pure and wholesome food is necessary. The bread used should not be mixed with impure Saleratus like the numerous compounds with which our markets are flooded. JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS is the only article of the kind that is perfectly pure and wholesome. Depot, 345 Washington St. New York.

THE New England Carpet Company, of Boston, have seven advertisements in our paper to-day, in which great inducements are offered to purchasers.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

In searching the records for information connected with the American Revolution at this distance of time from it, it is common to wish that the chronicler had been a little more particular in noting events which to him might appear too trivial to be preserved for the gaze of future generations. Many things yearly occur in every town which find no record except in the memory of some close observer, who after many long years have passed, entertains his children and grandchildren with the relation of events to which "distance" lends "enchantment." We are now living in stirring and eventful times, such as never before were witnessed, and probably the like will never be witnessed again. To those who come after us the scenes which are now being enacted will appear almost too strange for belief. The general history of the present war will be of intense interest, but there should be a history preserved connected with every town that furnishes men or means for the defence of the country. Let the Clerk or Selectmen of each town keep a book on military affairs, and record therein the name of every person who serves in the war, with the name of the Company, Captain, Regiment, Colonel, &c., the time of his enlistment, and being sworn into service, the time of his departure and return, and every other little circumstance that might be proper to be connected with his history. The names and deeds of our volunteer soldiers deserve to be handed down to posterity, and at the close of a half century or so such records would be read with the liveliest interest. The child, with pride, will point to them as containing the name of his sire or grand sire, and the future citizen will find in them matter to employ his tongue on numerous festive occasions. Such history should be penned while the scenes are passing, so as to bear the deep impression of the present hour. This matter will engage the attention of the authorities of this town, and a "book of remembrance" will be written.

It is quite evident that South Reading will do her part toward furnishing men for the defense of our country. Every week new ones join the several regiments that are now forming. Even the little village of Greenwood, containing about two hundred and fifty inhabitants, has already furnished nineteen persons, among whom is the eldest son of Hon. P. H. Sweetser, who has received a commission of Quartermaster's Sergeant.

Some of the money brought home from the seat of war by Mayor Wightman of Boston, was sent by soldiers from this town, whose families received it by express the present week. The Selectmen are endeavoring to open a direct channel for other remittances.

The Annual Exhibition of the South Reading Horticultural Society will be held on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 2d.

M.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Acting a Lie for Amusement.

Thirty years since in Germantown, Penn., I became acquainted with the author of the "Annals of Philadelphia." I found he kept a blank book for recording brief reflections on any particular topic that impressed his mind. These MSS. he intended to leave to his children, hoping they might derive some benefit from their father's observations and

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 52.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

A Call to Action.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand eventful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Truth and Error to the fray;
Hark! what soundeth? 'tis creation
Grousing for its latter day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! 'tis Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold you,
Faith and arms in lazy lock?
Up, O, up, then, drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

World's are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The two Angels.

The angel that garners
The loved ones of earth,
The grain and the blossoms,
The buds by the hearth,
One sweet morning fingered
With sickle in hand,
As tho' loth to obey
The mournful command,—
To cut down the idols
That alas! were but clay,
And write on the beautiful
Signs of decay.
To pass through each household,
And leave a trace of
The shadow of death
On some sunny face,
The Lord of the garden
Was passing that way
And questioned the angel
Of his long delay.
"O! Master, the mourning,
The anguish I see,
When I follow the pathway
Appointed by thee,
Appals me, I linger,
Unwilling to go."
The dark angel is weeping
O'er scenes of earth's woe.
Then the Master commissioned
The angel of birth,
With the garnishing angel
To pass down to earth,
Now they enter earth's households
On each passing day,
One leaves a sweet treasure—
And one takes away.
And our smiles and our weeping
Are equal on earth,
So close come the angels
Of death and of birth.

ZELLA GERTRUDE GREY.

Select Literature.

THE WATCH.

A TALE OF THE WARS.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

"If I must tell you a story," said the Major, "it shall be, at least, after my own fashion."

"After my fashion," replied the widow, with a smile, "so that you do, tell it. You men-at-arms so often furnish the material for a tale, that we could almost forgive you, or, at least, not be very angry, if you even advance yourself to the brevet rank of hero, and give one of the

Moving accidents by flood and field, in which, one time and another, during a life of military adventure, you must have been picked up. So, gallant sir, commence."

"I am half inclined to take you at your word," responded the Major, "as the temptation of making myself a hero, for this once, is really a very great one. But I shall avoid it; you shall have a story of which I am only one of the accessories—a tale without even a heroine; I shall give you the history of my watch."

It was early in 1809, a fortnight before Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed for Lisbon, to take chief command of the British troops in Portugal, that I then in my seventeenth year, was taken from school, on a fine spring morning, to carry a pair of colors to his majesty George the Third; in other words, I was suddenly elevated from a boarding-school to the *Gazette*, which duly announced the appointment of John Shelton, gent., to be ensign in the 20th foot, without purchase.

The change which came over the spirit of my dream was indeed a bewildering one. *Entre nous*, I was not exactly the brightest scholar in my class, and I, therefore, innumerable were the vexations to which I was subjected almost daily, by this lad being a better translator of Homer, and that lad being better skilled in the prosody of the brabbed odes of Pegasus, than myself. But now—they were school-boys, and I was (in my own opinion, at least), a future and honored conqueror. I bore my preferment very modestly—considering! The two lines in the *Gazette* had made me a man. I really doubt which caused me greater annoyance—the apprehension that my handsome uniform would not arrive in time for me to exhibit it in church on Sunday, or the doubt whether my most indefatigable shaving for whiskers would produce the desired effect by the time I joined my regiment.

The uniform came, and a very handsome and becoming one it was. But, alas, for the uncertainty of all worldly hopes! with it came an order that I should be in the Cove by noon, on that very Sunday which I had destined to witness my *debut en militaire*. There was no alternative; the 28th regiment of foot, in

which I was junior ensign, was to sail for Portugal; and wiping away the unwelcome tears which would gush out, as I bade farewell to my family and friends, I took my seat on the "Rakes of Mellow" coach, was in Cork to breakfast, in Cove at noon, and in my hammock, sea-sick, three hours after. And such was my entrance into the world of action.

I shall spare you a description of the unpleasantness of the voyage—how we were pursued by two hostile-looking vessels, which turned out to be British frigates—how we were tossed in the Bay of Biscay, quite as much as Sancho Panza in the blanket—with a great many other 'hows,' which, if put together, would make a succession of scenes more easily imagined than described, as novel writers say. You will take it for granted, by my being in bodily presence before you, that I was not drowned. I safely arrived at Lisbon, on St. George's day, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley having landed the day before.

Pray do not expect that I am to give you anything like a detail of the wars. It is enough to say that Wellesley was appointed marshal-general of the Portuguese troops—forced Soult to abandon Oporto—moved so rapidly as to prevent the concentration of the French armies,—marched upon the Alentejo so threateningly as to alarm Joseph Bonaparte into action on the defensive, aided Marshal Jourdan, and the corps of Victor and Sabastiani—and fought the battle of Talavera, on the 28th of July, 1809. If King Joseph had taken the advance of Jourdan, and avoided a decided battle, until Soult had come upon the British rear, with the corps of Ney and Mortier, I will not say what the result might have been; but Victor, who was a mere *substitut*, said he could dislodge our troops from their fine position, and as Joseph Bonaparte was afraid of being scolded by Napoleon, if, with the enemy in view, he delayed to fight, the battle was commenced at sunrise. It continued until mid-day, beneath a broiling sun, until at last the combatants on either side gave over fighting from actual exhaustion. There might then be seen men from both armies slaking their thirst at opposite sides of the same brook, and shaking hands across it in acknowledgment of their sense of mutual valor. This truce lasted for three hours, after which the battle was renewed and continued until night. The French, I am told, offered to consider that we gained no victory; I know, however, that the next morning no Frenchman was to be found on the field, except the dead and wounded. It is pretty clear, also, what the issue of the battle must have been considered in England, for the acknowledgment was, that Sir Arthur Wellesley was created Viscount Wellington of Talavera.

I would very willingly relate all my own deeds of valor in this engagement, but, unfortunately, I was wounded very early in the day, and the tender mercy of the surgeon, who pitied my extreme youth, made him give a positive order that I should keep quiet in my tent, or he could not answer for the consequences of my—*flesh wound*. I do not recollect that my valor was particularly indignant at thus being restrained!

The morning after the battle, I sallied out to look at the field. It was strewn with the dead and wounded. I know not what carried me on, but I proceeded to the spot in which the brunt of the contest had taken place—where, in fact, Victor had directed the chief of his force against our left. Here, though it was strictly forbidden by Sir Arthur, I found the work of plunder proceeding rapidly and extensively. Our men were busy enough, but the sutling women seemed accomplished plunderers. They turned over the dead, and ripped open their pockets with all imaginable sang froid.

Some twenty or thirty yards from the main mass of plunderers, was a group consisting of three soldiers of my own regiment, surrounding a wounded French officer. As I came up they were in the act of searching his person in a very *gentle* manner. I advanced, and commanded them to quit their prey. They showed every inclination not to heed my command, but a pique passing by at the moment, I was enabled without difficulty to enforce it. The officer, much exhausted from loss of blood, and not anything the better for having passed the night exposed to the chill dews, no sooner understood that I was a British officer, than claiming my protection, he surrendered himself prisoner. I had him removed to my own quarters, and paid him the utmost attention, by calling in the best surgical assistance which, at that time, could be obtained.

I soon learned that my prisoner was no less a personage than Gen. Laroche. (I think that was his name, or something like it,) a favorite officer of Napoleon's. I acquainted Sir Arthur Wellesley with my good fortune, and received his assent to my proposition that the general should remain in my quarters until the surgeons declared him able to bear removal, for he had been very severely wounded.

Natural gratitude on his side, and my own sympathy for his sufferings, soon bound us together in the bonds of friendship. After a time, giving me his fullest confidence, he informed me that I had preserved more than his life, for that, anxious to embrace the first honorable opportunity of quitting the service, and anticipating opposition from Napoleon, he had realized all his convertible property into English bills of exchange, which he had on his person when my opportune arrival prevented their being forcibly taken away from

him. His wife and children he had sent to America, at the commencement of the campaign in Spain, and had determined to join them when he honorably could, and the bills which he had preserved would afford him a pleasant competence.

Immediately after the battle of Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley retired to Portugal, recommending his abandoned wounded and sick to the generosity of Victor—a trust which this gallant enemy honorably and humanely discharged. My prisoner, however, was of too much importance to be left behind, and accompanied us to Portugal.

In a few months the general was restored to comparative health, and seeking an interview with Lord Wellington, (for his new honors had already become known), took the opportunity of detailing, as flatteringly as he could, the part which I had taken in his capture. What further passed I know not, but Lord Wellington restored him to liberty, on his parole not to serve, during the campaign, against the British. At the close of the interview I was sent for, and went to Lord Wellington's tent, in company with Lieut. Teulon, a brother officer. Lord Wellington was pleased to pay me some compliments on my conduct, and acquainted me that my *quondam* prisoner was about being discharged from my custody. It was then that Gen. Laroche, taking a valuable watch from his pocket, requested my acceptance of it as a reward for my having preserved his life and property. Lord Wellington said, with a smile, "My young friend will scarcely take a reward for the performance of his duty, (for humanity is as requisite as courage), but I venture to say that he will be proud to preserve such a memorial of your friendship."

Accordingly I accepted the gift. In a few days Gen. Laroche went away, and we learned soon after that he had succeeded in obtaining a ship bound from Oporto to Philadelphia, in which he embarked, and safely rejoined his family in the United States.

The watch which I had received was of Italian workmanship, and of great value. It had several pretty contrivances: the dial plate opened, when the repeater was struck, and exhibited some moveable figures of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which performed various evolutions according to the hour. Then it could go for a week without winding, there being some machinery to wind it up as fast on one side as fast as it went down on the other. Besides this, it had, what was a novelty at the time, extra works capable of playing two or three simple airs. In fact, it was a remarkable watch, and I value it very much, for its curiosity, as well as for the sake of the donor.

I shall not trouble you with any particulars of the various events during the war, in which I bore a part. It is enough to say that, at the close of the campaigns in 1814, I was pretty high in the list of lieutenants, and returned to Ireland with the 28th. I need not say how welcomed I was, for the warmth of an Irish welcome is quite proverbial, but I really doubt whether, after a while, the watch was not quite as much the object of attraction as myself. One would think it had everlasting works, for they were never out of repair, although I was compelled, at least a dozen times a day, to strike the repeater, that the dial might fly back and exhibit the moving figures, and the musical part was seldom allowed to be silent. Patient and much enduring watch, in what constant requisition wert thou not?

I will not undertake to say that the works of my patience might not speedily have been worn out, if the escape of Napoleon from Elba and the consequences, had not again called the 28th into active service. We were at Brussels on the 15th of June—three days before the battle of Waterloo—having been most kindly treated by the inhabitants, and expecting every hour to hear that Napoleon had commenced his onward movement. It was about seven o'clock in the evening that the Duke of Wellington learned, by a courier from Marshal Blucher, that the French were pushing on for Quatre Bras. A very brilliant ball was to have been held that night at Brussels, to which a great many of the English officers were invited. The duke, not willing to alarm the inhabitants, quickly sent orders through the cantonnements that the troops should be in readiness; at the same time he determined to attend himself with his officers, and thus prevent the possibility of any suspicion of peril. It was at this ball that his Grace received the intelligence (five hours after the arrival of the first courier) of the actual commencement of hostilities by Napoleon.

It has been said, by those who knew nothing of the matter, that the Duke of Wellington was either dithyrambic or surprised. He was neither. When Blucher's first courier arrived there was not enough known of Napoleon's intention and movements to warrant any counter-movements by our troops. It was extremely doubtful whether he meant to attack the British by the road of Mons, the Prussians (as he did) by that of Charleroi. The second courier's dispatch solved the doubt, and the march and concentration of our army took place that night.

I was one of the company at the ball, and with the rest hurried to quarters to change my fustal attire for apparel better suited to the hard service of war. This done, I hastened to the market-place where the gallant 28th were already under arms. My friend Teulon, as we were momentarily expecting orders to

"march," asked me the time. I felt for the watch—the watch—but it was gone. I remembered of leaving it on the table when I was changing my dress, and could not be persuaded—even at the risk of being absent from my men when the order to march was given—from hastily returning to my quarters in search of my treasure. But it was gone. Search was in vain, and running back to the square I was just in time to accompany the corps, which had received orders to march with the fifth division.

It is needless to mention what followed. The battle of Quatre Bras and Eigny were fought on the 16th, and the 18th was the day of Waterloo.

It was about seven in the evening of the day, when the fate of Europe was decided, that a group of officers were standing with myself not far from the tree close to which Picton fell. One of them, a brave fellow named Kennedy, said: "Ah, we have escaped this time!" "We have," I replied, "and I am astonished, for I was never in a pitched engagement yet that I did not receive a wound." While I was speaking a shell certainly the last fired on that field fell and burst among us. Poor Kennedy! it killed him. I was more fortunate, it only broke my right arm.

What followed I knew not. I found myself, some days after the battle, in a house at Brussels, carefully and kindly attended. Was I dreaming that I fancied I saw Gen. Laroche bending over me? I was not mistaken, it was indeed himself. I was beneath his roof, and remained there till my wound was healed.

He told me that Napoleon's first defeat in 1814, his heart yearned for his country, and he had returned with his family from America; but owing to the unsettled condition of France at the Restoration, he deemed it a wiser plan to take up his residence at Brussels. There he had lived for some months in comparative seclusion, amid his happy family.

After the battle of Waterloo, every house was put in requisition for the wounded; and by a curious chance, if chance it could be called, his hospitality had been challenged for me.

If I were writing a romance, instead of telling a very simple story, I should be pathetic over the really affecting scene of my being introduced by Gen. Laroche to his family as the man who saved his life, as they had often heard stated by himself. But I let you take it for granted that I was much touched by the grateful expressions of thanks conveyed by word, by look, by action which this grateful family tendered me. I was treated by them rather as a son and brother than as a stranger.

I had been two months in Gen. Laroche's family ere I could summon courage to mention the loss of his splendid gift, made more valuable by the associations with which it was connected. At last it happened that the subject was introduced by himself. "As I do not see the watch with you," said he, "I presume that you have transferred it to the safe keeping of a fair hand. Is it so? Have you, since I saw you in Portugal, espoused another mistress than glory?" I told him how I had lost his gift. "Well," said he, "as your English play has it, 'watches were made to go,' and yours has gone, I am sorry for it, though as it was a gift to me from the Empress Josephine, I would have parted with it to none but to him who preserved my life. But there is no use in grieving for the loss. I shall give you another watch on condition that you restore it to me when you regain possession of your own." "There is little chance," said I. "Nay," he rejoined, laughing; "I am something of a seer, and have a presentiment that you will one day discover it."

In a few days I was pronounced well enough to join my regiment in the army of occupation, and as I was taking leave of the General he handed me another watch, which he insisted I should accept; "not as a gift," said he, "but merely to wear until you recover your own."

With your leave I will now pass over an interval of thirteen years. We will bound from 1815 to 1828. I had made arrangements to leave London for Ireland on June 15, 1828, the anniversary of my beautiful watch's disappearance. My seat had been taken in the Bristol mail, and I was rapidly walking from the city to Charing Cross, when (on the right hand of the Strand, within a door or two of Holywell street) I saw a quantity of cheap watches in the window of a pawnbroker's shop, and a low priced set of Waverley novels. I had intended to buy a watch for my servant, and stepped into the shop to make the purchase. A variety was produced, of all qualities and prices. Having chosen one, the vender (who saw that I had gold and notes in my purse) said that he would like to tempt me with a very beautiful watch, which he could sell at an exceeding low rate. He produced a drawer full of gold watches, and took from the heap one which was carefully put up in a chamotte bag. On taking the bag away I saw my long lost watch!

I was prudent enough not to surprise by gesture or word the pleasure and surprise I felt at seeing my old friend after a separation of thirteen years. I examined it as carefully as if I had never seen it before, taking care not to move the dial, and not to set the music going. I opened it to make "assurance doubly sure," and on the inside I recognized the initials J. S. and the date 1812, which I had rudely scratched there with my penknife. There could be no mistake about the identity,

But the point was how to recover it. The pawn office person told me that the price was forty guineas, and that it had been pawned with him thirteen years before, by a person whom he described so accurately as to leave no doubt that he was my own servant, whom I had missed after the battle of Waterloo, and had believed to have fallen. It was clear that the scamp found the watch after I had left it on the table, and decamped with it; of its value he must have been ignorant, and the pawn-office person appeared to be equally so. He had advanced twenty guineas on it and demanded forty, being about an eighth of its real value.

Having quitted the shop, I stood opposite St. Clements Church for a few moments, musing on the most feasible plan of recovering the watch. I was ignorant whether the stolen property would be got it back as stolen property. I made up my mind to return and pay the man his price for it, when Major Teulon came up. He had that moment stepped off a coach from Dover, having landed there from Corfu the previous day. I had parted with him in France in 1816, and he had been abroad with the regiment (from which I retired the same year) until this very time.

It was curious that I should discover the *locus* of the watch on the very day thirteen years after it had been lost, and that the only man except the Duke of Wellington who was by me when Gen. Laroche gave it to me, was Major Teulon who, after an absence of years, came up just as I had found it.

Having told him what had just occurred, Teulon entered the shop, made an excuse to see the watch, bought the Waverley set for a trifle to put the seller off his guard, and came off convinced that it could be no other than my lost one. Thus confirmed in my conviction of its identity, I proceeded to Sir Richard Birnie, whom I knew, told him the circumstances and asked his assistance. He was much struck with the story, and appointed an officer to assist me. In a word, after delaying in town a few days my watch was returned to me on the payment of a sum so small, that my attorney was afraid the design was to entrap me into the commission of what is called "compounding a felony."

Here, after a world of vicissitudes, is the watch. And thus ends my story.

The watch was exhibited, the repeater struck, the dial flew back, the zodiacal signs beneath moved, the musical department "discharged most eloquent music," the mechanism was wondered at and explained, and the jeweled ornaments were admired, especially as they were the taste of an empress.

"You have made a good story of it," said the widow; "but it would have been much more interesting if you had introduced a lady into it."

"It rests with you," said the Major in a tone so low as to be inaudible by all except her for whom it was especially intended, "it rests with you to give the story its fit finale by becoming the owner."

"Of the watch?"
"And its master?"
Their eyes met a moment. The lady's cheek flushed; she muttered "what nonsense!" and did not look angry.

I am no judge of symptoms, if the Empress Josephine's handsome watch does not speedily change owners. I cannot say, however, though there is an *od* dit to that effect, that the widow and the Major have yet actually named the happy day.

The Clergyman's Lieutenant.

Miss Jellaby rose at six one beautiful autumn morning, and throwing open her chamber windows, sniffed once or twice, at the fragrance coming up from the roses in the garden below. Then she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall cottage over the way. A very modest pretty little house it was, with roses and syringa growing under each window, and woodbine and jessamine climbing over the door; but Miss Jellaby was not admiring its beauty just then. She looked up at a front window, on the second floor, and gave a vicious snort.

"As I expected! She isn't up yet, and here it is six o'clock! And where is he, I wonder?"

Before she had time to answer the question, as it was asked—mentally—the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellaby, shrinking behind her curtain, saw a handsome man come out and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was easy to see by the slight roll in his walk that he was a sailor, though for the matter of that, his bearing, handsome features, and frank, hearty manner, would have told the tale, if he had never stirred a step. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then as if to say good morning to the fairest, and at length removing the cigar from his mouth when he did so.

"He couldn't do more if he were speaking to a woman," said the spinster, applying her eye to the hole left purposely in the white curtain. "The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes, —and dressed in the blue gingham, too. I wonder what her morning gowns cost her through the year? And her slippers—there they go right through the wet, well, there—"

Words failed the worthy spinster. Meanwhile the owner of the slippers—and very

pretty little affairs they were—(bronzed-laced and rosetted with a spangle that shone like a dew drop) tripped down the walk, so lightly that the gentleman did not hear her step, and coming upon him as he bent over a bed of violets, gave him a push that sent him on his face among them. To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through the alleys—to see him kiss her, when he prounced her at last in his strong arms—and to see her pretend to box his ears, for it was a sight for a loving heart to watch—but Miss Jellaby, over opposite, nearly fainted away with horror. She rang her bell violently, and a square faced, sour looking woman, who had lived with her for years made her appearance.

"Susan!"

"Well," said the amiable domestic, briefly. Before Miss Jellaby could speak, the unconscious pair in the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

"Walking up and down in broad daylight, with his arms around her waist—just look at her Susan! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that man is only her brother?"

"Dear me, ma'am—how can I tell? I only know that they look alike, and that they have the same name, Helen and Philip Graham. I was told so."

"Humph! It is my opinion that some one ought to speak to Mr. Fullerton."

"The minister? What for?"

"Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see what it all means. They are no more brother and sister than you and I are!"

"Well, what are they then?"

"That remains to be told—the wretches! But Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to rights. I shall go and see him after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me."

"Have some peace, I suppose," muttered Susan, under her breath, as she followed Miss Jellaby down to the parlor.

Breakfast being over, Miss Jellaby sallied forth to the parsonage.

The good pastor looked up with a meek sign, as that lady entered his study.

"The clergyman was a quiet, peace-loving man, somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments, when she attempted to do so. She stayed nearly half an hour with him; and at the expiration of that time people who were on the lookout saw her conveying the unhappy parson in the direction and at last through the very gate of Randall Cottage."

A tidy-looking old servant admitted them, ushered them into a pleasant nursery room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was home again. Miss Jellaby strode up and down the room like a dragon, eyeing everything about her, and making observations in an undertone, which, however, he could not help hearing.

"Such extravagance! Look at that carpet now—all roses and lilies, and straggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with a druggist, as I am."

She took another turn.

"And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt; or Italians; and the rest follows as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these people are heathens!"

"Hardly, I think, or they never would have come to church last Sabbath."

"Oh, you don't know that; perhaps they have some private end to gain by it," said Miss Jellaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure. She saw him laughing, and grew indignant.

"Let those laugh who win, I say, Mr. Fullerton. I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled."

"Nor I," said the minister with a rueful look.

"A crucifix, as I am a sinner," she murmured a moment afterwards. "There, Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! hanging on the wall here in broad day-light. Shall I pull it down?"

"Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellaby?" said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and of laughter in the garden prevented her giving him what she called "a piece of her mind." There was a race up the broad path, that sobered into a walk when the young couple neared the windows, followed by the old servant, who had been in the grounds to call them.

"Sin wears a different face from that; it" he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney piece, and stood eyeing them with sour disposition.

"Your neighbor, Miss Jellaby," said Mr. Fullerton, adding in a low whisper, to her, as they sought about the room for easy chairs: "it's all a mistake, my good creature—there's nothing wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with the matter. Say nothing, and let this pass as a morning call."

"Say nothing, indeed! Mr. Fullerton, I am astonished at you!" was her reply, too audibly made, however, for Mr. Graham heard it, though he was too courteous to look surprised.

"Pray take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton," said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the strange behavior of her guests.

"No, my child," said the clergyman, kind-

ly. Sometime I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow at having been persuaded against my better judgment to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you."

"My dear sir, forgive me if I don't quite understand!" exclaimed the captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

"I will tell you at another time," said Mr. Fullerton, nervously. "I will only say, in explanation of this intrusion, that it has been caused by a most ridiculous mistake. Miss Jellaby, will you allow me to accompany you home?"

Miss Jellaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—
"No!"

"Is she mad?" whispered Helen to the clergyman. "What does it all mean?"

Miss Jellaby heard her.

"It means this, madam, this and nothing more, that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of doing his duty, I am not!"

"Was there ever such an unfortunate piece of business? Miss Jellaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, or to insult these young creatures. I command you, as your master, not to speak."

"I take no orders from the man who shrinks from his duty," said the spinster, loftily.

"My dear sir, (turning to the captain,) it seems I cannot spare you this infliction, so I may as well tell you what this good lady means. She lives opposite you, as you already know—"

"And she has seen you time and again, when you thought yourselves quite alone—remember that!" chimed in the sharp voice of the spinster.

"Do be quiet, my dear Miss Jellaby. As she says, she has often seen you—"

"Kissing!" exploded from the thin lips.

"Miss Jellaby, either you or I must be silent. From these things she has drawn her own conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that for a brief space she persuaded me into believing them. I need not add that from the instant you entered this room, my suspicions vanished, and I would readily stake my life, this moment, upon your perfect integrity."

"But, my dear sir," said Capt. Graham, smiling, "of what does this lady suspect us?"

"Tell them, Miss Jellaby; I will not."

"Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton. However, no one shall say that I shrink back from my duty!"

"We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed," said Capt. Graham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to his side. Miss Jellaby gasped at the caress; then it seemed to give her fresh energy.

"Before my very eyes, sir?"

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you will kiss her next."

"Well, now you mention it—I think I will." And he did! Miss Jellaby nearly fainted away with horror.

"Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand so quietly, and watch this shameful conduct?—as for you, sir," she added, turning to the good humored captain, "you need not think every one will tolerate your audacious—"

"Take breath, my dear Miss Jellaby."

"It is infamous," shouted the enraged spinster. "Brother and sister, indeed! you are no more her brother than you are mine, Capt. Graham."

"I know it—I never said I was."

Mr. Fullerton looked rather puzzled—Miss Jellaby was triumphant.

"Well you are brazen about it, I must say. This town will soon be too hot to hold you, depend upon it."

"I never knew it was a crime not to be a woman's brother before," said the captain quietly. "However, there is a relation between us, if it please you any better."

"What is it?"

"I am her cousin—the ward of her father, and I have always lived with her family in England."

"Oh!"

There was a world of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

"Also, I have the honor

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR,
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Reading.—Messrs. J. D. Mansfield,
Fitchester.—Messrs. J. D. Mansfield,

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1861.

TO OUR PATRONS.

With this week ends the Tenth Volume of the JOURNAL. Next week the Eleventh volume commences under a new proprietor. The present proprietor for the past two years has received many favors from the readers of the JOURNAL, all of which are remembered with feelings of kindness and gratitude. The JOURNAL will be continued under the control of one who has been connected with the office for the past seven years, and who has had some knowledge of what is required to make the paper as acceptable in the future as it has been in the past. The continuance of the patronage and good-will of old friends is most respectfully solicited. With this short valedictory, a final adieu is taken of our many patrons and friends.

The Coming Battle.

Affairs on the line of the Potomac appear to be coming to a crisis slowly, but surely. The passing of a few hours may suffice to bring together in mortal combat hundreds of thousands of brave men—brothers once, but the ties of brotherhood are severed and turned into the fiercest hatred, such as can be generated only when members of a family disagree,—by the wickedness of debased men. The quietness that has brooded over the armies in Virginia for the past few months will soon be displaced by the booming of the death-dealing cannon and the clashing of polished steel. The Battle of the Potomac, when it does come, will bring out the flower and chivalry of both sides, and the blows that will be struck will be hard and true. One side will fight to retain their valorous name, and the other will fight to regain valor that was unfairly lost. Upon this battle hangs more than most people will allow. If General McClellan is defeated, and the enemy take good advantage of the defeat, Washington will be placed in a very embarrassing position, and also the whole Union cause. Nothing but reports of disasters have hitherto fallen upon the ears of our people, the capture of Hatteras alone breaking the cheerless monotony. The public mind is not in a condition now to rebound from the effects of another defeat, especially if it is a severe one. We, as a people, have never been taught to bear defeat gracefully, and besides it is something we are totally unaccustomed to, and when it does come we wriggle and twist like a fish out of water. If we are only surmising, but stranger things have happened and will happen again—our army is repulsed and discomfited, we will see darker days than ever our fathers witnessed eighty years ago. We will have a dispirited army and a discontented and indignant people, against whom, perhaps, the government will be unable to bear up. Nothing short of a decisive victory will satisfy us, for the very reason that we have allowed a too insignificant idea of the prowess of the rebels to take deep root in our minds. We have laid the flattering unction too closely to our hearts for instantaneous removal, that nothing but a series of victories were in store for us. We have bolstered ourselves up with the belief that every day's delay was in our favor and ourselves ready to receive the worst, ever basking in mind that the race is not always to the swift or to the strong.

GENERAL FREMONT.—Public opinion and circumstances are not as favorable toward General Fremont at present as they were ten days ago. It seems that he has not attended to his business as well as he should have done and consequently the public weal has suffered. The defeat of Col. Mulligan is partly laid upon his shoulders. We do not want Generals who cannot attend to their work unless seated behind two pair of coal-black steeds, and who cannot be approached except at very peculiar intervals. We want men and must have them, who are willing to be here, there and everywhere, or any where else where duty calls. Something must be done speedily in Missouri, or our prestige there will dwindle to a mere shadow. If General Fremont is not the man for the place, let us have another without delay. It is not the proper time to stand on ceremony, when the hour is on fire.

Natural History.

The Woburn Natural History Association met according to appointment on Saturday, Sept. 21st, with Dr. Toothaker, of Wilmington, and after exchanging salutations with the Dr. and his wife were invited to commence botanical investigations by discussing two varieties of the Pepo or Gourd fruit, (a kind of berry with a hard and thick rind.) We were ushered into the dining-room and there found a table spread and dissecting implements provided for each. We commenced a thorough and practical analysis of the fruit of the Cucumis Citrullus (water melon), and the C. Melo (musk melon). Every one present entered upon this branch of botanical science with a right earnest good will and determination to become fully acquainted with its interesting attributes; and judging from the plate they must have been highly successful. The members were then presented with a specimen of silicious aqueous deposit taken from the boiler of a steam engine in New York where it had been twenty-seven years in acquiring an inch in thickness. It was presented to the Association by Dr. C. T. Lang, of Woburn, to whom the Association returned their thanks. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in rambling through the fields and swamps where was found the Antennaria margaritacea (Life-everlasting); Solidago rigida; S. puberula; Aster Dremorus; A. Tridescent; besides the more common forms to be found in our locality; also the Ilex verticillata (black alder); I. laevigatus in fruit; Gentiana saponaria (soapwort Gentian); Polygala verticillata (Whorled-leaved Polygala). The Association attend the bi-weekly lectures of Prof. Agassiz, and hold their regular meetings on Saturday afternoons. The next meeting will be with the President, J. Cummings, Jr., Saturday, Sept. 28th, at 2 o'clock P. M.

PAST DAY.—Fast Day was very generally observed all over the State—business being almost entirely suspended. In Woburn things were a Sabbath quiet. There was preaching in all the churches. Good, sound and practical sermons were delivered by all our ministers.

MORTALITY.—During the past fortnight the shafts of death have been speeding in all directions in our community. The old, the young, and the middle aged, have alike been laid low. Twelve deaths, we believe, have been recorded in this and last week's paper,—a large and unusual number.

GAS.—Would not a street gas light in the immediate vicinity of the Depot be a great convenience to the people of Woburn? It is pretty dark thereabouts sometimes.

THE NEW CROSSING.—Some persons in this and other towns seem to be displeased with the way in which our new crossing has been left. They think it should be graded a little further out from the upper side. Perhaps it would be better to do so; certainly it would not make the traveling over it any worse.

MIDDLESEX CATTLE SHOW.—This show was held at Concord last week. Everything connected with it was in good order, and the exhibition of stock was very fine. Mr. J. Cummings, Jr. of this town received a premium for a breeding mare and colt; Mrs. T. C. Shedd for the best wheat bread, and Mr. J. R. Kendall a prize for wild flowers exhibited.

WOBURN UNION GUARD.—We are exceedingly glad to state that this company is in the best of condition, and expects to leave for the Seat of War early next week. The corps has received high encomiums for its efficiency in drill and discipline, and the officers should feel as proud of their command as the men should of their commanders—both being worthy of high praise.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. M. W. Whitney, of Boston, intends opening a Singing School in the Old Orthodox Vestry next Tuesday evening. Mr. Whitney has experienced great success in the schools which he has heretofore taught. His school in Reading last winter was exceedingly successful, and continued for thirty-six evenings. The average attendance was 250, and the interest was so great that Lyceum Hall was filled, and that with a charge for admission.

BOUQUET FOR GENERAL WILSON.—We saw yesterday morning a beautiful bouquet, which was intended for the quarters of General Wilson, at Camp Schouler. The donor was the Cook of the Woburn Union Guard, and he has shown as good taste in arranging the beauties of nature, as he always does in making a "hasty plate of soup," or anything else in the "culinary department."

A TOWN CAUCUS.—Irrespective of party, is to be held this evening, in the Town Hall, to elect delegates to the Worcester Convention. Let the Hall be filled to the brim.

LARGE CUCUMBER.—Mr. Henry Drown has shown us a Cucumber which he has raised this season, weighing 5½ lbs. It measures in length 15½ inches, in circumference 13½ inches.

THE ATLANTIC for October is out, "filled clock to the brim" with the choice of reading matter. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Howe, "The Country Parson," are among the persons who have contributed to this number. No magazine will repay attentive perusal better than the Atlantic.

The list for the formation of a new Company, which has been open for the past ten days at Bank Block, is steadily increasing, and the enlisted expect to go into camp in a short time.

A phrase not strictly suited to the times—"Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall know peace."

Mr. Editor.—Observing that our Selectmen are very careful in looking after the wants of our citizens, especially in good roads, I beg to suggest that a Crossing from the Common to the Town Hall would be very acceptable and convenient to many. I for one hope that the board will give this subject a moment's consideration.

PLEASANT STREET,
Woburn, Sept. 25, 1861.

THOMAS' (OLD) FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1862, has come to hand from the publishers, Swan, Brewer & Tileston, of Boston. This is its Seventieth annual visit, and we presume to say that very few persons are living to-day who can remember the time when the first number appeared. This Almanac long ago became a household necessity, and very few of the old settlers or the new, feel like doing without it.

SICKNESS.—We understand that at no period for many months has there been so much sickness in Woburn as at the present time. Attacks of Cholera Morbus and Dysentery are quite frequent.

PLEASANTLY SITUATED COTTAGE FOR SALE.—Lieut. Thomas Glynn, who soon expects to leave for the seat of war, has offered for sale his beautifully and pleasantly situated Cottage on Winn st. This place will make a good residence as any in Woburn. See advertisement in to-day's paper.

Mr. W. H. Clarke commences his singing school next Tuesday evening. Mr. C. comes with good recommendations as to his abilities, and no doubt will have a very successful school.

TRUANT CHILDREN.—Why is it that so many children are to be seen on our streets during school hours? There must be something wrong somewhere. Wouldn't a truant officer be useful?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Zola Gertrude Grey" is not quite forgotten, and the merry jingle of her rhymes always strikes our ears with welcome harmony. Whenever she feels like "tuning her lute" through our columns, they will be willingly and cheerfully placed at her command.

Major J. P. Gould has our thanks for late Baltimore papers.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A Chowder Party on the Merrimac.

A lovelier day never dawned than that for which a host of friends were waiting, when the writer accepted the kind invitation to join their number, and unite in sustaining the festivities of a real old-fashioned Chowder Party at Salisbury Beach.

At an early hour the busiest part of Haverhill were hurrying to the little steamer in waiting to carry them down the Merrimac, while each one seemed intent upon enjoying the "good time coming." The steamer is one of the coastliest little river crafts one would wish to ride in. The shrill whistle gave the signal for our departure, and swinging round into the channel, while friends at the wharf stood waving their white handkerchiefs with many good wishes for our happiness, our little craft with its precious freight glided quietly down the stream for Salisbury, and intermediate landings. The river being very low, it required considerable skill to keep the boat in the channel, but we kept on swimmingly, and in rounding the first bend our attention was called to the scene behind us. There, on the left bank of the river, glistening in the sunlight, stood the pretty white cottages, elegant mansions, and lofty spires of Haverhill clustered around an eminence, gradually ascending, one above the other, and looking so charmingly picturesque that all hands crowded astern to enjoy the scene until it was lost to view. We soon neared our first landing place, at Groveland, a quiet village on the right bank of the river three miles from Haverhill. Here we took aboard some passengers and steamed away for "Rock's Bridge," two miles below, on reaching which the deck hands lowered our smoke-stack to prevent a concussion that might have damaged that important arrangement, and disturbed our equilibrium. The scenery on either hand was a continual feast. The shore to the water's edge was lined with nature's green velvet, while beyond on the right, the smooth lawns and rich farms of West Newbury presented unmistakable evidence of thrift. At West Newbury landing we took aboard a passenger and started for Amesbury, passing the upper village, noted for its extensive carriage building. Our commissary, who is an old singing master of "fourteen years standing," would occasionally strike up some familiar revival melody, when all would join in with striking effect, particularly in that soul-stirring strain, often so difficult to perform, "so say we all of us."

Our next landing was Amesbury and Salisbury, at the mouth of the Pow-wow river, which divides the towns. Here we received a large accession to our party, and went on amid a promiscuous waving of handkerchiefs, which ovation was repeated as often as we caught a glimpse of a female. While passing a huckleberry pasture on our right, our display was answered by a bevy of girls, who popped up from behind almost every rock and huckleberry bush, waving their white cottons and cambrics. Glancing at the schooners that were lying idly in the stream, singing, chatting, and making ourselves generally happy, we soon passed the "draw" landing at Newburyport, where our party was largely increased. Then steering for the beach at the mouth of the river, we crossed the harbor, obtaining a splendid view of this beautiful city. We soon passed the "Black Rocks" on our left, with "Pow-wow hill" in the distance, "Plumb Island" and the Atlantic almost within stone's throw just ahead, and right where the heavy swells of the sea meet the waters of the gentle flowing Merrimac, our little craft struck the shore, thus a jump and scramble for the shore.

It was an exciting scene for a short time. Impatient ones would give good jumps to escape duckings, and sharp scrambles to keep clear of the advancing waves. A plank was thrown out, one end resting on the bows and the other partially buried in the sand, and after the male portion had disembarked, the ladies were passed along. Some with a skip and jump would bound high and dry on shore, while now and then a dainty little pair of feet would pat, pat down the plank and splash into the surf which only a moment before retreated. All landed safely, after which the camp fixtures, cooking utensils, and provisions were taken out; then the boat backed off and steamed up to Newburyport. There were some half a dozen camps on the beach, the occupants of which had been there several days.

Our party soon scattered in every direction. I joined a "gander" party for surf bathing, and after exploring the coast for two miles we selected a good place and floundered in the waves to our heart's content. Returning to camp we found a hungry crowd around the chowder fixtures, so taking our bowls full we were soon spread out on the sand eating for dear life, while our ears were saluted by the expressions, "You! this chowder is hot!" "By George! aint it good!" "Give us some salt!" "Where's your crackers?" "Hand us the pepper!" "Got any tea?" "I want some sugar!" &c., &c. After this interesting ceremony was over we strolled about waiting for the bathers to appear in their peculiar costumes. They made a ludicrous appearance, joining hands, with the sparkling waves dancing around their elbows and all hopping up and down like jumping jacks. A party of young men came on a gunning excursion, bound for the "Shoals," which consist of eight small islands, eight miles to the N. E. White Island, the westernmost having a revolving light upon it 87 feet above the level of the sea.

At 4 o'clock P. M. we stepped on board the boat to return, leaving our camp fixtures with those who wished to stay over night. The whistle sounded and off we started for Newburyport, friends on shore cheering our departure. On reaching the wharf part of our company "seceded." An accident happened to the machinery here unknown to us until the boat had been detained over an hour, which fact would have occasioned us all to scud to land to take a good stroll about one of the pleasant towns in New England. We enjoyed ourselves though but thought it took an amazing long time to "take in wood and water." Our detention, together with the rain and darkness which now set in, effectually soured my anticipations of a homeward bound sunset view. Resolving to make the best of it we chatted, laughed, sang, and dozed, until we were again at "Rock's Bridge," when we soon got off, went back half a mile and waited for the tide to come in. The women and children sat in semicircles around the smoke-stack, while the men formed an outer circle to guard them from the weather. Under such circumstances, exposed to the chill damp air, with occasional rain sprinklings through the awning above on a fellow, one feels very much like "taking uthing." Being obliged to forego the pleasurable emotions such an indulgence might be supposed to create, we mustered a little patience and good humor until an indistinct feeling that the tide had come in and we were moving proved to be a reality.

Our commiseration was somewhat excited for a poor old lady, a cripple, we were obliged to leave in the storm and darkness, with a few friends at Groveland, hoping the night's exposure might not reduce her remaining strength. The last three miles of our journey were soon completed, when our "Chowder Party" scattered in the rain and through mud and darkness at nearly midnight to their respective homes, happier for the day's experience.

CHEORE.

SHALL WE HAVE A FIGHT NEAR WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY?—Upon this point the New York Commercial Advertiser has the following paragraphs:

"We think we have sufficient authority for saying that so far as the movements of the national troops are concerned there is no probability of an engagement within thirty days. Of course, if attacked, there will be a general and severe battle. Our troops are well prepared to meet any number the enemy may bring, but for perfection in the arrangements for the onward movement, it is deemed best to accomplish certain things which may not be effectually done in less time than thirty days. These matters have no reference, we believe, to the raising of more men, the Government being satisfied that it has all that it will require."

A private letter from Washington to a gentleman formerly in the English army, to his mercantile correspondent in this city, under date of Tuesday, represents the position of McClellan before Washington, as impregnable, and adds, that there is no probability of an immediate attack on his lines by the opposing force. So confident is the writer that no battle will come off until McClellan thinks proper, in his own good time, to take the offensive, that he is, in company with Mr. Russell, of the London Times, is about to have a little shooting on their own account.

FEDERAL CAKE.—1 pound flour; 1 pound sugar; 4 pound butter; 4 pound currants; 1 wineglass of wine, or brandy, or rosewater; 2 eggs; nutmeg. This is a dough, which roll in thick cakes. They will keep three months.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN ENGLAND.—For Foreign Missions during the past year, 1,754,000 Church of England members gave £119,000; 772,000 Wesleyans, £84,000; 607,000 Independents, £54,000; 380,000 Baptists, £19,000. This amounts to, for each Baptist, one shilling; for each Churchman, one shilling and three pence; for each Independent, one shilling and eleven pence; for each Methodist, two shillings and two pence.

Notes, by the wayside, of a Young Volunteer.

SANDY HOOK, Md., August 24th.

There has been nothing interesting since I wrote to you, except a little skirmishing which Co. B. had, while we were at Sharpsburg. Cos. B and A were stationed down the Potomac, about three miles, as guard. One day there were ten or twelve of Co. B sitting on the bank of the river, when suddenly five shots were fired at them from the other side. They came very near to the boys but hurt no one. They went back to camp. Major Gould dispatched a messenger to us at head quarters for a detachment of twenty men to be in readiness to march at a moment's warning. We laid on our arms all night, but was not called on. The next day Co. B could see the rebels putting up a battery, or something of the kind. We expected an attack on this side every minute. A part of Co. B laid down on the bank of the river and fired at them for half a day. The rebels only fired twelve shots altogether. The balls were nothing but little, small round ones. There were about five hundred rebel infantry, and two hundred cavalry. They all went away the next day.

When the party that went to Boteler's house and took him prisoner, there was 300 rebel cavalry within a quarter of a mile of them, but they did not know it at the time. The Colonel had orders, just before Boteler was brought into camp and after he was taken, not to go into Virginia and take prisoners, so he let him go the same night. After he crossed the river, he turned and took off his hat and bowed, then put his thumb to his nose and twirled his fingers—"cheeky." Boteler was the most prominent "secesh" in North-western Virginia. He told us that his heart, hand and fortune—his pretty large—was for the South.

A week ago Saturday, about two o'clock in the morning, I was aroused from my slumbers by the Orderly Sergeant, who told me to get ready to march to Sandy Hook, thirteen miles from Sharpsburg. I jumped up supposing there was a fight somewhere, but found out that all we were going for was our pay—from the State. We got ready to start about half-past four o'clock. There were three wagons going with us for baggage. We rode down in the wagons, and marched back. The country all around is mountainous; the Blue Ridge on the left and Maryland Heights on the right.

Do not believe all the stories about us. I heard that 500 of our Regiment were killed, and 300 taken prisoners. Another report was, that one-half were all cut up at Hagerstown. There are not over 20 sick in the Regt., and not one has died. We have just as many men as when we left Boston, except one—a deserter; he wrote a letter to the Captain saying that he thought the work was too much!

Probably you have heard about our marches. We have faced the hardest of any Regiment from the State. The marching was tough. After leaving the cars at Hagerstown, we encamped two days and nights, and then started for Sandy Hook. We marched without our knapsacks to Boonboro', arriving about 12 P. M., and encamped on the side of a hill. I laid down and "balanced myself on three stones." The next morning at 6 we started again—the sun pouring down "good," but not good for us. We were in Pleasant Valley about 1 o'clock—the Capt., myself and five others comprising the whole of Co. D, the rest gave out on the road. The "natives" said it was the hottest day they had seen for three years—110 degrees. That night I was on guard all the time, and the only way I could keep awake toward morning was by watching the cooks getting breakfast, and thinking how much I could eat myself. We remained there two days and nights, then started for Sharpsburg, a distance of 15 miles. We had to cross the Blue Ridge, and the heat that day was hotter than the day before. The road laid right in a valley between two mountains, and there was not a breath of air. We halted when on the top of the mountain, and about ten or a dozen men fell down and fainted. We arrived in Sharpsburg about 5 P. M., Monday, Aug. 6th. We staid until last Wednesday, when we were ordered to Frederick City. We got about half way, when we met a messenger who brought orders for us to go to Sandy Hook, where we arrived about 3 o'clock yesterday; then back here about a mile to camp. When we arrived, there were no soldiers here, General Banks evacuated Harper's Ferry two weeks ago to-day. The 1st Regiment left Sandy Hook on the 21st. We are alone. The rebels might have come and taken the place. When we arrived opposite Harper's Ferry, the people in the town left. They went up a road that led off to the right of the town, wagons and all,—they supposed we were going to cross.

I think there was a skirmish last night at a place called Point of Rocks, about 12 miles below on the river. I heard heavy firing about 3 o'clock this morning while I was on guard. It was pleasant last night to walk my beat, and look over into Virginia and see the lights in the houses, and this morning to see the farmers at work ploughing.

On the march from Sharpsburg to Broad Run, which is about 9 miles from here, we carried our knapsacks a distance of 23 miles. I would not go home if I could. If any of the family think of joining the army, I would advise them to join a Rifle company, as the Light Infantry fare hard. It is not so very bad to go hungry after all; I went two days and a half without anything, and several times I have gone a day. It only makes us a little more angry and ready for battle.

One of our companies—Co. I—was stationed opposite Harper's Ferry last night. This morning they had a little fun. They saw some rebel cavalry men on foot, so they fired on each other for two hours. No one was hurt on our side. I had no ride with me, or I should have given it to them too. At 12 they stopped firing and we went to dinner. We want something to do badly, and we will have it soon. W. C. T.

CAMP HAMILTON, 3d Brigade, 7 Banks' Division, 13 Regt. S.

DARKESTOWN, Maryland, Sept. 18th, 1861.

My welcome letter of the 8th was received Friday noon, just as I had finished eating some beefsteak, and boiled potatoes. We have changed quarters since I last wrote you, and are now located six miles from the Potomac, and about twenty-two miles from Washington, in Gen. Banks' Division, and Gen. Hamilton's Brigade. The Pennsylvania 29th, New York 9th, Wisconsin 3d, Connecticut 4th and Massachusetts 13th, compose our Brigade. There is only one regiment from a state allowed in a Brigade.

There is not much doubt but what we shall stay here some time, as eleven wagon loads of ammunition arrived here to-day from Washington. They expect an attack somewhere near here. We are on the right of the Division. I think we shall be held as a reserve in case of battle. There are about thirty thousand troops near here. Col. Webster's 12th, and Gordon's 2d, are within half a mile. We left Sandy Hook last Tuesday, and rode on the Canal Boat 40 miles. We left Co. I and K at Sandy Hook, and Co. C at Point of Rocks to do guard duty. We got off the Boat at 3 o'clock, A. M., and laid down in an open field to sleep. We did not march until 6 P. M. the next night. On the way, I went to see a couple of houses that had been riddled by shot and shell from the other side. The inmates had left. One of the houses is occupied by the New York 29th, stationed as Pickets. They have built a redoubt of dirt and roots about ten feet high, with steps all around it. They exchange shot through the day, and "sarse" through the night. I stood up to see if I could discover a rebel, when suddenly a bullet whistled past about six feet over my head. I sang out "Bully for you—a little lower next time." I will not write what he said in return. I took a telescope and looked to see what kind of countenance he had, but on seeing the muzzle of a gun pointing at me, I concluded to get down, and keep down. I returned to camp just in time to "fall in."

While we were at Sandy Hook, I took a stroll up the mountain to see the Lookout and Stockade built by the rebels when they held Harper's Ferry. The Stockade is built of logs drove into the ground close together. There are loopholes in it for firing through, also a stall in the rear, bullet proof. They never had a chance to use it, and never will, I presume. On the end of the mountain, is a steep bluff about five hundred feet high, from which is a most magnificent view. At your feet is the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the muddy waters of the Potomac dodging among the rocks, like some little brook. On the left is the Blue Ridge stretching into Virginia. At its base the Shenandoah runs into the Potomac. Harper's Ferry is situated on the point of land between these two rivers. A far back in Virginia is level country, and as far as the eye can reach there is a chain of mountains running at right angles with the Blue Ridge. They extend as much as fifty miles into Virginia. I should think them to be more than three thousand feet high. The scenery all the way down the Potomac, is beautiful, much more so than Northampton. There is a bridge across the Shenandoah, besides that at Harper's Ferry, that the rebels burned. At Harper's Ferry everything is as the rebels left it. The Government buildings all burned—the bridge also,—the cars and engine are just as they lay after the rebels pushed them off the way down the Potomac. A far back in Virginia is level country, and as far as the eye can reach there is a chain of mountains running at right angles with the Blue Ridge. They extend as much as fifty miles into Virginia. I should think them to be more than three thousand feet high. The scenery all the way down the Potomac, is beautiful, much more so than Northampton. There is a bridge across the Shenandoah, besides that at Harper's Ferry, that the rebels burned. At Harper's Ferry everything is as the rebels left it. 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